



ESQ

REPOSITORY

OF

Arts, Literature, Commerce,

Manufactures **FASHIONS** and Politics.

VOL. 10.
NEW YORK

THIS

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To His Royal Highness

Prince Regent.

WITH HIS GRATEFUL AND OBLIGED ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE
Repository
 OF
ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,
 For JULY, 1813.
 VOL. X.

The Fifty-fifth Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.

The communication of Dr. C. of Sunderland, shall certainly be attended to in our next number; the department of our work having been already made up, when his letter came to hand.

We shall take an opportunity of submitting Edward's Enquiry to our readers in our next publication.

J. H. R.'s Stanzas are received. The request made in his letter of June 3d, shall be complied with, beginning with the present month.

Mr. L'Eveque's work shall be duly noticed at an early opportunity.

We are enabled to promise our readers, in our next number, a view of the Monument just erected in Guildhall to the memory of that eminent statesman, the late Right Honourable William Pitt.

We beg to repeat to authors and others by whom we are favoured with articles of Literary Intelligence, that we cannot introduce notices of works already before the public, into that department. Owing to a circumstance which it is unnecessary to explain, we have been obliged, this month, to make up that portion of our miscellany at so early a period, that some communications intended for it are unavoidably postponed.

We have recently received from the Continent a few interesting publications, particularly some of the latest productions of the celebrated Kotzebue, from which we shall occasionally submit selections to our readers.

The Description which should accompany Plate 4, of a French Window-Curtain, we shall give next month, being prevented, by a mistake, from introducing it in the present number.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

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For JULY, 1813.

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—The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from Vol. IX. p. 318.)

Miss Eve. The most remarkable of the stadia and gymnasia were, I understand, at Athens, built entirely of white marble. I believe the stadia of the Greeks answer to, and were the originals of, the amphitheatres of the Romans.

Miss K. The gymnasia were common in every city of Greece, but first founded at Lacedæmon. They consisted of several different piles of building united together, each of which served for several purposes. They were, properly, a kind of academy, and all exercises for the improvement of the mind, as well as those for strengthening the body, were cultivated here with the greatest assiduity. The porticoes were filled with seats for the

convenience of the scholars who studied, discoursed, or attended the lectures of the philosophers, rhetoricians, grammarians, or other professors. The other parts were particularly fitted up for exercising youth in all those bodily arts which inured them to hardships, knitted their limbs, confirmed their health, and trained them up to appear in the lists of fame, at the games of their greatest festivals. In one they wrestled, ran, leaped, boxed; in another, they played at ball; in a third, they danced: nor were they without their separate and convenient apartments for bathing, anointing, dusting, dressing, making matches, fixing what sport they would contend in, and the prize

of conquest. These were so ordered, that the whole was transacted without any confusion or interruption to one another, though the chief gymnasium was generally capable of accommodating several thousands of spectators at once, besides numbers of students and combatants.

The stadium was either that part of the gymnasium, of a large semicircular form, in which all the above-mentioned exercises were performed, and where seats were raised above one another for the convenience of the multitudes who flocked thither to see these contests in skill and strength; or was built, detached from all other public edifices, in the form of a circus. The most celebrated of these buildings, as you observe, was at Athens, composed entirely of white marble; the plan of them was afterwards copied by the Romans.

Miss Eve. I have lately considered the Cyclades, or Grecian Archipelago, with some attention. Paros is one of the smallest of these islands, midway between the Morea and Asia Minor, famous for its marble, but most famous for its excellent statuaries, Phidias and Praxiteles, some of whose works became objects of divine worship. This island was dedicated to Bacchus, on account of the excellent wines which it produced.

Miss K. Many of these islands and the neighbouring parts of the continent are subjects of curious investigation. Delphos was anciently a great city of Achaia, now Livadia, in Turkey, situated on the side of the mountain Parnassus, ten miles north of the Gulf of Lepanto, where the town

of Castro now stands, much resorted to formerly, on account of the temple of Apollo and the dark cave whence the Pythian priestess pronounced her oracles, seated on a tripod, swelling and foaming like one possessed. The lofty summit of Parnassus formed two peaks, which occasioned it to be called, *Biceps Parnassus*. Below the cleft rises a spring, supposed to be the ancient *Pons Castalius*, where the Pythian prophetess and the poets who pretended to inspiration used to bathe and drink the waters.—I suppose you are acquainted with the particulars of Delos?

Miss Eve. Yes: Delos was the chief of these islands, but the least of them all, being no more than six miles in circumference, situated a little southward of Mycone and Tynos. This island was supposed by the Greeks to be the place of the nativity of Apollo and Diana; for which reason they instituted public festivals, erected temples, and sent hither priests, sacrificers, and choirs of virgins, to do them honour; but it is now destitute of inhabitants. Does Falconer mention this little island?

Miss K. Yes. I will repeat what he has written concerning Ithaca, Argos, Helena, Delos, and Lemnos:

Westward of these, beyond the Isthmus, lies
The long-lost isle of Ithacens the wise,
Where fair Penelope her absent lord
Full twice ten years with faithful love deplor'd:
Tho' many a princely heart her beauty wou,
She, guarded only by a stripling son,
Each bold attempt of suitor kings repell'd,
And, undefil'd, the nuptial contract held.
With various arts to win her love they toil'd,
But all their wiles by virtuous fraud she foil'd:
True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,
The beautiful princess triumph'd at the last.

Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan;

Argos, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts,
Far o'er th' Ægean main, to distant coasts:
Unhappy prince, who, on a hostile shore,
Toil, peril, anguish, ten long winters bore;
And when to native realms restored at last,
To reap the harvest of thy labours past,
A perjurer friend, alas! and faithless wife,
There sacrificed to impious lust thy life!
Fast by Arcadia stretch these desert plains,
And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.

Next the fair isle of Helrus is seen,
Where adverse winds detain'd the Spartan
queen;

For whom in arms combin'd the Grecian host,
With vengeance fired, invaded Phrygia's coast;
For whom so long they laboured to destroy
The sacred turrets of imperial Troy.
Here, driven by Juno's rage, the hapless dame,
Forlorn of heart, from ruin'd Ilion came.

Due east from this, appears th' immortal shore
That sacred Phœbus and Diana bore;
Delos, through all th' Ægean seas renown'd,
Whose coast the rocky Cyclades surround:
By Phœbus honour'd, and by Greece rever'd,
Her hallow'd groves even distant Persia fear'd;
But now a silent, unfrequented land,
No human footsteps mark the trackless strand.

Then to the north, by Asia's western bound,
Fair Lemnos stands, with rising marble
crown'd;

Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd
Ill-fated Vulcan from th' æthereal world.
There his eternal anvils first he rear'd;
Then, forg'd by Cyclopean art, appear'd
Thunders that shook the skies with dire
alarms,

And, form'd by skill divine, Vulcanian arms.
There, with this crippled wretch, the foul
disgrace

And living scandal of th' empyreal race,
The brautious Queen of Love in wedlock
dwelt—

In fires profane can heav'nly bosoms melt?

Samos is an island in the Archipelago, thirty miles south of Smyrna, in Asia Minor, subject to the Turks, but inhabited by Greek Christians, of whom it contains about 12,000. It produces corn, wine, olives, and other fruits suitable to warm climates, besides very fine silk. The wool raised here is so good, that the French buy it

up for their manufactories. Juno, Samia the Sibyl, Pythagoras, and Polycrates, were natives of this island. Here are yet to be seen abundance of magnificent ruins, and among them, part of the temple of Juno, the protectress of Samos.

Miss Ere. How would you describe Juno?

Miss K. Juno was called the goddess of kingdoms and riches, and said to be the daughter of Saturn and Rhea (otherwise named Cybele and Ops), the wife of Jupiter, and the queen of the gods. She goes by abundance of names, and is reported to have bathed every year in a particular fountain, by which she recovered her youth, virginity, and vigour.

Junonia were certain feasts celebrated in honour of Juno, when the maids of all ages ran races and petitioned that goddess to give them husbands. At Rome an altar was erected to her, as the goddess of marriage, where the new-married couple offered either a white cow, geese, or ravens, from which they took the gall before they sacrificed, and threw it behind the altar, to intimate, that, in this state of life, no bitterness of spirit should remain.

Virgil represents Romulus upbraiding the Trojans with their softness and effeminacy, and, among other things, reproaching them for the make of their tunics, which had sleeves, and did not leave the arms naked and exposed to the weather, like the garment worn by the Romans. The poet observes, that the Italians preserved their old language and habits, although the Trojans became their masters; and that the Trojans themselves relinquished the dress of their own

country for that of Italy. This, he tells us, was the effect of a prayer which Juno preferred to Jupiter :

This let me beg (and this no Fates withstand),
Both for myself and for your father's land,
That when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,
Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless,
The laws of either nation be the same:
But let the Latins still retain their name,
Speak the same language which they spoke
before,

Wear the same habits which their grandmothers
wore :

Call them not Trojans—perish the renown
And name of Troy with that detested town;
Latium be Latium still; let Alba reign,
And Rome's immortal majesty remain !

It is curious that Virgil should have represented Juno indulging such an impotent kind of revenge as is evinced in this speech. The poet knew, that this was a trifling request for the queen of the gods to make, as we may find by the manner in which Jupiter signifies his compliance :

Then thus the founder of mankind replies,—
Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes :
Can Saturn's issue and Heaven's other heir,
Such endless anger in her bosom bear ?
Be mistress, and your full desires obtain,
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood th' Ausonian people
sprung,
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their
tongue ;

The Trojans to their customs shall be tied,
I will myself their common rites provide,
The natives shall command, the foreigners
subside ;

And shall be Latians, Troy without a name,
And her lost sons forget from whence they
came.

It may be supposed, that, in this request to Juno, Virgil had a farther view than his commentators have discovered in it. He well knew, that his *Æneid* was founded on a very doubtful story, and that the coming of *Æneas* to Italy was not universally received among the Romans themselves. He knew also,

that the main objection to this story was the great difference between the customs, language, and habits of the Romans and Trojans. To obviate, therefore, so strong an objection, he makes this difference arise from the forecast and pre-determination of the gods themselves.

On this medal, Nero and Octavia are compared to Jupiter and Juno, who were said to be brother and sister :

Thy sister, bright with every blooming grace,
Will mount thy bed, to enlarge the Claudian
race ;

And proudly teeming with fraternal love,
Shall reign a Juno with the Roman Jove.

They are, therefore, represented by the sun and moon, which are the most glorious parts of the universe, and are, in poetical genealogy, brother and sister.

Miss *Eve*. Suppose you describe some of the emblems, such as Chastity, Hope, Fear, Security, Equity, Eternity, Victory, Liberty, Fidelity, Abundance, Peace, Virtue, Honour, Fame, &c.

Miss *K*. Chastity was worshipped as a goddess, and had her temple :

She sits, her visage veil'd, her eyes concealed ;
By marks like these was Chastity revealed.

She is represented in the habit of a Roman matron, in whom that virtue was supposed to reign in its perfection. So Piety wears the dress of the vestal virgins, who were the greatest and most shining examples of it.

In the gallery lately belonging to the Grand Duke of Florence, there was a beautiful antique figure, which some antiquaries call a Piety, and others a vestal virgin. The woman, altar, and fire burning on

it, are seen in marble exactly as on this coin. The little trunk which she holds in her hand, is the *âcerra* so frequently mentioned by the poets, in which was preserved the frankincense that Piety is here supposed to strew upon the fire.

Hope has a flower or blossom in her right hand, as these, in poetical language, are the hopes of the year. Ovid says,

The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes:
Then laughs the childish year with flow'rets
crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the fields arround.

She holds up her train in her left hand, and draws back her garment, that it may not encumber her; for she is always drawn in the attitude of walking, it being as natural for Hope to press forward to her proper objects, as for Fear to fly from them.

Security is not engaged in any pursuit. She is represented leaning carelessly against a pillar. She rests herself on a pillar, for the same reason as poets often compare obstinate resolution and great firmness of mind to a rock, which is not to be moved by all the assaults of the winds and waves. Peace and Felicity have also their pillars on several medals, as well as Security.

Miss *Eve*. I have often observed the lower plaits of the drapery in antique females that seem to have gathered the wind into them:

as she fled, the wind
Increasing spread her flowing hair behind,
And left her legs and thighs exposed to view.

I have seen abundance of ancient figures, both in sculpture and painting, with just the same turns in the lower foldings of the vest,

as when the wearer is in the attitude of tripping forward.

Miss *K*. The figure of Equity differs but little from what painters make her at present. The scales which she carries in her hand, are so natural an emblem of Justice, that Persius has turned them into an allegory, to express the decisions of right and wrong.

Romans, know,
'Gainst right and reason all your counsels go;
This is not fair, nor profitable that,
Nor t'other question proper for debate:
But thou, no doubt, canst set the business right,
And give each argument its proper weight,
Know'st with an even hand to hold the scales.

Eternity holds a globe, with a Phoenix upon it.

This form's eternal, and may justly claim
A godlike nature, all its parts the same,
Alike and equal to itself 'tis found,
No end and no beginning in a round;
Nought can molest its being, nought controul,
And this ennobles and confines the whole.

A circle, or a serpent with its tail in its mouth, also represents Eternity, where is neither beginning nor end; and sometimes a wheel or hoop of marble. On this medal is a representation of Eternity, with the sun in one hand and the moon in the other, which, in the language of sacred poetry, signifies, "as long as the sun and moon shall endure." The ancients made choice of these lights as apt symbols of Eternity; because, unlike all sublunary beings, though they seem to perish every day, they are every day renewed. Horace observes—

Each loss the hastening moon repairs again;
But we, when once our race is run,
With Tullus and Anchises' son,
Tho' rich like one, like t'other good—
To dust and shades, without a sun,
Descend and sink in dark oblivion's flood.

Here Eternity is represented sitting on a globe of the heavens adorned with stars, which, on account of their duration, are employed by the poets to express what is not likely to have an end. Eternity has a covering on her head, because we can never find out her beginning; and her legs are bare, because we see only those parts of her that are actually running on. She sits on a globe, and bears a sceptre in her hand, to shew that she is sovereign mistress of all things.

Victory has wings. The palm-branch and laurel were both the rewards of conquerors, and therefore no improper ornaments of Victory.

Liberty in her left hand carries the wand which the Latins called *rudis* or *vindicta*, and in her right the cap of liberty. Persius ridicules the ceremonies of making a freeman, in the following lines; from which they appear to have consisted in clapping a cap on his head and giving him a turn on the heel:

That false enfranchisement with ease is found,
Slaves are made citizens by turning round.
How, replies one, can any be more free?
Here's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a sot beside,
So true a rogue, for lying's sake he lied;
But with a turn a freeman he became,
Now Marcus Damas is his worship's name.
Good gods! who would refuse to lend a sum,
If wealthy Marcus surety would become?
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, he said it is enough;
A will is to be proved, put in your claim,
'Tis clear, if Marcus has subscribed his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe,
What further can we from our caps receive,
Than as we please without controul to live?

Miss *Eve*. The ancients, I think, passed a great compliment on the female sex, by exhibiting the Vir-

tues in petticoats; though, perhaps, this was because they chanced to be of the feminine gender in the learned languages.

Miss *K*. Here is something bold and masculine in the air and posture of this figure, which is that of Virtue herself, and agrees with the description given of her by Silius Italicus.

———— a different form did Virtue wear;
Rude from her forehead falls th' unplaited hair,
With dauntless mien aloft she rear'd her head,
And next to manly was the virgin's tread;
Her height, her sprightly blush the goddess shew,
And robes unsullied as the virgin snow.

Virtue and Honour had their temples contiguous to each other, and sometimes appear together on the same coin, as on this of Galba. Silius Italicus makes them companions in the glorious equipage which he gives to his Virtue, whom he represents as thus speaking:

With me the foremost place let Honour gain,
Fame and the Praises mingling in their train;
Gay Glory next, and Victory on high,
White like myself, on snowy wings shall fly.

The head of Honour is crowned with laurel. In the same manner Martial has adorned his Glory, which indeed is but another name for the same person.

Miss *Eve*. It is evident that the Latins mean courage by the figure of Virtue, as well as by the word itself. Among them courage was esteemed the highest perfection, and therefore went under the name of Virtue in general, just as the modern Italians give the same name, for the same reason, to the knowledge of curiosities. Were a Roman painter of the present day to draw the picture of Virtue, instead of the spear and the parato-

nium which she bears on old coins, he would give her a bust in one hand and a fiddle in the other.

Miss K. Concord had her temple at Rome. She is often placed on the reverse of an imperial coin, to shew the good understanding between the emperor and empress. She has always a cornucopia in her hand, to denote that plenty is the fruit of concord.

Peace differs as little in her dress as in her character from Concord. It may be observed, that, in both these figures, the vest is gathered up before like an apron, which may be supposed to be filled with fruits as well as the cornucopia. It is to this part of the dress that Tibullus alludes in these lines :

kind Peace, appear,
And in thy right hand hold the wheaten ear ;
From thy white lap th' o'erflowing fruits shall fall.

How appropriate the emblems of Plenty are to Peace, may be seen in the same poet :

She first, white Peace, the earth with plough-
shares broke,
And bent the oxen to the crooked yoke ;
First rear'd the vine, and hearded first with
care,
The father's vintage for his drunken heir.

The olive-branch in her hand is frequently mentioned by the old poets as a token of peace ; as Ovid observes—

In her right hand an olive-branch she holds.

Abundance or Plenty is also represented on medals in the same manner, as in Horace :

Here to thee shall plenty flow,
And all her riches show,
To raise the honour of thy quiet reign.

The compliment on the reverse to Gordianus Pius, is expressed in

the same manner as that of Horace to Augustus :

— Golden Plenty, with a bounteous hand,
Rich harvests freely scatters o'er the land.

Fidelity was worshipped as a goddess among the Romans. From the following verses of Virgil and Silius Italicus, it seems, that she was represented under the figure of an old woman :

Then banish'd Faith shall once again return,
And vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn,
And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force re-
strain.

He to the shrines of Faith his steps address ;
She, pleas'd with secrets rolling in her breast,
Far from the world remote, revolv'd on high
The cares of gods and counsels of the sky.

Ere Jove was born she graced the bright
abodes,
Consort of Justice, boast of men and gods ;
Without whose heavenly aid, no peace below
The steadfast earth and rolling ocean know.

Hope and Friendship are described by Horace as clothed in white.

On this medal is an emblem of Fruitfulness, designed as a compliment to Julia, wife of Septimius Severus, who had the same number of children as are upon this coin. Her head is crowned with towers in allusion to Cybele, the mother of the gods, to whom, for the same reason, the city of Rome is compared :

High as the mother of the gods in place,
And proud like her of an immortal race ;
Then when in pomp she makes a Phrygian
round,
With golden turrets on her temples crown'd.

The vine issuing from the urn has the same signification as the words of the psalmist : " Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine." The four stars overhead, and the same number on the globe, repre-

sent the four children of the empress.

There is a medal of Romulus and Remus sucking the wolf, with a star over each of their heads. We find the Latin poets speaking of the children of princes under the same metaphor :

Thou too, dear youth, to ashes turn'd,
 Britannicus, for ever mourn'd!
 Thou star, that wast this orb to grace!
 Thou pillar of the Julian race!

— Stay, great Cæsar, and vouchsafe to reign
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main!
 Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
 And people heaven with Roman deities.

Homer compares Astyanax to the morning star ; and so does Virgil, in imitation of him, in his description of Ascanius.

JUNINUS.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

THE BRIDGE OF DRESDEN.

AMONG all the bridges of Germany, that of Dresden was hitherto justly placed in the first rank, for lightness and elegance combined with solidity ; but to form a just conception of its beauty, it was necessary to see it at night, when the illumined arch, thrown across the spacious stream, and uniting two cities almost obscured by vapours, realized a scene such as elsewhere exists only in the regions of imagination. Seventeen piers, of Pirna freestone, formed 16 arches. Iron cramps, secured with lead, gave the foundation almost imperishable solidity ; and prodigious blocks of ice were annually shivered against them like glass. The recesses afforded the most convenient seats for the weary passenger, and were capable of accommodating 1000 persons. On each side, a pavement, $2\frac{1}{2}$ ells in breadth, formed an agreeable promenade for pedestrians ; while the high paved carriage-way in the middle, $13\frac{1}{2}$ ells broad, allowed room for three wag-gons to go abreast. The elegant lightness of the iron balustrade on each side, gave to the whole a trans-

parent, airy appearance. With the rich prospect on either side of the enchanting vale watered by the Elbe, the charming vineyards, which amphitheatrically encircle Dresden on the right bank, and of the churches, palaces, and terraces on both shores, which have reminded many travellers returning from Italy of the environs of the bridge over the Arno at Florence, the bridge of Dresden could scarcely fail, in all seasons and at all hours, to be the rendezvous both of natives and foreigners ; so that not only the inhabitants of Dresden, but the natives of Saxony in general, considered it as an ornament of their country, and were pleased sometimes to hear strangers relate, that they prolonged their stay for some days at Dresden merely to enjoy the cool refreshing walk on this bridge in an evening ; and were fond of repeating, that, in the Seven Years' war, Frederic the Great expressly commanded that it should not be injured.

The history of this structure may be divided into three principal periods. The first commences with its foundation, in 1344, under the

Margrave Frederic the Grave, who built a bridge with 24 piers of Pirna stone. The Pope, as tradition reports, granted towards its erection the produce of the dispensations to eat butter, cheese, milk, and eggs on fast-days, to which, in the middle ages, many a great architectural work owed its origin. When the Elector Maurice surrounded Dresden with fortifications and bastions, the four piers next to the palace were demolished, and the materials employed for the purpose. This may be termed the second epoch.

The most brilliant period begins with the year 1723-1731, when under the first Saxon King of Poland, his architect, Pöpelmann, gave it the present form, by means of balustrades, footways, and a raised carriage-road. Under the present sovereign of Saxony, the center and highest pier received the addition of a well adapted standard for measuring the height of the river, which might be observed by the king from the apartments of his palace; so that regular tables of the state of the current might be kept and made public through the press.

On the top of the same pier at whose base was fixed this standard, was placed the splendid massive crucifix of gilt bronze, weighing 30 cwt. cast by Herold, at the expense of the Elector John George II. after the same model as that on the bridge at Prague. Doubly gilded by the rays of the evening sun, it was for ages, to many pious persons, a symbol that pointed to a better world. It was the very next arch to the principal pier on which stood the crucifix, that was blown

up on the 19th March, together with the contiguous arch towards the Old Town.

It is only by means of counter-arches under the water, that a structure of this kind can be executed. When Augustus I. gave the bridge its present solidity, it was found necessary to divert the whole current of the Elbe. It may easily be conceived how difficult and expensive must be the repair of this ancient master-piece of art, which the Vandal wantonness of a mercenary butcher destroyed in a moment, without reason and without object. Under the present circumstances of the country, its restoration is out of question.

FONTINES.

About the year 1790, a society was formed under the title of the *Bristol and Universal Fontine Society*, the subscribers to which were to pay quarterly 7s. 1½d. on each share; the money to be put out at interest immediately; and at the expiration of six years, the accumulated fund was to be divided among the surviving subscribers. By making the subscribers pay a quarterly payment at the commencement of the term, and another at the conclusion, the managers contrived to receive 25 quarters in six years; and as the treasurer, it was said, thought proper to decamp with the last quarter's payment in his pocket, this quarter, instead of being paid by the treasurer's surdies, was demanded from the subscribers, who in consequence paid, with the sixpence for the articles, £9. 5s. 9d.; and the survivors shared no more than £6. 16s. 6d. a share, so that they were £2 9s. 3d. or rather more

than 36 per cent. out of pocket, besides the compound interest for the time, to say nothing of additions by deaths and failure of payment.

LANGUAGE.

It is certainly useful to have an appropriate word to express every distinct idea, whether simple or compound. A want of words for this purpose, and the consequent application of one word to different ideas, are common defects in languages; perhaps their greatest imperfection; and the source of much dispute, misconception, and false reasoning. Yet we are ever suffering many such words to fall into disuse, without introducing any equivalent words.

There is an inconvenience too in having the same verb to express an active and a neuter sense; or rather, an awkwardness. Where there are two verbs of the same meaning in this predicament, would it not be advisable, to employ one uniformly as the active, the other as the neuter? It would increase the precision and perspicuity of a language; and seems worthy the attention of writers, whose authority would be copied; but vanity or profit more frequently guides the pen than utility.

PROOF.

Authors are very apt, and indeed arguers in general, to mistake assertion for proof. We are perpetually meeting with, "as is above shown," where the words should be, "as is above asserted." Some indeed are still bolder, and have the assurance to draw bills upon the reader's credulity, with an "as will hereafter be shown;" and here, when we come to the point, we find mere assertion attempted to be

passed upon us for proof; if we be not again put off with an "as was shown before."

MIGRATION.

In a sketch of the history of Egypt, by the learned Dr. White, inserted in Polwhele's *Historical Views of Devonshire*, vol. I. among some excellent remarks on the progress of civilization, the doctor, after taking it as generally admitted, that the remnant of the human race settled somewhere in Arabia after the deluge, observes, "It is now also impossible to trace what were the causes which led them from Arabia into Egypt; whether war or conquest; or, what is most probable, their natural disposition to migration." But that they should be led by war or conquest, is an absurdity: for the first inhabitants could not go to make war upon a people that did not exist, or to conquer an uninhabited country. It is true, they might have been driven from Arabia by war with some other tribe, who wanted more room for their herds; but they would naturally spread themselves over the country, as their increasing numbers required greater extent of pasture, till they reached Egypt, without any disposition to migrate, other than was imposed on them by want of room.

IMPROVEMENTS IN PRINTING.

The Chinese are said to admire the beauty of writing more than of composition; so that an Englishman with a Chinese taste would prefer a poem of Tomkins or Langford, to one of Pope or Dryden. And is not this taste growing on us? Not only must our paper be woven and hot-pressed, but our types must be reformed. Not a

figure must raise his head above his fellows, or sink his tail below them; so that it is difficult to distinguish a 6 or a 9 from a nought, to say nothing of the cramped form of the rest. This is a real grievance; but printers quietly submit to the whims and caprices of type-founders, if they be not their guides; and readers cannot help themselves. The tall / has lately given way to his dwarf brother; and I presume it is only on account of the number of the other letters of greater length than their fellows, for it is the case with twelve out of the twenty-five, that these innovators have been intimidated. Ere long, no doubt, some bolder Procrustean tyrant will arise, and lop them all to his standard. When that has been done, beware, ye Capitals! beware, too, ye Stops and Spaces! no doubt the beautiful uniformity of the infancy of writing will revive in print, and letter will succeed letter, equal in height, and breadth, and distance, more regular than a line of soldiers at a royal review dressed by the completest Martinet of an adjutant, who rests on such skill his hopes of heading, like some of his predecessors, another South American army. In that second golden age of letters, it will again become a mark of distinction to be able to read, not ancient or foreign languages, but our own.

INSCRIPTION ON A BLACKSMITH.

Here cool the ashes of MULCIBER GRIM,
(Late of this parish.)

Blacksmith.

He was born in Seacoal-lane, and bred
at Hammersmith:

From his youth upwards he was much
addicted to vices,
and was often guilty of forgery.
Having some talents for irony,
he thereby produced many heats in his
neighbourhood,
which he usually increased
by blowing up the coals.
This rendered him so unpopular, that
when he found it necessary
to adopt cooling measures,
his conduct was generally accompanied
by a hiss!

Though he sometimes proved a warm
friend,
he made it a constant practice
to strike while the iron was hot,
regardless of the injury he might thereby
do to others;
and when he had any matter of moment
on the anvil,
he seldom failed to turn it to his own
advantage.

Among the numberless instances that
might be given
of the cruelty of his disposition,
it need only be mentioned,
that he was a means of hanging
many of the innocent family of the Bells,
upon a mere idle pretence of keeping
them from jangling;
and that he put many hearts of steel
into the hottest flames,
merely (as he declared)

to soften the obduracy of their tempers.

At length, after passing a long life
in the commission of these black actions,
his fire being exhausted,
and his bellows worn out,
he filed off

to that place where only the fervid
ordeal of his own forge could be
exceeded;

declaring, with his last puff,
'That man was born to trouble,
as the sparks fly upward.'

DESCRIPTION OF THE MOCKING-BIRD.

From WILSON'S American Ornithology.

AMONG the many novelties which the discovery of the western continent first brought into notice, we may reckon that of the mocking-bird, which is peculiar to the new world, and inhabits a very considerable extent both of North and South America, having been traced from the states of New England to Brazil, and also among many of the adjacent islands. The species is, however, much more numerous in the states to the south, than in those to the north of the river Delaware, being generally migratory in the latter, and resident, at least many of them, in the former. A warm climate and low country, not far from the sea, seem most congenial to their nature: accordingly we find the species less numerous to the west than to the east of the great range of the Alleghany mountains in the same parallels of latitude.

There are particular situations to which this bird gives the preference for building his nest. A solitary thorn-bush, an almost impenetrable thicket, an orange tree, cedar, or holly-bush, are favourite spots, and frequently selected. It is no great objection with him, that these happen sometimes to be near the farmer's mansion-house. Always ready to defend, but never over-anxious to conceal, his nest, he very often builds within a small distance of the house, and not unfrequently in a pear or apple-tree, rarely at a greater height than six or seven feet from the ground. The female sits fourteen days, and ge-

nerally produces two broods in the season, unless robbed of her eggs, in which case she will even build and lay the third time. She is, however, extremely jealous of her nest, and very apt to forsake it if much disturbed. It is even asserted by some of our bird-dealers, that the old ones will actually destroy the eggs, and poison the young, if either the one or the other have been handled; but I cannot give credit to this unnatural report. I know, from my own experience at least, that this is not always their practice, and have never witnessed a case of the kind above-mentioned. During the period of incubation, neither cat, dog, animal, nor man, can approach the nest without being attacked. The cats in particular are persecuted whenever they make their appearance, till obliged to retreat. But his whole vengeance is in an especial manner directed against that mortal enemy of his eggs and young the black snake. Whenever the insidious approaches of this reptile are discovered, the male darts upon it with the rapidity of an arrow, dexterously eluding its bite, and striking it violently and incessantly about the head, where it is very vulnerable. The snake soon becomes sensible of its danger, and seeks to escape; but the intrepid defender of his young redoubles his exertions, and unless his antagonist be of great magnitude, often succeeds in destroying him. All its pretended powers of fascination avail it nothing against the vesi-

geance of this noble bird. As the snake's strength begins to flag, the mocking-bird seizes and lifts it up partly from the ground, beating it with his wings; and when the business is completed, he returns to the repository of his young, mounts the summit of the bush, and pours out a torrent of song in token of victory.

The plumage of the mocking-bird, though none of the homeliest, has in it nothing gaudy or brilliant; and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his figure is well proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow notes of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals; in force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted on the top of a tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to his music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native

notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of the various song birds of America, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at the most five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued, with undiminished ardour, for half an hour or an hour at a time. His expanded wings and tail glistening with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action, arrest the eye, as his song irresistibly engages the ear. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy; he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away; and, as my friend Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it, "he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recal his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain." While thus exerting himself, a by-stander, destitute of sight, would suppose that all the feathered tribes had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman and sends him in search of birds, that are perhaps not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates. Even birds themselves are frequently imposed upon by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates, or dive with precipitation into the depth of thickets, at what they suppose to be the scream of the sparrow-hawk.

The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesti-

cated state, when he begins his strains, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. Hesqueaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the canary and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale or red bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent; while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

This excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His excellent imitations of the brown thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and the warblings of the blue bird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screaming of swallows and the cackling of hens: amidst the simple melody of the robin, we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the whip-poor-will; while the notes of the kill-deer, blue jay, martin, baltimore, and twenty others succeed, with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals, and discover, with astonishment, that the sole performer in this singular concert, is the admirable bird now before us.

During this exhibition of his powers, he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself round the cage in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us the livelong night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighbourhood ring with his inimitable melody.

A certain anonymous author, speaking of the mocking-birds in the island of Jamaica, and their practice of singing by moonlight, thus gravely philosophizes and attempts to account for the habit:—"It is not certain," says he, "whether they are kept so wakeful by the clearness of the light, or by any extraordinary attention and vigilance at such times, for the protection of their nursery from the piratical assaults of the owl and the night hawk. It is possible that *fear* may operate upon them, much in the same manner as it has been observed to affect some cowardly persons, who whistle stoutly in a lonesome place, while their mind is agitated by the terror of thieves or hobgoblins."

If it would not seem invidious to foreigners, I might here make a comparative statement between the powers of the mocking-bird, and the only bird I believe in the world worthy of being compared with him, the European nightingale. I shall therefore present the reader with the opinion of a distinguished English naturalist and curious ob-

server on this subject, the Hon. Daines Barrington, who, at the time he made the communication, was Vice-President of the Royal Society, to which it was addressed.

"It may not be improper," says that gentleman, "to consider whether the nightingale may not have a very formidable competitor in the American mocking-bird; though almost all travellers agree, that the concert in the European woods is superior to that of the other parts of the globe. I have happened, however, to hear the American mocking-bird in great perfection at Messrs. Vogel and Scott's, in Love-lane, Eastcheap. This bird is believed to be still living, and hath been in England these six years. During the space of a minute he imitated the wood-lark, chaffinch, thrush, and sparrow; I was also told that he would bark like a dog: so that the bird seems to have no choice in his imitations; though his pipe comes the nearest to our nightingale of any bird I have yet met with. We are still at a loss, however, with regard to the original notes of this bird, and these can only be known by persons accurately acquainted with the notes of the other American birds. Kalm, indeed, informs us, that the natural song is excellent; but this traveller seems not to have been long enough in America to distinguish what were the genuine notes: with us mimics do not often succeed but in imitations. I have little doubt, however, that this bird would be fully equal to the song of the nightingale in its whole compass; but then, from the attention which the mocker pays to any other sort of disagreeable noise,

these capital notes would be always debased by a bad mixture."

If, as is here conceded, the mocking-bird be fully equal to the song of the nightingale, and, as I can with confidence add, not only to that, but to the song of almost every other bird; besides being capable of exactly imitating various other sounds and voices of animals, his vocal powers are unquestionably superior to those of the nightingale, which possesses its own native notes alone. Farther, if we consider, as is asserted by Mr. Barrington, that "one reason of the nightingale's being more attended to than others, is, that it sings in the night;" and if we believe with Shakspeare, that

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than a wren——

what must we think of that bird, who, in the glare of day, when a multitude of songsters are straining their throats in melody, overpowers all competition; and by the superiority of his voice, expression, and action, not only attracts every ear, but frequently strikes dumb his mortified rivals—of that bird to whose melody the silence of night, as well as the bustle of day, bears witness, and who even in captivity in a foreign country, is declared, by the best judges in that country, to be equal to the song of the sweetest of its birds in its whole compass? The supposed degradation of his song by the introduction of extraneous sounds and unexpected imitations, is, in fact, one of the chief excellencies of this bird; as these changes give a perpetual novelty to his strain, keep

attention constantly awake, and impress every hearer with a deeper interest in what is to follow.

The native notes of the mocking-bird have considerable resemblance to those of the brown thrush, but may be easily distinguished by their greater rapidity, sweetness, energy of expression, and variety. Both, however, have in many parts of the United States, particularly in those to the south, obtained the name of the mocking-bird; the first, from its inferiority of song, being called the French, and the latter the English: a mode of expression probably originating in the prejudices of our forefathers, with whom every thing French was inferior to every thing English.

The mocking-bird may, by proper management, be made sufficiently tame to sing in confinement. The usual price of one is from seven to fifteen and even twenty dollars. I have known fifty dollars paid for a remarkably fine singer, and 100 refused for a still more extraordinary one.

Attempts have been made to induce these charming birds to pair and rear their young in a state of confinement, and the result has proved it to be, by proper management, perfectly practicable. In the spring of 1808, a Mr. Klein, of Philadelphia, partitioned off about 12 feet square of the third story of his house. This was lighted by a pretty large wire-grated window. In the center of this room he planted a cedar bush, five or six feet high, in a box of earth, and scattered about a sufficient quantity of materials suitable for

building. Into this place a male and female mocking-bird were put and soon began to build. The female laid five eggs, all of which she hatched, and fed the young with great affection until they were nearly able to fly. Business calling the proprietor from home for a fortnight, he left the birds to the care of his domestics; but on his return, found, to his regret, that they had been neglected in food. The young were all dead, and the parents themselves nearly famished. The same pair have again commenced building this season (1809) in the same place, and have at this time (July 4) three young ones, likely to do well. This place might be fitted up with various kinds of shrubbery, so as to resemble their native thickets; and ought to be as remote from noise and interruption of company as possible, and strangers rarely allowed to disturb or even approach them.

The mocking-bird is $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and 13 in breadth, some longer and others smaller, those of the first hatch being uniformly the biggest and stoutest. The upper part of the head, neck, and back are a dark brownish ash, and when new moulded, a fine light grey; the wings and tail are nearly black. The chin is white; the sides of the neck, breast, belly, and vent a brownish white, much purer in wild birds than in those which have been domesticated; the iris of the eye yellowish cream coloured, inclining to golden; bill black; the legs and feet likewise black and strong. The female very much resembles the male.

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXXII.

To the particulars already given respecting the Islands of Mauritius and Bourbon, we shall now add the price of provisions in 1800.—Beef, kid, and mutton, 1s. per lb.; a fowl, 2s. 6d.; a chicken, 1s.; a duck, from 2s. to 3s.; a goose, 7s. to 8s.; a turkey, 10s. to 12s.; a pair of pigeons, from 2s. to 6s.; wine, from the European price, to eight times more; bread from the same to four times more; but these two articles fluctuate, according as it is peace or war. All the inhabitants having the above commodities, as well as others, to dispose of, it is their interest to sell them as dear as possible to foreigners, who come hither only for the purposes of commerce, or for refreshments, after a long voyage. At this period, also, a plantation, entirely cleared, and large enough to maintain a family in great comfort, might be purchased for about 6000 piastres, or £1500. This would require about 30 slaves, of both sexes, to cultivate it, at about £30 each upon an average; but whether the slaves are included in the above sum, the document from which we obtained our information, is not precise enough to determine. — These islands imported from Europe at this time (1800) almost all their necessities and objects of consumption, except linens, cottons, and stuffs, which are obtained from the coasts of Coromandel and Bengal; China ware and silk from China. Their corn is partly of their own growth; the surplus consumption of their bread and biscuit is im-

ported, in flour, from Europe and New England. They import their rice (besides what they grow themselves) from Madagascar and some ports in India; their slaves and cattle from Madagascar, besides some of the former from the coasts of Africa; and their specie (piastres) from Cadiz.

M. de la Bourdonnais, when intendant of these islands, which posthe occupied from 1734 to 1746, had formed the idea (among the many useful and splendid works and designs which he schemed for their welfare), to make Mauritius a general dépôt for the commerce of the East: so that the Company's ships from Europe should proceed no farther eastward than this island, but should take in their homeward or Indian cargoes at this place, after having landed here those which they brought from Europe; while the forwarding of the cargoes to India, and bringing back those intended for Europe, should be performed by country ships, navigated by Lascars, or Indian seamen. By these measures he expected to obtain the following advantages: First, the expences would be lessened, as both the pay and maintenance of Indian sailors are very trifling; and, secondly, the European ships' crews would be more effectually preserved; as it was well known that they suffer greatly, not only from the length of the voyage alone, but still more frequently from the climate, especially that of Arabia and Bengal. This plan, however, was

not adopted, for the following reasons:—It was feared that the Company would fall into contempt, unless they displayed in these distant latitudes a naval force sufficient to ensure respect; secondly, because it is more advantageous to obtain all articles of merchandize from the place itself which produces or manufactures them; and, thirdly, because although the Indian sailors

have much less pay and are victualled cheaper than those of Europe, this alone does not render the navigation of vessels in the Indian seas more economical, or more advantageous, than the navigation of European vessels, as a ship manned by Indian sailors requires one third more hands than if the crew were composed entirely of Europeans.

MERCATOR & Co.

EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET-HOUSE.

(Continued from Vol. IX. p. 358.)

273. *Portrait of A. Papworth, Esq.*—J. Green.

THE general display of portraits excites little interest in the public mind, although they form so large a portion of the present Exhibition, excepting where the attractions depend, as in some instances, upon their excellence as paintings. The best works of Reynolds, of Opie, Lawrence, Hopner, Owen, Beechey, Shce, Thomson, and some others, will always command attention, even though the persons whom they represent are little known, or less regarded. The portrait in review we cannot forbear to mention, as it is a faithful resemblance of a very ingenious professor of architecture; and we are never more gratified, than in numbering, amidst so many physiognomies, a few that may be remembered hereafter for having contributed somewhat to science by their genius, and to society by their private worth. This is one of Mr. Green's best performances.

405. *Portrait of Sir C. Coote, Bart.*
—J. Green.

There is much grace in this figure of the elegant young baronet. In

whole-length portraits we cannot but approve of the costume being of a character that does not mark a particular fashion. Perhaps none is more congenial to the general taste, or better suited to adorn the figure, than the Spanish dress. Of modern costume, black is least objectionable. The drawing is good, the colouring, and light and shadow, are well managed, and the picture superior to any we remember to have seen from the pencil of this artist.

517. *Portraits of the Misses Cox.*
—A. E. Chalon, A.

We have more than once adverted to the progressive improvement of this artist. The group of young ladies, so elegantly employed, and so tastefully designed, in this composition, remind us of the fine feeling of Titian. We forget that this picture is in miniature; there is a greatness of effect and a power of *chiaro oscuro* pervading the subject, that produces an illusion, and renders the fair musicians the size of life.

423. *Portrait of an Artist.*—Mrs. Green.

Much observation of nature; and

a free hand to execute, are visible in this miniature resemblance of *An Artist*. So true a resemblance, it is obvious, has been painted *con amore*. It is justly owing to the fair artist who has so faithfully delineated this countenance, to meet from the original a similar compliment; and should he succeed in his delineation with equal success, his study will be attended with no common felicity.

148. *Blind Man's Buff*.—D. Wilkie, R. A.

The splendid colouring of Adrian Van Ostade and the lively humour of Jean Stien are happily united in this rustic composition. Mr. Wilkie has successfully studied the executive part of his art, in the contemplation of the Flemish and Dutch schools, and has incorporated enough of his own to claim the honour of being ranked among original painters. We cannot forget the pleasure so often experienced in viewing his highly finished pictures. It has been unfortunate for many men of talent, poets, as well as painters, to come before the public at once with great powers, in displaying a poem or a picture of high merit: for the world will ever be disposed to compare a subsequent work to the first, and unless a great and an obvious improvement be evinced, the comparison will be constantly made at the expence of every new performance. It is not likely, that any picture from this artist will again excite so much attention as the *Village Politicians*; but it is strictly due to Mr. Wilkie, to say of this picture of *Blind Man's Buff*, as of others, that he has supported his reputation by much improvement

since the appearance of the former picture, and we think this his last, by far the best production of his admirable pencil.

241. *View of Lambeth from the top of a gentleman's house on the side of the Thames*.—G. Arnald, A.

Of the very few remaining antiquities upon the banks of the Thames, within the metropolis, or immediately within a short distance thereof, the palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury is the only one that has, in a certain degree, resisted the ravages of time, or been exempted from the mutability that has marked every other great seat, by the destructive rage for *improvement* that has so frequently disgraced the architects and their employers within the last century. Previously to this period, the banks of this beautiful river were richly ornamented with palaces and noble mansions, with their gardens and cheerful terraces washed by the tides.

To the painter, Lambeth yet affords some excellent subjects for study. The fishermen's houses, with their rude boats, and the pebbly shore, and the venerable palace, with the Gothic gate towering above, lead the imagination back to ancient times.

Mr. Arnald has viewed the scene with the true feeling of a painter, and has produced a picture that will increase in value as long as a love for topographic art exists.

8. *A Storm*.—G. Arnald, A.

Meanwhile loud thunders rattle round the sky,
And hail and rain, in mingled tempests, fly;
While floods on floods, in swelling turbid tides,
Roll rearing down the mountain's channel'd
sides;

The young Ascanius, and the hunting train,
To close retreats 2-d diverse o'er the plain;

To the same gloomy cave with speed repair
The Trojan hero and the royal fair.

WARTON'S *Virgil*.

It is no small relief amidst this emporium of portraits, to be enabled to fix one's regard upon some poetical subject, whether of landscape, history, or other work of imagination: for it must be deplored, to find so much talent constantly wasted in portraying everyday countenances of persons, who, to say nothing worse of, are of little importance to society. Mr. Arnald has chosen for the exercise of his ingenious pencil, a subject replete with difficulties, which he has surmounted in the production of this well designed and admirably coloured picture. It would appear invidious to make comparison between this artist and some of his contemporaries, men of talent also: but we cannot too much applaud Mr. Arnald for his steadiness in pursuing his art agreeably to his own unsophisticated views. His style is bold and rich, his colouring glowing and natural, and his pencilling is perspicuous. It would be viewing the graphic art with very contracted notions, were the professors thereof required to follow any particular style or mode of painting, according to rules drawn from any master or any school of art. We admire originality of feeling, and admit of an executive manner that best displays that feeling. Yet we cannot approve, when, aiming at originality, the painter becomes affected, or in endeavouring to astonish, he becomes obscure. The best school for study is nature:

it was in courting her that the flame of genius was first caught; and her most favoured votaries have left us their works, to encourage our addresses to the liberal goddess, who will be equally propitious, in every age, to those who are assiduous in their attentions to her.

210. *The Inside of the Earl of Darlington's Kennel, with his Lordship's Huntsman, Dog-Feeder, and some of the most celebrated Hounds of the Raby Park.*—H. B. Chalon.

This is one of the many pictures which Mr. Chalon has painted for his liberal patron, the Earl of Darlington, and we doubt not but the resemblances are equally faithful with those which we have seen, and compared with the originals from which they were taken. There is thorough knowledge of anatomy, accompanied with excellent drawing, exhibited in this picture; the painting is bold and masterly, and the colouring natural and harmonious.

580. *Phæbe, a famous Spaniel, the Property of G. Vere, Esq.*—H. B. Chalon.

Much animation and truth of character mark this fine portrait of the faithful dog. The pencilling is broad and free, the colouring transparent, and the whole effect strikingly bold. This rising artist has manifested considerable study in his pictures since the last year's Exhibition, and we congratulate him on the rapid advances which he is making to the attainment of excellence in his department of art.



PLATE I.—THE DON COSSACK.

So great has been the curiosity excited throughout the country in consequence of the arrival of this interesting stranger, that the proprietor of the *Monthly Repository* has been induced to give a portrait of him, from an original drawing which was made in the New Library in the Strand; and which it is hoped may be acceptable to his readers, particularly those whose residences are distant from London.

Alexander Zemlenutin, of the regiment of Don Cossacks Sulin the 9th, a native of Tschirkasko, about two thousand wersts south-east of Moscow, upon the borders of the river Don, may be numbered as one amongst the hardiest of the various tribes of Cossacks, whose bravery, loyalty, and patriotism have, from the time of Peter the Great to the present epoch, contributed so materially to the martial glory of the Russian empire. These soldiers have been represented by their vanquished enemies as fierce and merciless barbarians; brutal in their manners, and disgusting in their habits. This character, however, is falsely drawn, for those who had sufficient opportunities of judging of their manners and conduct, since their arrival in Prussia and on the frontiers of Germany, give a totally different and very favourable account of the Cossack tribes.

In stature Zemlenutin is about five feet ten inches high, stout and muscular, but not unwieldy; his countenance is ingenuous and open, very much resembling the charac-

ter of the Scotch Highlander. His deportment whilst here was manly and respectable; perhaps it is not too much to say, it was not unfrequently dignified.

Colonel de Bock, the officer who brought him to England, was charged with dispatches to our government. It was deemed unsafe for this gentleman to travel from the Polish frontier to Cuxhaven without a Cossack. These men are selected for their probity and bravery, and serve as a passport, without which the colonel might have been suspected of being a spy. When arrived at Cuxhaven, it occurred to him to bring the Cossack to England, from no other motive than that persons here might feel gratified on beholding an individual of the corps who had so recently assisted by its bravery in expelling the Corsican invader from the Russian territory.

The great attention that was shewn to this humble person, who is but a private soldier, during his residence here, made a sensible impression upon his mind. He formed the highest possible opinion of the abilities, the wealth, and generosity of the English nation. It would no doubt be very amusing to hear him recount to his martial comrades, on his return to camp, the wonders which he witnessed in London, every person appearing anxious to excite his surprise by a display of whatever was curious. At Mr. Ackermann's he was much struck by the gas lights; he was allowed to ignite the gas himself, and thought it effected by magic.

Upon being presented with an apparatus for producing an instantaneous light, by dipping a match in a liquid, he said, "When I tell my comrades of what I have seen, of fire," meaning the gas, "coming out of *nothing*, and they will not believe me, I will shew them this," pointing to his magic tinder-box.

His astonishment was excited on hearing and seeing the Panharmonicon at Spring-Gardens, wherein the effect of a full band is produced, upon trumpets, French horns, hautboys, kettle-drums, flutes, bassoons, and other instruments, which are operated upon by bellows set in motion by mechanical means.

When at Spring-Gardens the Albiness expressed a desire to see him. The interview took place in a private apartment, in presence of a few witnesses, and nothing could be more amusing than the mutual gazing of these two curious persons; she eyeing his venerable beard, and he looking with astonishment at the beautiful texture of her long and glossy hair. His gallantry was manifested on this occasion, in begging to know, by his interpreter, whether she would condescend to favour him with a small portion of her beautiful hair. The fair lady answered, that the same request had frequently been made, but had never been granted; yet the brave Cossack should not ask in vain. She shook her silken locks, and, with a pair of scissors, separated a small portion, and very gracefully presented it to the veteran soldier.

A whimsical deception, known to a few persons only, was practised upon our hero during his stay in

the metropolis. — He received a message, in the name of a foreign nobleman, requesting his attendance at his house: the summons was instantly obeyed, and he was conducted in an elegant chariot to a magnificent house in one of the great squares, and introduced into a nobly furnished apartment illuminated by means of lustres, where he was received by six beautiful young ladies, and seated at a table covered with scarce fruits and rich wines. The nobleman not appearing, he indulged in rather too copious libations, and, fascinated by the attractions of "Clusters of pearls" and "Heart's ease," he sunk, like Abou Hassan, into a profound slumber, which lasted more than twelve hours. He was conveyed the following evening to his own lodging, and declared, that the whole transaction appeared to him involved in extreme mystery.

His officer accepted an invitation to dine at the Free-Masons' Tavern. A private carriage conveyed him and his friends. The invitation included the Cossack. A hackney coach was called in, which was to follow his master. The rogue of a driver knowing that he was unacquainted with the geography of London, and equally ignorant of our language, pretended to have something to adjust before he followed, when, mounting his box, he purposely drove into another track, and alighted with his fare at an alehouse, where he not only made a booty by an exhibition of the old soldier, but also plied him with liquor, and left him intoxicated to the care of any one who might feel disposed to take him home.

All ranks of persons were anzi-

ous to see this northern warrior ; he never moved but in a crowd. The presents which he received from the proprietor of the *Repository* were precursors of his good fortune. His Royal Highness the Prince Regent sent for him to Carlton-House, and presented him with a handsome sabre suspended by a black velvet belt, brilliantly embroidered with silver, and a cartouch-box of the same metal. The old soldier was overwhelmed with

gratitude at the condescension of his Royal Highness, who was pleased to place the belt upon him with his own hands.

He received many valuable presents from various persons ; among the rest, a pike, of a very curious construction, which was manufactured at Birmingham ; it was eleven feet in length, shut up in the manner of a telescope, and was made of brass.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXVIII.

I for a genius ought to pass,
Though the world tells me I'm an ass.
'Tis envy all——for well I see,
The world's a greater ass than me.

ANON.

WHAT we call a genius, says Mr. Pope, is hard to be distinguished by a man himself from a strong inclination ; and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way, than by yielding to that prevalent propensity, which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make an experimental exertion of his faculties, and appeal to the judgment of others : now if he happens to write or to paint, or compose or act ill, which are certainly no sins in themselves, he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I cannot, however, but wish, that mankind in general should have the humanity to reflect, that even the worst performers, in whatever way their inferior endeavours may be employed, deserve something at our hands from their solicitude to please us. We have no cause to quarrel with

them, but for their obstinacy in persisting to proceed where success appears to be hopeless. But this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant or insincere ; and the world in general is too indifferent, to tell them to their faces what they may say behind their backs. Sooner or later, however, experience, by its repeated suggestions, convinces them of the truth ; but this seldom happens till they have wasted so much of their time, or formed such habits, as to bear very heavily on the future part of their lives, and clog, if not altogether darken, their future prospects.

A letter which I have received, and whose contents I shall present to my readers, has suggested these observations. It is written by a person in the mediocrity of station, but whose complaints, or ra-

ther the manner in which she states the causes of them, may instruct persons in every situation of life: those in the highest, may derive advantage from a due consideration of the subject which the good lady has communicated to me.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

My dear and very good Sir,

As you profess to feel so much compassion for your fellow-creatures, whatever their sorrows or disappointments may be, you will, I am sure, allow an unhappy mother to unfold to you the distress of her mind, and, by your benevolent aid, lessen, if you cannot remove, the violence of her feelings, from the erroneous conduct of a darling son, who is unhappily threatened with ruin, in which she must also be involved, from the pride of his heart, and a strange infatuation to pursue a course for which nature never intended him; and thus to turn his back upon those means of support which Providence has so kindly afforded him.

I am, sir, the disconsolate widow of an honest and industrious painter and glazier; and it would be doing injustice to my poor, dear, departed husband's memory, if I did not declare, that—Heaven rest his soul!—he left no means untried to render us all comfortable, and to bring up our only son, and indeed our only child, to gain an honest livelihood in his own business; which was a very good one, as he had a respectable list of customers, who, from his civil deportment, regular conduct, and cleverness in his art of glazing and painting in all its mechanical branches, were every day increasing. Nay, the very summer before he died, he

was employed at an hundred and fifty miles distance from London, in glazing the hot-houses, forcing-houses, green-houses, and melon and cucumber frames, in the garden of a very rich gentleman, I do not now recollect his name, who employed poor, dear Mr. Casement for upwards of a month, and the money paid as soon as the job was done.

Now, Heaven knows, I was not without a mother's yearnings, when I thought of the dangers my boy would encounter in cleaning and mending windows three stories high, and the possibility of his falling into a paved area, sticking upon the spikes of an iron railing, or contracting an incurable disorder from his poisonous contact with white lead: but there are inconveniences in all trades, and as his father escaped, why should not he? Thus I made up my mind to the thing; and looked forward, at length, to his rising in the world, as other industrious men have done before him.

Having got rid, therefore, of all my scruples and apprehensions, I can hardly express the delight I felt, when I first tied on his little white apron. How pleased the boy was! and few ladies, I believe, were ever prouder of their fine fol de rols on going to court on a birthday, than he was when he was thus decorated, for the first time, with this necessary badge of his business. Nor shall I ever forget the joy that appeared in my poor dear husband's face, when his son brought home the first shilling he ever earned, which was for putting a small pane of glass into a window of the parish workhouse.

The boy feared nothing, and would laugh at my apprehensions of danger, when I used to recommend him to be careful of himself, and look about him. Indeed, he for some time kept pace, as well in industry as in cleverness, with our most anxious wishes: but he was yet young, and as his father, though a skilful painter and glazier, knew little else than his business, he suffered the boy to be always with our foreman, who, to say the truth, knew a good deal more than his master. Indeed, I have heard my husband say, often and often, that Thomas was a very clever fellow. He could *marble* most admirably, imitate fancy woods, and gild in a superior taste. He could also paint letters of every kind in a delightful way; French and Latin letters as well as English ones, and ornaments too, after the *antick*. At length, however, I lost poor Mr. Reuben Casement, when I was obliged to take Thomas to supply his place, and if my boy had continued to mind his business, things would have gone on very tolerably well. But Thomas was reckoned a bit of a *genus*, and Jackey Casement was determined to be a *genus* too: and here begins all the mischief; for, since this same *genus* has performed its operations in our shop, I have not paid the oil merchant half as much for turpentine as I used to do. Thomas could certainly paint a red cow admirably well, but Jack soon excelled him; for he not only painted red cows, but red lions, and gold pestles and mortars, and crowns and cushions, and muffins and crumpets, to the life. His ambition, however, led him to attempt the human figure;

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and he at length got an order from a cousin, who kept an inn in a country town, to paint him a green man for a sign; in which, as it was for ready money, he engaged, as he expressed himself, to devote all his mind and talent. Now I cannot but own that it was a beautiful painting, which he said had an original thought, as his green man had black eyes and cherry cheeks. But, alas! Mr. Spectator, I shall have reason, I fear, to curse the Green Man as long as I live; for, in consequence of the admiration it received, from very good judges of the arts, he determined at once that he was *challenged* out for a higher walk in life than a painter and glazier. Man, he was used to say, came into the world like a lump of *putty*, which, moulded by *genus*, would find its level. In short, sir, he now began to disdain his father's trade; nor do I know what I should have done, if it had not been for Thomas, who assisted me in keeping things together, and preserving the business that remained. My poor boy now talked of nothing but art, and colouring, and feeling, and invention, and *obscura*, and Heaven knows what, for I am sure I do not. He has also bought a parcel of naked men and women, without a rag about them, and placed them in his chamber; so that my maid Susan has declared she will not go into it, to make his bed; but he says that he had rather sleep in a bed that has not been made, as it gives him such fine ideas of drapery.

But this, Mr. Spectator, is not the worst of it; for he has got acquainted with some man, who lives, as I am told, in your neighbourhood, where there are a great num-

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ber of these images, as large as life; and there, as he says, he goes to study:—but to study what, do you think? why, I blush to tell you:—It is to draw a naughty woman, who sits naked in the midst of thirty or forty young men; and this he calls a *living model*; a pretty model, truly, for my poor boy to copy! so, that while he learns to draw, he not only forgets his trade, but loses his morals. I, for a time, kept my thoughts to myself; for, whenever he came to borrow a pound-note of me, he talked so loudly about his *genius*, and his powers, and the style of Mr. Ralphell, or some other gentleman, whose name I never heard of before, that he stopped my mouth: and when I desired him, as he was intimate with so many of these great men, as he called them, to recommend them as customers to the shop, I thought he would have gone into a fit with laughter. He tells me, however, that when he once is an R. A. he shall be able to provide for me, and send the shop to *Tartarus*. What R. A. means, or in what part of London *Tartarus* is, I know no more than the pope of Rome.

It is not for me to pretend to judge of what is fine painting; but this I know, that poor Jack's pictures grin and stare in such a horrible way, that one is almost afraid to go up the staircase at night, where he has hung them. Besides, he empties all my drawers, and takes my clothes to make up figures like Guy-Foxes on a fifth of November, which he tells me are subjects for drapery. No one, however, buys his pictures, nor rewards his merit; but this, he says, is all

from jealousy, and that the Royal Academy, though they are always abusing one another, will join to keep down the rising talents of any one who does not belong to them. He says they treat him as they did one Mr. Barry, and that he is determined to die like one Mr. Rembrandt, and then his pictures will sell, as people never encourage living merit.

Alas! there was a time when my poor boy was gay as a lark, and brisk as a bee; and people would stop in the street, when he was mending a three-pair of stairs window, or repairing a gutter, or painting the outside of a house, to hear him sing; for he had a beautiful voice, and had got the name of the painting and glazing nightingale: but now he is become quite a mope, and never is seen to smile at any thing, only when I make an observation upon his pictures. In short, I cannot sometimes help thinking that he is a little cracked, as he talks of calling up spirits from some very deep place, God knows where; and raves about ghosts sitting upon hills and riding on clouds, as he has been informed by one Mr. *Hossian*, somebody who, as I understand, lives in the Highlands of Scotland.

The fact is, that poor Jack Casement has mistaken his course of life. I have some time suspected as much; but I am now convinced of it, by a letter with which I have been favoured from Mr. Caustic, by my foreman, who had been to place some painted glass in his study windows. The gentleman advises me to call back my son, from colours and canvas, to putty and lead, or he will be ruined, as he has no talent for the art he pro-

fesses, and is only fit to paint hobgoblins for a scene in a puppet-show, to terrify labouring people at a country fair. But all I can say to the dear boy will all be in vain; and, as he reads your *Repository*, which he says has a great many sensible and clever remarks on the arts, he may, perhaps, be persuaded by a gentleman of your great learning and understanding, to return to his shop, which offers a respectable maintenance. Besides, sir, if you will have the goodness to inform me, which you probably can, of the street, &c. numbers of the houses, where my son's intimate friends, Mr. Ralphell, Mr. Michael Angel, and the two Mr. Pusskins, live, I will call upon them myself; and when they know what mischief they have done to Mr. John Casement and his mother, by their ad-

vice and example, however well meant, they will probably use their influence, as they have turned him from a glazier into an artist, to repair the misfortune they have led him into, and turn him back again from an artist into a glazier.

If, good Mr. Spectator, you will, in the benevolence of your disposition, comply with my request, you may save a very worthy young man from ruin, and restore comfort to the widowed heart of your most grateful, humble servant,

SUSAN CASEMENT.

I must beg leave to express a wish, that my correspondents, in mercy to my eyes, would be so good as to convey their sentiments in that intelligible kind of handwriting which may not require the skill of a decypherer to unravel, which I really do not possess.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT OF THE CELEBRATED GERMAN WRITER, C. M. WIELAND.

To no writer of the age, perhaps, are the literature, the language, and the public taste of the Germans under such great obligations as to Wieland, whose talents have for half a century been the boast and admiration of the country which gave him birth. Few authors of any nation have written so much; but what constitutes a far more honourable distinction, still fewer have written so well. Possessing uncommon versatility of genius, Wieland was equally eminent as a poet and a prose-writer, as a moralist and a philosopher, as a translator and an author of the most brilliant originality and invention. The spirited and elegant translation

of his *Oberon* by Mr. Goethe, has afforded the English reader a favourable specimen of Wieland's poetical powers; but it is impossible that his merits can be fairly appreciated in this country, where so few of his numerous works have yet found their way before the public.

Wieland died, in his 80th year, in January 1813, and was interred, on the 25th of the same month, in the garden belonging to his late mansion at Osnannstädt, six miles from Weimar, now the property of M. Kühne, by the side of his beloved wife and his young friend, Sophie Brentano. Here, supremely happy in the bosom of his family, Wieland had passed several

years, from 1798 to 1803, in the enjoyment of rural pleasures; and here he was visited by the amiable Sophie Brentano, the grand-daughter of his juvenile friend, Sophie von Laroche. With a prepossessing person, she united the greatest diversity of talents and the highest feminine delicacy; a soft melancholy, which sometimes clouded hereye, and doubtless originated in the constitution of her heart, tended to bind all around still more firmly to this accomplished creature. Cheerfully quitting the bustle of the great world, she felt the beneficial influence of the seclusion and tranquillity of Osmannstädt, the society of the venerable Wieland, and his family assembled round him in patriarchal simplicity. Soon, however, she fell sick, and, in spite of the most assiduous attentions and the best medical aid, she expired September 20, 1800. Wieland, who had loved her as his own child, prepared for her, thus prematurely snatched from him, a repository in the little grove at the lower end of his garden.

It was not long before he was destined by Providence to endure another severe trial. On the 9th of November, 1801, he lost his wife, who belonged to a noble family of Angsburg, named Hillenbrandt. The faithful partner of his life, the tender mother of his children, was laid beside his departed friend, and added to the mournful sanctity of the spot. Wieland determined that his remains also should once repose together with those of the two objects of his love; often did he repair to their graves, and sat lost in contemplation on a turf-seat which is yet carefully preserved.

A country life lost all its charms for Wieland after the decease of his faithful wife; he therefore, in 1803, disposed of the estate of Osmannstädt to the present proprietor, M. Kühne, from Hamburg, and returned to Weimar; where the two courts by which he had been constantly patronized, as well as the circle of his friends, received him, as usual, with respect and affection. The Duchess Amelia prepared for him a new and agreeable summer retreat at her charming residence at Tiefurth, where he, with Einsiedel and Fernow, formed the more immediate literary society of that excellent princess.

Amidst these enjoyments, the place of tranquil repose at Osmannstädt was not forgotten. The design which Wieland had long entertained of separating that part of the garden with the graves from the rest of the property, which was liable to a frequent change of owners, was accomplished in 1804, through the interference of a friend, and with the greater facility, as the present respected possessor co-operated the most willingly in this arrangement. That part of the garden which was deemed requisite, was ceded with all the usual legal formalities to the friend alluded to above, and by him conveyed to the family of Brentano, of Frankfurt on the Mayn, to which it now inalienably belongs. At the same time, the idea of erecting a monument on the spot was first suggested, in order to mark the site of all three graves; for Wieland again positively declared, that, after his earthly pilgrimage, as he termed it, his remains also should there repose. A younger friend and ad-

mirror of the poet, to whom the preparation of the design was committed, proposed a triangular pyramid; to be placed in such a manner that the inscription and emblem on each side should indicate the grave which lay in that direction. This design was approved, and the execution of it, in Seeberg stone, was entrusted to M. Weisser, sculptor to the court of Weimar. The military operations of 1806 deferred the completion of this monument; but on the return of peace, it was speedily finished. Wieland himself, in December 1806, furnished a distich for this monument, to the following effect:

"Love and friendship in life united their kindred souls;

"This one social stone now covers their remains."

This inscription was engraved on the pyramid, and seems to unite the three distinct sides into an harmonic whole. In 1807, this simple, but appropriate little monument was erected in the garden at Osmannstädt; and it has now, through Wieland's death, attained its final destination.

On one side appears a butterfly, the emblem of Psyche, surround-

ed with a circular garland of new-blown roses; and underneath, the inscription:—"Sophie Brentano, born 15th August, 1776; died 20th September, 1800." On the second are two hands conjoined, as the expressive symbol of union and fidelity, encompassed with a wreath of oak-leaves, and this inscription:—"Anna Dorothea Wieland (born Hillenbrandt), born 8th July, 1746; died 9th November, 1801." On the third is seen the winged lyre of the poet, surrounded by the star of immortality, and beneath is inscribed:—"Christoph. Martin Wieland, born 5th September, 1733; died 20th January, 1813."

M. Facius, the eminent engraver of Weimar, is at present engaged upon a medal in commemoration of the deceased. On the obverse, is a profile of Wieland, which is an excellent likeness; and on the reverse, is the emblem of the lyre sculptured on his monument, with this motto above:—"To the immortal poet." Below is a female head between butterflies' wings, from which springs a rose-branch on one side and Oberon's lily on the other.

THE BESPOKEN WIFE.

A MERCHANT who had removed from England, and settled in one of our West India Islands, where he acquired a considerable fortune, could not be satisfied unless he had a wife to share his success with him. As he could not meet with a person to suit him in the island, he determined to write to one of his correspondents in London, with whose

punctuality and probity he was well acquainted. Being a stranger to every other style than that of commerce, he wrote his friend a letter, in which, after dispatching his other business, he proceeded to the subject of his intended marriage, in these terms:—*Item*, As I have formed the resolution to marry, and cannot here find a suit-

able match, do not fail to send me, by the first ship bound to this place, a young woman of the following qualities and figure, viz. As to fortune, I expect none with her; let her be of a respectable family; from 20 to 25 years of age; of middle size and well proportioned; of a pleasing countenance, mild disposition, and unsullied reputation; enjoying good health, and a constitution sufficiently strong to bear the change of climate, that I may not be obliged, by her sudden loss, to seek another, which must be guarded against as much as possible, on account of the great distance and the dangers of the sea. If she arrives according to the above order, with this letter endorsed by you, or at least a well attested copy, for fear of mistake or deception, I promise to honour the bill, and to marry the bearer fifteen days after sight."

The London correspondent read again and again this extraordinary article, in which his friend bespoke a wife in the same terms as he would give orders for a bale of goods. He admired the prudent precision and laconic accuracy of this American, and resolved to suit him if he could. After some search, he conceived that he had found such a person as he wanted in a young lady of amiable character, but without fortune, who accepted the proposal. She embarked in a ship which carried out a quantity

of goods for the merchant. She was provided with certificates, endorsed in the manner and form directed by the correspondent. She was included in the invoice in these terms:—*Item, One young woman aged 21, of the quality, figure, and condition as per order; as appears by the attestations which she will produce.*" Before the departure of the lady, the correspondent dispatched letters of advice by other vessels, to inform his friend, that he might expect, by such and such a ship, a young woman answering to the terms of his application. The letters, the goods, and the lady all safely reached the place of their destination. When the vessel arrived, the American was in waiting: a buxom damsel stepped on shore, and hearing his name mentioned, thus addressed him:—"I have a bill of exchange upon you, sir, and hope that you will honour it." With these words she handed to him the letter of the correspondent, on which was endorsed to this effect:—*The bearer is the wife you have ordered me to send you.*—"Madam," replied the merchant, "I never yet suffered my bills to be protested, and I assure you I shall not begin with this. I shall consider myself as the most fortunate of men if you will allow me to pay it." This first interview was soon followed by the wedding, and the match was one of the happiest in the colony.

THE WILL.

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZBUE.

THERE once lived in France an old bachelor, whose avarice was equalled only by his wealth. He found it impossible to keep any domestic in his service, for he not only required unimpeachable inte-

grity, but likewise the unusual faculty of fasting. In return, he promised to provide for them, but nobody knew how. Allured by these expectations, many servants out of place applied for the situation; but, unable to endure the privations to which they were subjected, one after the other soon quitted him again.

The miser at length found that he should be obliged to wait on himself, unless he could hit upon some other method. He made a will, by which he promised to the servant who should close his eyes, not only a certain sum in ready money, but also an estate which he possessed in the country. No sooner was it known that the miser would prove so generous after his death, than servants thronged to him from all quarters; and at length he met with one, who, in the hope of better times, endured hunger and thirst with heroic fortitude. Whether he would long have been able to sustain so unequal a conflict is doubtful, for he was already reduced to a skeleton, when, fortunately for him, at the end of the first half year, the old miser expired.

His heirs joyfully hastened to take possession of his property, which was immense. Such, however, was their greediness, that they grudged the starved servant so considerable a legacy. One of the nephews desired to see the will, which was shewn to him; and when he came to the words, "*I give and bequeath to the servant who shall close my eyes,*" he suddenly exclaimed, with malicious joy, "The bequest is null and void!"—"How so, sir?" rejoined the thunderstruck legatee.

"Null and void!" repeated the other. "My uncle had but one eye, consequently you could not close his eyes." In vain the servant remonstrated, that, by this expression, the deceased had only meant to signify his death, and therefore he designed the legacy for the person who should continue with him till his death. The nephew, on the other hand, maintained, that his uncle well knew that he had but one eye, and of course only intended it as a joke, when he made the legacy dependant on a condition which could not possibly be fulfilled.

The affair became the subject of legal discussion, and the whole province interested itself in behalf of the poor servant, who justly gained the cause, though the heirs carried their effrontery to such a length as to appeal to the parliament of Paris.

The following anecdote, which is likewise true, may serve as a counterpart to the preceding:—Lord F——, an English nobleman, was a bachelor, equally rich and equally avaricious with the one-eyed Frenchman. He lived in the most retired manner in the country, and had no other attendant than an old faithful valet, who had been fifty years in his service, and in whose arms he at length expired, but without taking any notice of him in his will.

The heir at law, whom the deceased, when living, would never admit to his presence, was a poor Scotch nobleman, to whom the valet immediately dispatched a messenger with the welcome invitation to take possession of his late master's property. He came with sparkling eyes. The old man gave him the

most correct account of the produce of the estates of his relative, for whom he had long acted as steward, and then delivered to him £90,000 in Bank-notes, which he had found in the pocket-book of his deceased master. No person knew of this hoard but himself.

The heir, without expressing the least surprise at the integrity of this conduct, examined the pocket-book with greetly looks, and merely exclaimed, "Is that all?" At this behaviour the tears trickled down the cheeks of the honest steward, whose name was Furant.—"You shall not go unrewarded," said the heir, turning over the Bank-notes,

till at length he found one of ten pounds, which he gave to the valet, and discharged him.

This honest servant afterwards died in London in poverty. The circumstance was related to the celebrated Linguet, by his physician. He made it public, and at the same time proposed this question:—Which ought to excite the greatest astonishment, the probity of the valet, or the ingratitude of the heir?—He asserts, and with equal justice, that the Greeks and Romans often immortalized names which were much less worthy of being perpetuated than that of Furant.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

An edition of the *Select Writings of Henry James Pye, Esq.* in six volumes octavo, is in the press, and will be published by subscription.

An additional volume to *The Picture of Verdun*, will soon be published, under the title of *The Englishman at Verdun, or the Prisoner of Peace*. In this volume the sufferings of our countrymen in France will be dramatically represented; and the author contrasts the loyalty and dignity of the old government, with the vulgarity, insolence, and depravity of the upstart satellites of the new dynasty.

Mount Erin, an Irish tale, in two volumes 12mo. by Matilda Porter, is in the press.

A new translation of *Atala, or the Amours of two Savages in the Desert*, by F. A. Chateaubriand, author of *Travels in Greece*, &c. with an English version of the songs, may soon be expected.

The Baroness de la Motte Fouqué has published at Berlin, an energetic *Address to the Women of Germany*, relative to the duties which their country expects of them at this important crisis. She lays just stress upon their obligation to exert their utmost influence, not only to excite and keep alive the patriotic ardour of their fathers, their husbands, and their brothers; but also, by their attention to their language, dress, and manners, and to the education of their offspring, to restore, as far as possible, the ancient German national character.—"Our native country," says the fair writer, "has become strange to us; the revolutions of time have so altered, subtracted from, and added to it, that from what is called national character, has sprung a something over which we know not whether to laugh or to weep."

An edition of *Wakefield's Lucre-*

tius, in four octavo volumes, is printing at Glasgow, with the addition of a table of the various readings of five ancient editions, in the library of Earl Spencer, including the *editio princeps* of Ferrandus; also the marginal annotations of Bentley, as they exist in MS. in his copy of Lucretius, now in the British Museum.

Mr. Brown, schoolmaster at Surfleet, near Spalding, will shortly publish a second part of his *Arithmetical Questions*, for the use of village schools.

Sir Robert Ker Porter is preparing a *Narrative of the last Campaign in Russia*, with plans, &c. of the general movements of both armies during their advance and retreat.

A historical View of the Philippine Islands, translated from the Spanish of Martinez de Zuniga, by John Mayor, jun. merchant, will shortly appear in two octavo volumes, with appropriate maps.

Sir Wm. Betham, Deputy Usher King of Arms, and W. M. Mason, Esq. are preparing a *Historical and Topographical History of Ireland*, with the lives of eminent persons, and genealogies of the most considerable families.

A new edition, with considerable additions, of Mr. Robert Woodhouse's *Trigonometry* is printing at the Cambridge university press.

Mr. Henry Alexander, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, will shortly publish, a *Comparative View of the different Modes of Operating for Cataract*.

The Hon. Colonel Dillon's edition of *Ælian* is in the press, and will be soon published, under the title of *Tactica*, being a compen-

dium of the whole of the system of war of the ancient Greeks, according to *Ælian*; with the notes of Bingham, corrected and revised, and other supplementary notes and criticisms; illustrated with a variety of plates: to which is prefixed, an Essay upon the Decay of Political Institutions.

Mr. John Mawe, author of *Travels through the Diamond and Gold District of Brazil*, will shortly publish, in an octavo volume, a *Treatise on Diamonds and Precious Stones*, including their history, and some account of the best modes of cutting and polishing them.

Speedily will be published, *The Life of the Author of the Letters of Junius*. The niece of the late Rev. James Wilmot, D.D. and Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, announces that she has in her possession certain manuscripts, which incontrovertibly prove; that the Letters of Junius were written by Dr. Wilmot.

Mr. Belfour intends to publish, early in the next month, an edition of *Ray's Collection of English Proverbs*, with such alterations as, it is presumed, will render the book more acceptable to general readers.

Dr. Montucci is persevering in his engagements, in Prussia, notwithstanding the war, and expects to complete his *Chinese Dictionary* in the summer of 1815. He has engraved 21,000 characters, and proceeded as far as letter K, in the course of five years.

The Rev. John Homfray proposes to publish, by subscription, a new edition of *Willis's History of the Mitred and Parliamentary Abbeys, and Conventual and Cathedral Churches*.

Capt. Laskey has at press, a *Scientific Description of the Rarities in that magnificent Collection, the Hunterian Museum*, now deposited in the college of Glasgow. It is intended to comprise the rare, curious, and valuable articles in every department of art, science, and literature, contained in that great repository. This work is expected to appear early in July.

Mrs. Opie will speedily publish, in three duodecimo volumes, *Tales for all Classes*.

Miss Hutton has nearly ready for publication, *The Miser Married*, a novel, in three volumes.

A self-taught rustic poet, in the neighbourhood of Spalding, is printing a collection of original verses, under the title of *Rural Rhymes*.

The Rev. Dr. Cox, master of Gainsborough school, has in the press, *The Wanderings of Woe*, a poem.

Mr. Brewster, author of *The Meditations of a Recluse*, has in the press, *Meditations for Penitents, and for those engaged in the important Duty of Self-Examination*.

A Course of Sermons, for every Sunday in the Year, is preparing for publication, and the first volume is now in the press.

Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby will submit the following libraries for public sale during the present season:—The law library of the late James Chetham, Esq.;—The very extensive miscellaneous and law library of the late John Sidney, Esq. of Hunton, Kent;—the very valuable library of the late Rev. Isaac Gossett, D. D. F. R. S.;—the valuable library of William White, Esq. of Highbury-place, Islington;

—the library of the late Right Hon. Lord Heathfield;—the splendid library of the late Sir Charles Talbot, Bart. of Chart Park, Surrey; and likewise his fine cabinet of minerals and fossils;—also a very choice and select collection of books on botany, imported from Holland, containing all the scarce and valuable publications on that subject.

It is well known that the vapours of oxygenated muriatic gas have been employed to correct the bad air of hospitals and other infectious places: but this remedy often acts prejudicially on patients who are suffering under catarrhal complaints, as it irritates the membranes of the bronchiæ. A French apothecary has lately made known, what he thinks a mode of employing this acid superior to that generally practised. His manner is, to prepare the oxygenated muriatic acid in a liquid state, by means already well known. A slight pressure is sufficient to enable water to charge itself with this gas as much as is convenient. To reduce this practice, weaken the gas with a sufficient quantity of water; and sprinkle the room by means of a watering-pot, which gives out only a thin stream of drops of the fluid. The warmth of the apartment speedily converts the sprinkled drops into vapour, which carries with it that portion of oxygenated muriatic acid which it holds in solution; and in this form its action is so mild, as to induce patients themselves to desire it. Certainly this mode of administration allows the free use of judgment as to the quantity and power proper to each and every part of the room;

less in one place, more in another. It also offers an absolute command of the strength of the ingredients, according to the indications of time and place, of weather, diseases, &c.

Madame Perpentì, of Como, in Italy, has lately directed her efforts to the manufacture of asbestos. She first separated the mineral into thread, as fine as she could accomplish, then beat it, soaked it alternately in oil and water; at length she succeeded in giving the thread a considerable degree of suppleness. The oil, however, relaxed the fibre too much; and she found that repeated soaking in water sufficiently answered the purpose. Still the staple was short; and when carded, it was feeble and unequal: it was unsuitable to spinning or weaving; but by means of gum, it was capable of being formed into paper. This amianthus was obtained from the Valteline. In the course of her experiments, Madame Perpentì remarked, that certain threads contained in the mass were much longer than the mass itself. By patience and address, she continued to separate these without breaking them. She drew out threads of extreme thinness and beauty, fit for the most delicate works; equal in fineness to silk, and several feet in length. They appeared to be agglomerated in a single mass, not unlike the web of the silk-worm in the cocoon. This particularity will induce the naturalist to wish for further intelligence of the origin of this singular substance. What have these threads been different from the mass in which they are imbedded? What were those operations of nature, by which they have

been involved and rolled together? Strange it is, that a substance, apparently a stone, should be susceptible of softness, suppleness, pliancy, of being drawn out and woven into cloth, or made into paper—cloth equally fine and strong as the texture of linen or silk, but proof against damage and destruction by fire.

Mr. Hofman, optician at Leipzig, has constructed thermometers, the scale of which is marked on slate, instead of being marked on glass, as usual. He finds them less affected by the extremes of the seasons: the colour of the material serves as a ground colour of blackish blue, by which the glass is relieved, and the state of the mercury, with its variations, more accurately distinguished. The material has the advantage of being cheap and durable. Some of our readers may profit by the hint.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Lanza's ELEMENTS OF SINGING,
Vol. I. No. IV.

IT is with real pleasure we introduce to our readers the 4th number of this unrivalled work, the plan of which has been sufficiently detailed in a recent critique of our's, to enable us to confine our present observations to a brief sketch of the contents of the portion now before us. In this number, Mr. L. introduces the major and minor scale, and then proceeds to the solfeggios of the leaps or distances, in the regular succession of thirds, fourths, fifths, sixths, sevenths, and octaves: all these vocal exercises are supported by very select accompaniments. The important

chapter of embellishments, including *appoggiaturas*, graces, turns, and shakes, is treated copiously, and with great clearness. Indeed, as far as the work extends, system, precision, and perspicuity form a leading feature in it; and we are confident, if (what we make no doubt will be the case) the author proceeds in his labour in the manner in which he has set out, the success of his Elements of Singing will not be confined to England alone, since, with the necessary adaptation, the work may be rendered eminently useful to foreign students.

The celebrated Melody of Robin Adair, arranged for the Piano-Forte, as a Rondo, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Susan Martin, by T. Howell. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The author has not made out any strong title in justification of his adding to the innumerable Robin Adaïrs with which the musical market is already overstocked. In the different ideas which are put together without sufficient connection, we discover very little of the characteristics of a rondo. The *maggiore*, p. 5, l. 2, closes without cadence; in the *minore* we find nothing above the standard of common-place formulas. The *allegretto, alla polacca*, ought, as a fresh movement, not to set out with a derivation of the chord of the seventh (D, 5 b, 6 b); and descents like p. 7, bars 6, 7, 8, and again, bars 23, 24, are entitled to any thing but commendation. Yet, with all these objections against this publication, such is the strange diversity of taste, an accomplished lady, who executed it admirably in our presence, declared this to

be the best Robin Adair of the many she had seen.

"Why, my Delia, will you languish," Mozart's favourite Duetto in Clemenza di Tito, arranged for one Voice, by Joseph de Michele, of Doncaster. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The same, for two or three Voices, by Ditto. Pr. 2s.

"Say, would you use that very pow'r," Mozart's favourite Duo, "Deh prendi," adapted for one Voice, by Ditto. Pr. 1s.

The same, for two or three Voices, by Ditto. Pr. 1s. 6d.

"Round Love's Elysian Bowwers," arranged from Mozart, by Ditto. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The same, for two Voices, by Ditto. Pr. 2s.

Mr. De Michele's idea to adapt English words to Mozart's music, and to arrange the same air for one, as well as for more voices, is praise-worthy. The works of such a master cannot be too much multiplied, and we sincerely wish the plan may be continued. The three airs before us are easy, both for the voice and the instrument. Mr. De Michele's accompaniments we could have wished somewhat less plain, and less deviating from the richness of Mozart's score; but, on considering that what we miss, may be a recommendation with the major portion of vocal amateurs, to whom this very simplicity renders the publication more accessible, we waive our objection the more readily, as, upon the whole, the general effect of the harmony is faithfully preserved. The English texts,

although not the production of a first-rate poetical genius, are respectable, and tally very well with the melodies; the addition of a second stanza to each would have been desirable.

"*Emily's Bower*," a Ballad, dedicated to Lady Lismore; the words by H. Bryson, S. T. C. D. the Music by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Barring our objection to the imperfect resolution occurring in the third bar of the symphony, this little air is very pleasing. The melody is simply tasteful, and the accompaniment neat and effective.

A Duet from the celebrated Danish Opera, *Hjemkomsten*, or "Welcome Home," arranged for two Performers on the Piano-Forte, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Kortright and Miss Maria Kortright, by J. W. Holder, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 2s. 6d.

This is a very agreeable little duet; the composition is of the superior order, the different ideas are select and melodious, and the arrangement does Mr. Holder much credit. As both parts are very easy, we recommend it strenuously to beginners. If we are not mistaken, the piece is not originally of Danish growth; but is taken from a French opera, *L'Opéra Comique*, by Della Maria, a young man, whose few compositions prove the great loss music has sustained by his early death.

The favourite Welch Air of "Nos Galen," arranged with Variations for the Piano-Forte, by David S. Hawks. Pr. 2s.

These variations deserve the epithet of respectable; they are con-

ceived in a good taste, and devised fancifully and with considerable skill. The second part of var. 2, in which the right hand has two parts, is very clever. Var. 5, with crossed hands, has likewise our entire approbation; and the running bass of the 6th var. is, upon the whole, commendable, although the progress of the left-hand passages has, in one or two instances, given rise to objectionable successions.

Dr. Cooke's beautiful Glee for four Voices, entitled an Epitaph on a Dormouse, adapted in a new Manner, invented to accommodate Singers unacquainted with the Tenor Cliff; to which is prefixed an Explanation of the Invention introduced by a few Strictures on the present System of Musical Education, by T. D. Worgan, Professor of Music. Pr. 2s.

Mr. W.'s contrivance may be briefly explained as follows:—Instead of the tenor cliff, he adopts a mixed cliff, of the treble (G) cliff and bass (F) cliff, both generally known. This new cliff is indicated by a new sign, made up of the signs of the two substitutory cliffs, and all that is to be observed, are the stems of the notes: when they go upwards, the sound corresponds with the treble cliff—when downwards, with the bass cliff; and of the semibreves and breves which have no stem, the former are represented by two bound minims, and the latter by two bound semibreves; observing in the last case, that when the tie is above the note, its sound is that of the same note in the treble cliff—when below, it is considered as a bass note. The sole inconvenience, viz. that of

having only a single signature of flats and sharps for this twofold substitution-cliff, might easily be remedied. From what has been stated, it will be admitted, that Mr. W.'s invention has the advantage of great simplicity and adequacy; and, what we value much, the pitch of the notes is not liable to error, as is the case in other contrivances. We therefore do not hesitate to pronounce his *double cliff* perfectly practicable,—and eligible, if it is absolutely necessary to provide such remedies to help ignorance and indolence; and, in this respect, his judicious prefatory observations are much to the purpose. But when we consider, that all the music *already published* with tenor cliffs, would require adaptation for the use of what Mr. W. calls *tenella ingenia* (soft heads), or be as much a dead letter to them as the music *to be published* in the proper old cliffs, we should vote for giving no grace. Learn your alphabet, or hold your tongue altogether.

Les petits Bijour, consisting of favourite Airs, Dances, and Rondos for the Piano-Forte, composed by the most celebrated Professors. No. VII. Pr. 2s.

Ditto, Ditto, No. VIII. Pr. 2s.

The first of the two above-mentioned numbers of Messrs. Goulding and Co.'s periodical publication, contains a Siciliana and rondo in three sharps, composed by Mr. Holder. The Siciliana is really an elegant little movement, which cannot fail to please; but what the direction, "*con espressivo larghetto*," means, we are not Italian enough to make out. The ron-

do too is very agreeable, and well put together: some of its passages, however, are not unfamiliar to our memory.

No. VIII, composed by the late Mr. Gildon, likewise consists of an allegretto, "quasi Siciliana," in G major, and a rondo in G minor. Both are highly interesting and tasteful. In the rondo, especially, the opportunity afforded by the minor key for scientific elaboration, has not been lost; and this posthumous relic of Mr. Gildon's labour, adds to our regret at the loss which the musical public has sustained by his early death a few months ago. Although not bred to music, a natural talent and study soon enabled him to become an able player and agreeable musical composer; and to this accomplishment, at first acquired for amusement only, he was, in the latter years of his life, compelled to resort for a livelihood, after a checkered train of untoward vicissitudes. We understand, that he has left a widow in distress, and that a subscription is open at Messrs. Goulding and Co.'s, Mr. Preston's, Mr. Birchall's, and Messrs. Clementi and Co.'s, with a view to relieve her present necessitous situation, and to assist in establishing her in some business for her future support. More it would not become us to say, to interest our musical readers in behalf of an unfortunate female, the widow of one who probably has beguiled many an hour of theirs by the productions of his pleasing harmonic muse.

A Cossack Military Divertimento, for the Piano-Forte or Harp, composed and dedicated to Lady Anne

Kendy, by Veronica Cianchetti, Sister to the late J. L. Dussek. Pr. 2s.

The introduction, in E♭ minor, attracts our attention by its solemn gloom, and forms a proper contrast with the lively theme of the succeeding allegro in the same key (major). The episodical portions and modulations are respectable, and the harmonies appropriate. We cannot say, that the composition lies convenient to the fingers of a piano-forte-player; and rather apprehend, from its general character, that it was preferably intended for the harp.

"Fast into the Waves," the celebrated grand Storm-Scena, in Recitative and Air, sung by Mr. Bellamy; the Words selected from Dr. Hurd's and Shenstone; the Music composed, and arranged for the Voice (in the treble Cleff) and Piano-Forte only, by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 3s.

This is an elaborate performance, in which Mr. B. has given the most ample range to his partiality of producing striking effects by means of unexpected harmonic combinations. The introduction to the recitativo is very select, the recitativo itself impressive, and the interlocutory instrumental repletions are boldly varied. Of the largo in three flats, p. 4, the two first bars appear to us awkward; the storm passages are awfully picturesque; but we think the aria, "Stern monarch," too plain and not sufficiently melodious. In the concluding allegro, we observe a great aim at effect; many scientific transitions take us by surprise; and the conclusion, p. 8, partaking largely of the same character, is wound up with great skill and brilliancy.

"L'Amour est un Enfant trompeur," with eight Variations for the Piano-Forte, respectfully dedicated to Miss Ogle, by J. Mugnié. Pr. 3s.

There is a graceful simplicity in the harmony of the very theme of this air, which at once fixes the value of this composition; so neat, so apt, that it really seems as if the melody could not properly exist without the very accompaniment Mr. M. has assigned to it. Every one of the variations possesses a marked character. Thus the first ingratiates itself by the smooth progress of its semiquavers; the second, by the elegant effect of the crossed-hand touches; and in the third, the theme is cast into quick action by well linked demisemiquaver passages. Var. 4 merits particular praise, as exhibiting the subject under a most tasteful cantilena; and No. 5 is conspicuous by its well contrived bass passages. Var. 6 is likewise strongly bassed, but its principal beauty is derived from the inimitable chromatic touches observable in the harmony. No. 7. (a march), and No. 8 (a waltz), bespeak the versatility of Mr. Mugnié's classic imagination. Altogether, this is an excellent production, which cannot be too strongly recommended to the advanced scholar.

A Portuguese Air, with six Variations for the Piano-Forte, and Accompaniment for the Flute Obligato, composed and dedicated to P. Palmer, Esq. by his Friend, J. Jay, Mus. Doc. Pr. 3s. 6d.

A superficial glance at this publication proves; that it is the offspring of skill directed by studious care. The theme is as neat as it is fit for the purpose of variation;

and the alternate imitations of flute and piano-forte in the second part are very meritorious. Among the several variations, No. 3, especially in the second part, is equally conspicuous by the responsive parts assigned to the flute. The construction of No. 6 is no less interesting on the same account. A coda, in slow movement, has been appended, and here, still more than in any other part, a high degree of contrivance is observable; but it requires a steady timeist to do justice to the author's intention, in regard to the effect of the flute-intercalations, which are set with great nicety of measure.

A Solo for the Violin, with an Accompaniment for the Violoncello, and Thorough-Bass for the Piano-Forte, composed by J. F. Erskine. Op. 1. Pr. 7s. 6d.

Although a solo, a little more connection between some of the phrases and periods would have been desirable. While we allow ourselves this observation, we, at the same time, feel bound to bear witness to two meritorious features in this voluminous publication. The greatest attention has been paid to the character of the instrument, in the many diversified and effective passages interspersed every where; and the harmony of the accompaniment is such as to convince us of the author's proficiency in counterpoint, a merit which, unfortunately, is not always concomitant with executive skill. We are the more happy in paying this tribute of approbation, as the publication appears to be a maiden essay; and we pledge ourselves to

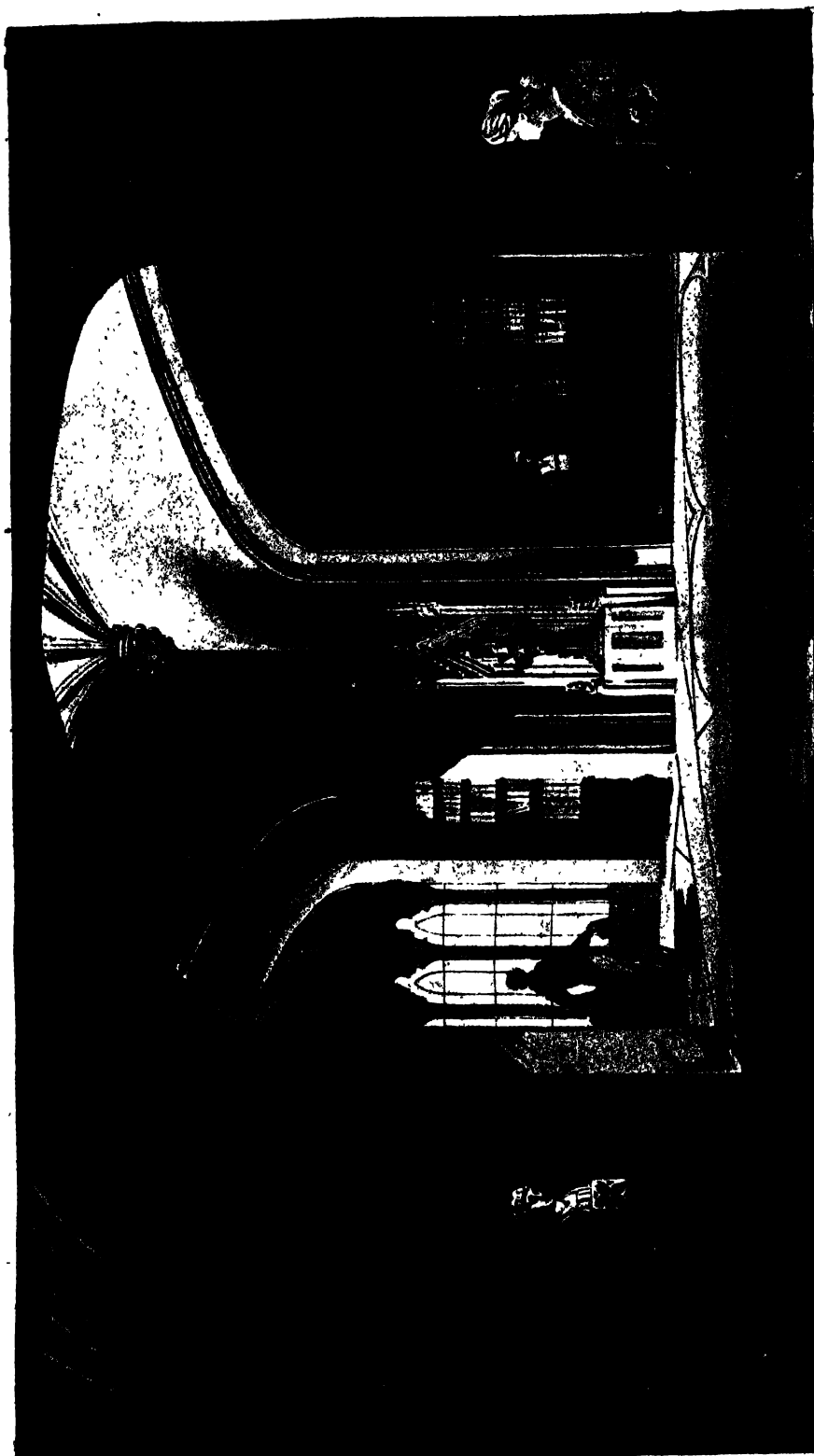
the benefit which the practitioner will derive from the attentive study of the ~~book~~ before us, on an instrument we know from experience to be so difficult, as to be subdued only by great labour and perseverance.

The Madrid March of Victory and Wellington Waltz for the Piano-Forte, composed by F. Rimbault. Pr. 2s.

Both the march and the waltz (the theme of which is borrowed) are in a pleasing style, and the harmony is, in general, correct and effective. That this is not the case throughout, a glance at bar 35, p. 3, bar 38, p. 4, bar 11, p. 5, will shew. The structure too of l. 1, p. 4, we deem unsatisfactory. Excepting a few inattentions of the kind, this publication has our approbation; and being extremely easy, it may be recommended to beginners and moderate players, whose ear will be gratified, while their fingers acquire improvement.

Se vuol ballare, a favourite Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte and Flute Accompaniment, by W. A. Mozart. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The theme of these variations is taken from Mozart's celebrated comic air in *Figaro*. The anonymous author has done justice to his original: the variations are conceived in a fanciful and diversified style; the two staves are well filled with harmony, responses, crossed-hand passages, &c. so that rather an experienced player is required for their due execution. In the 2d line of the theme we observe a deviation from the harmony of the original, which is any thing but an improvement.



AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

VEGETATION has not, for many years, been so perfect, prolific, and productive, or assumed so fruitful an appearance. It is not only one species that abounds in luxuriant foliage, but the whole vegetable kingdom has arrived to greater perfection, and has suffered less from the destroying depredators, the insect tribes, which have either been annihilated by atmospheric affections, or rendered inactive by the rapid and luxuriant growth of plants.

Wheat has, as the flag denoted last month, thrown out a large ear, thick set with cleaves, and has gone finely off the bloom.

Barley promises well upon warm soils, having thrown out a long ear, except on a few spots where water has hung on them too long, for the want of that greatest of all improvements, land-draining.

Oats have belled abundantly since on the stem, and promise a full crop.

Beans, peas, and the whole of the leguminous tribe, are very productive, being long on the kid, and containing fewer abortive seeds than are found in a common season. The whole plant has never suffered less from that numerous and voracious family of winged insects that revel on the sweet exudations from infant plants.

From the above cause, the whole of the brassica species are in a more perfect and luxuriant state than we have witnessed in a common season.

The fallows for turnips are in a foul and backward state.

The hay harvest has generally commenced, and the crops of grass of every kind are most abundant.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 2.—DESIGN FOR A LIBRARY.

THE observations contained in the *Repository* of last month, are applicable to the present design, which represents a library of a more elevated and richer character, on a similar ground plan.

This view exhibits the window, side, and the end of the room, and more fully displays the effect of the arches and the diversity of form, of light, and of shadow. The windows, which may be of stained glass, form a bay of considerable magnitude, in which the sofas and the reading-table may be placed. This spot would become a very cheerful portion of the room, and derive an effect of superior brilliance, by a

contrast with the more retired parts, which would be lighted only by the rays passing from this opening, and variously subdued by refraction and by colour. A chimney-glass should be opposite to the opening, which would reflect the objects contained in the bay, and also the coloured windows and landscape beyond them.

In the corners of the center compartment are disposed marble altars and bronze candelabra. On the pedestals of the cases are ranged the busts of persons who have been eminent in science, arts, or literature, as a tribute of respect to them, and for their labours of

study and research, and by an endeavour to render their attainments beneficial to mankind; a tribute useful to ourselves, as it encourages the advancement of moral intellect, and the fulfilment of those great purposes for which it is subjected to our government.

Recesses are formed in the pedestal to receive the seats, which, by this arrangement, leave the area of the apartment free and unincumbered, and add a more splendid effect to the cases themselves.

The very high perfection to which the art of book-binding has arrived, and the fashion for adopting such embellishments, has given great importance to the library, which has become a room of usual resort, and also forms an object of female cultivation in no less degree than the drawing-room. The fascinations of female society have added taste to the energies of study, and have blended the gracefulness of

polished life with the severer attainments of learning; the gloom of seclusion is banished from its walls, and its means are aided by the charms of beauty

“To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.”

In the present design is contained a contrivance to secure the books from injury, which is easily applied, and adds to the decoration: the plate is, however, too small to admit of a graphic illustration. It is a drapery of silk, suspended within side and at the top of the case by a spring roller, in the manner of a blind, and is made to draw to the bottom of the case, where spring-locks are placed to receive the means for confining it; they are connected at the side by grooves, and thus become as protecting as doors would be, without their weight or inconvenience.

.Φ.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

NORTH OF EUROPE.

As we anticipated in our last, the battle of Lutzen was immediately followed by the accession of the cabinet of Saxony to the cause of Bonaparte. The old king returned to his capital on the 12th May, to do homage to the French ruler; the fortress of Torgau opened its gates to the corps under Ney; nay, the 10 or 12,000 Saxons, who had remained neutral in that town during the presence of the Russians, were joined to the French army, and put under the orders of Regnier, their former Gallic commander. As matters then stood,

the Saxon king had scarcely any other choice left.

On the 10th May, the Elbe bridge, at Dresden, was rendered fit for the passage of troops, and another bridge constructed in the vicinity. The French advanced guard crossed, under a heavy fire from the opposite side, and the allies continued their retreat in the direction of Bautzen, or Budissin; since, with the *debouches* of Torgau and Wittenberg in the power of the enemy, it would have been useless to dispute the river at other points. From the 10th to the 20th, the allied rear-guard had several more or

less serious affairs with the French advance, which we omit for the sake of brevity. As soon as Bonaparte had ascertained that the allied army had entered its strongly fortified position between Bautzen and Hochkirch, with the evident determination to oppose his further progress, he directed the bulk of his army to that point: Ney, with Lauriston and the several divisions under him, instead of pursuing the original plan of relieving Wittenberg, was ordered to march eastward to Hoyerswerda, on the right flank of the allies, with a view to come into the rear of their entrenched camp; and Victor, with his own corps, the Saxons, and the division which, under Sebastiani, had arrived from the Lower Elbe, marched against Berlin. These dispositions completed, Bonaparte left Dresden on the 18th, and joined his army before Bautzen the next day.

In the mean time, the allies had not been remiss in availing themselves of every resource in their immediate reach, to augment their means of resistance. Besides some thousands of Russian convalescents arrived from Poland, a numerous corps (stated at 30,000 men), under the orders of General Barclay de Tolly, approached by forced marches, and arrived about the 17th; several thousands of fresh troops joined the Prussians; their king, to prepare for the worst, issued an order for calling out the "*Landsturm*" (levy en masse) in the provinces nearest to the scene of action; and the divisions of Borstel and Bulow, under the command of the latter, which had hitherto remained about Dessau, were recalled, in order to cover Berlin,

in conjunction with the new levies in the Margravate of Brandenburg, against Victor's approach.

The march of Ney and his threatening object were fully understood by the commander in chief, Count Wittgenstein: to counteract it, Barclay de Tolly and General Von York were detached from the right towards Hoyerswerda. On the 10th, Barclay de Tolly met the head of one of Ney's columns at Konigswartha, under General Perin, whom he completely defeated, with the loss of 1500 prisoners and 11 cannon. Nearly at the same time, Von York came into contact with the rest of Ney's corps at Weissig. Here the action was severe, and the German accounts maintain, that Von York kept his ground at night; but as both himself and Barclay de Tolly turned about, and re-entered the position of Bautzen the next day, with Ney and Lauriston at their heels, we are inclined to think, that the important object Count Wittgenstein had in view by this operation, was not completely attained. Ney, it is true, was diverted from falling in the rear of the position, but he came into its right flank; and his arrival led to unfortunate consequences. How far comparative strength might have rendered a different result practicable, we are not sufficiently informed to decide.

When Bonaparte arrived before Bautzen, a day's reconnoissance enabled him to ascertain, that his enemy was formidably posted in a double position; that of Bautzen itself, which served merely as an entrenched advance to another range of fortified eminences, about a mile in the rear, extending from the

mountains of Bohemia on the left, by Hochkirch to the hills of Kreckwitz on the right. He attacked the advance position on the following day (20th), with determined impetuosity. It was bravely defended by the corps of Miloradovitch and Kleist; the former of whom repulsed every effort of the enemy; till, finding that Kleist had been obliged to retire into the position in the rear, he himself withdrew thither in the evening. This combat, although sanguinary, was but the prelude to the murderous conflict of the day following. On the 21st, the general attack on the allied position of Würtschen, commenced at three o'clock in the morning. To give a military description of this obstinate battle, would lead to great detail, and interest few of our readers. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that, in spite of the most artful manœuvres, of false attacks, and of the most lavish sacrifice of lives, Bonaparte was unable to make any serious impression on any part of the lines of his antagonists, till about noon, when Ney and Lauriston, by great superiority of numbers, succeeded in outflanking Barclay de Tolly, on the extreme right, and thereby compelling him to fall back upon Würtschen. The danger being imminent on that side, Blücher's, and afterwards Von York's and Kleist's corps, were sent from the center to oppose the successful efforts of the French. They arrested his progress; but the center being thus weakened, Bonaparte availed himself of the opportunity, and, by unceasing and furious attacks, gained the entrenchments on the heights of Kreckwitz, and thereby

the pivot of the position. Upon this, the allies determined to dispute the field no longer against such fearful odds pressing upon them from every quarter: the troops and every cannon were withdrawn from the position in the evening, with such order and regularity, that the march of the army, according to the official account of General Sir Charles Stewart (then on the spot), resembled a movement on a field-day. Unmolested in their retreat, they took at night a position at Weissenberg.

Bonaparte states his loss on the 20th and 21st at 11 or 12,000 men; that of the allies at 28,000 and 19 pieces of cannon (?). The allied accounts quote no numbers, but it is reasonable to believe, that, in forcing the strong lines of their opponents, in a contest of sixteen or eighteen hours with fluctuating success, the French can at least have lost no less than the Russians and Prussians, particularly when we revert to the animated testimony which Sir C. Stewart pays to their valour. The skill displayed by Count Wittgenstein in the command on those days, likewise claims our admiration, and causes the greater regret at finding him superseded in that command by Barclay de Tolly, although an able general likewise. Nothing but a numerical superiority of *two to one* led to Napoleon's success. Sir Charles Stewart states, that the force of the allies did not exceed SIXTY-FIVE THOUSAND MEN, while he estimates that of the French at 120,000 at least. This unexpected intelligence, from a military man on the spot, we own, affected us more than the loss of the battle; even now it staggers

our belief.—What! such a handful of men was deemed sufficient to oppose the great talents of Bonaparte, at the head of double the number of soldiers! No wonder, that, with such odds, his newly raised army has been successful. The whole disposable force of the Russian empire dwindled into some thirty thousand men!!! What are we to hope, after such an incredible tale? But to the thread of our narrative.

To supply his losses, Bonaparte recalled Victor and Sebastiani from their progress against Berlin; and, with his usual energy, he followed the retreat of the allies into Sillesia, by the road to Breslaw. Excepting some rear-guard encounters, especially at Reichenbach on the 23d May, where Miloradovitch's corps greatly distinguished itself, no action of moment occurred in the track of the main armies. But no sooner was Victor withdrawn from his march on Berlin, than the instant advance of the corps of Generals Bulow and Borstel into the heart of Lusatia, threatened Bonaparte's communications, and obliged him to detach again a corps under Oudinot, who proceeded as far as Hoyerswerda before he fell in with the Prussians. There he was attacked by Bulow on the 28th with great energy and skill, and altho' the French official accounts (the only ones we yet possess of this battle) claim the victory, the assertion is rendered questionable by that account itself.

Still further in his rear, and even on the left bank of the Elbe, Bonaparte's communications were broken in upon by detached corps of the allies. Near Halle, Colonel Bo-

rissow, who had been dispatched by Count Woronzow from before Magdeburg with 500 cavalry to scour the country, fell in with a French regiment of cavalry, led by General Poinat towards the grand army. A short attack was sufficient to capture the general, 1 colonel, 25 officers, and 300 men; and to kill and disperse the remainder. Besides this brilliant affair, an angry bulletin informs us, that a French convoy, on its way from Bayreuth to Dresden, was fallen upon (by what party of the allies we are at a loss to guess) between Chemnitz and Zwickau; that this surprise caused a loss of 200 men, of 300 horses taken, and of 7 or 8 pieces of cannon, as well as some carriages either captured or destroyed. And the last arrivals from the Continent bring intelligence of an action near Halberstadt (Lower Saxony), in which the French were completely defeated, with the loss of 14 cannon, and after which the allies penetrated as far as Brunswick, which city they actually entered.

However annoying these insults on his rear and flank must have proved to Bonaparte, he boldly continued his route in pursuit of the allies; who, on entering Sillesia, instead of directing their retreat on Breslaw and the Oder direct, dropped to the right, in the direction of Jauer and Schweidnitz; a dangerous movement, inasmuch as Bonaparte, by marching direct upon Breslaw (which he did), might succeed in cutting off their communication, not only with all the Prussian states, but even with Poland and Russia; and, in a manner, coop up the allies between

his own army and the Austrian frontiers of Bohemia. In this situation of things, proposals for an armistice were made on the 29th May, as Bonaparte states, by the allies: negotiations were immediately set on foot at the village of Pleiwitz, near Striegau; during which, the corps of Lauriston entered Breslaw (1st June), and that of Victor relieved Glogau. The conferences terminated on the 4th of June, with the signature of a regular armistice for all (?) the belligerent powers, to last till the 20th July, with six days notice for the resumption of hostilities. The line of demarcation for the allies, extends from the Bohemian frontier to the Oder, near Althoff; for the French, from the same frontier to the confluence of the Katzbach with the Oder: the ground between these two parallel lines, including Breslaw, is to remain neutral. The whole of Prussia, excepting that part of Silesia within the French line of demarcation, remains to the allies; and the whole of Saxony, together with all the countries on the left bank of the Elbe, where that river leaves Saxony, to its mouth, is left to the French army; with that addition, that, in regard to Hamburg and the Hanseatic departments (the fate of which was not known then), the line of demarcation should be decided by the line of the advanced posts of the two hostile armies on the lower Elbe, on June the 8th at midnight; and the French garrisons in the fortresses of Dantzic, Zamosc, Modlin, Stettin, and Custrin, are to be victualled every five days by the allies, against payment to be made every month.

LOWER ELBE.

Here, too, it is our painful task to record the progress of the enemy, effected in a manner as sudden as it was singular and unexpected. —In the night of 8-9th May, the corps of Vandamme surprised the Hanseatic detachment in the Elbe Islands of Wilhelmsburg and Ochsenwerder, situated close to Hamburg, and, in fact, forming the stepping-stones to that city. Reinforced, however, by a battalion of Mecklenburgers and some Hanoverians from England, the Hanseatics succeeded in recovering the islands, and driving the French to their boats, although with a loss of 15 officers and 150 men. On the day following a division of Danish troops, with artillery, marched from Altona into Hamburg, proclaiming their intention to assist in its defence; and the fears of those who doubted the sincerity of the Danes, were completely dispelled three days afterwards (12th), when the French commenced a more serious attack than the former on Wilhelmsburg. The Danes, on this occasion, fought bravely in defence of their Hanseatic neighbours, and lost from 40 to 50 in killed and wounded. But, in spite of the most determined resistance, the French finally retained possession of Wilhelmsburg. —During the fortnight succeeding, excepting occasional harmless bombardments from the islands, no new attempt was made on Hamburg; the city was considered free from immediate danger; the more so, as the Swedish troops continued to arrive numerously in the German ports in the Baltic, and as the entry into Hamburg of two Swedish

battalions (at whose approach the Danes returned to Altona), was deemed an earnest of the Crown Prince's protection.

But, alas! all these hopes of the brave, the patriotic, the noble Hamburgers proved delusory. The return of Count Bernstorff with an unsatisfactory answer from London, at once determined the court of Copenhagen to act in open hostility to England, and to join the French cause. In a negotiation with General Vandamme the fate of poor Hamburg was sealed. On the 29th May the French carried the Island of Ochsenwerder by main force, against a strong resistance from the Hanseatics, some Prussians, and English riflemen. The Swedish troops in Hamburg were, it is stated, spectators of this action. On the 30th; at noon, 5000 Danes, accompanied by a French general, entered the city, and in the evening 1500 French arrived from Ochsenwerder. The Russian commander, Von Tettenborn, had previously evacuated the town with the allied troops, and taken with him the Hanseatic legion; the Swedes too had retired before the Danes arrived.

Thus, by the assistance of the Danes, and not by the French arms, has the unfortunate city of Hamburg again fallen under Bonaparte's iron yoke. At first rashly compromised by a handful of Cossacks, she generously raised the standard of German liberty, armed and fought bravely; but was left unprotected, nay, deserted, by all the belligerents. It is probably owing to the interposition of Denmark, that we have hitherto heard of no outrages committed by

the French, in execution of Napoleon's threats against the city; but we do not trust the relentless tyrant. By the armistice, he remains in full possession of Hamburg; and if he spare the lives of the citizens, their purses will have to pay dearly for the indulgence. An enormous contribution of 84 millions of livres has, it is said, already been imposed. Why this serious misfortune, for Hamburg as well as the allies, was not prevented by the Swedish troops, near and powerful enough to save the city, remains a mystery. Had it been done, Hamburg would now be within the allied line of the armistice.

What we mentioned in our last, respecting the cession of Norway to Sweden, has been recently confirmed by official papers laid before parliament. Russia, to purchase the alliance and co-operation of Sweden, instead of restoring to her Finland (which would have been as just as politic), a province Alexander despoiled her of at the instigation of Bonaparte, and solely because Gustavus would not, like Alexander at that time, bend to the arbitrary dictates of Bonaparte; Russia, we say, by a treaty dated 21th March, 1812, made over to Sweden the kingdom of Norway, an integral part of the dominions of the King of Denmark, who, as an indemnity for the loss of this province, was to have received some territory near his German dominions. This compact was acceded to on the part of Great Britain, by a treaty dated 3d Mar. last; and, as a further boon to insure the co-operation of Sweden, besides a subsidy of one million for this campaign, the French island

of Guadeloupe has been promised to be given up to Sweden in August next. This stipulation between Sweden and Russia, in regard to Norway, has, we fear, driven Denmark reluctantly into the French cause, and has led to the loss of Hamburg; and, we further apprehend, that the necessity Sweden will be under of observing, or actively opposing, the new enemy she has created in Denmark, will deprive the allies of her co-operation against Bonaparte, in the event of the cessation of the armistice.

On the subject of the Continental armistice, we shall observe, that Sir Charles Stewart's declaration alone, of the unaccountable numerical weakness of the allies, induces us to consider the event as not unfavourable to their cause. Had their numbers been less disproportionate, the proofs which their gallant troops have given of their valour, and the critical situation of Bonaparte, arising from the insults to his flank and rear, coupled with the prospective danger which at least threatened him from the 28,000 Swedes landed in Pomerania (where the Crown Prince himself arrived on the 18th May), and from another corps which is destined to join these Swedes—had there been, we repeat, a nearer approach to parity of force, we should have deprecated any cessation of hostilities, confident, as we then should have felt, that a few weeks would have operated a radical change in the aspect of the war. But as the case actually stands, we are persuaded, that the interval granted by the armistice will sedulously be employed in collecting reinforcements, not

only from all Prussia, entirely left disposable and within immediate reach, but also from the Russian provinces in the rear, a great part of which is equidistant with Bonaparte's resources from France, and infinitely less exhausted of men than his departments. We trust that none of the allied belligerents will relax in preparation; and we should be sorry even if Great Britain countermanded, or even delayed, the forwarding of any troops or stores previously intended for the Continent: an imposing attitude is equally necessary, if the suspension of hostilities lead to negotiations for peace, which is quite uncertain. Austria seems strenuously exerting herself to that effect; she has proposed a general congress at Prague, and the Emperor Francis has actually left Vienna for Bohemia, to communicate with the belligerent sovereigns. The present situation of Austria enables her to assume an energetic tone; if there is absolutely to be a respite under the name of peace, and more than a respite it will not be, we trust that Austria will at least employ that power with which she might have overwhelmed Bonaparte, in forcing him to subscribe to terms more consonant with the independence of Europe, than what he has hitherto been used to dictate. The wounds inflicted on Bonaparte's power by the Russian campaign, are far from being healed. Even with the recent dear-bought successes, he is in a far different situation from that which he had to boast of a twelve-month ago.

SPANISH PENINSULA.

The reasonable prospect of success held out by the comprehen-

sive and gigantic plan of the campaign just opened by Lord Wellington in Spain, may likewise tend to lower the pretensions of Bonaparte. The distribution of our forces is as follows:—Lord Wellington, in the center, has immediately acting with him the 4th and light divisions, the hussar brigade, and the household troops; General Hill, on the right, commands the 2d division, entirely British, and is further supported by the Spanish troops of Generals Castanos, Morillo, and Don Carlos D'Esparha. But what constitutes the greatest and most judicious feature of the plan, is, the disposition of the left wing under General Graham, who, on the north of the Douro, leads into Spain the main body of the army, consisting of the 1st, 3d, 5th, 6th, and 7th divisions, with a proportionate force of cavalry, a battering train, and the additional support of the Galician army (alone estimated at 14,000 men); thus marching in the rear of the defences upon which the French depended on that river. The whole of our army was in motion on the 25th May; on the 26th Lord Wellington rushed with the hussars into Salamanca, which the French, under General Villatte, had hastily abandoned; but their rear being overtaken, many were killed and wounded, and 200 taken prisoners. His lordship having remained on the 27th and 28th at Salamanca, to establish General Hill's corps (which had come up by Alba) between the Tormes and Douro, hastened to the left, beyond that river, passed the whole of General Graham's divisions across the Esula (31st), and entered Zamora on the

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1st of June, and Toro on the 2d, both which places had been suddenly evacuated by General Hill is stated to have moved towards Toro from the other side, and will probably cross at that place. This grand simultaneous movement has filled the French army with alarm and consternation; so much so, that they suddenly evacuated Madrid on the 27th. It is stated, that Valladolid will be their point of concentration; but we do not think, that even there they can make any serious stand. We anticipate a glorious result from these promising beginnings, confident as we are, and have long ago been, that the draughts Bonaparte has made from Spain, have greatly enfeebled his army; and whether the armistice in Germany terminate in a renewal of hostilities or in a peace, our probable successes in Spain will have their weight in the affairs of Europe.

UNITED STATES.

American accounts received from Halifax, communicate the unpleasant intelligence, that, on the 26th of April, Commodore Chauncey with a squadron of 10 or 12 vessels, and General Dearborn with about 5000 men, appeared before York, the principal town and depôt of Upper Canada, situated on Lake Ontario. By means of a combined land and naval attack, the town was carried, and great quantities of military stores, as well as many Indian prisoners, were taken. The loss on both sides was considerable, and, by the explosion of a powder-magazine, the Americans are stated, to have had General Pike with 200 men, and the British

50 men, killed. The British General, Wolfe, with a few regular troops, effected his retreat.

In the Chesapeake our squadron has spread alarm over the whole coast. On the 20th April, our sailors landed at French-Town, and burnt some store-houses and two vessels; and on the 2d May, another landing was effected at Havre de Grace (Maryland), where a cannon-foundry destroyed. The last accounts represented our men of war before Baltimore, with the intention of bombarding the town, and the militia hastening from the neighbouring states to repel the attack.

The President and Congress fri-

gates have made their escape from Boston, and apprehensions are entertained of their falling in with our troop-ships bound for Canada.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The bill for exempting his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects from certain disabilities under which they are placed by the constitution of Great Britain, was lost, on the 25th May, by a majority of 4; the numbers for it being 247, against it 251.

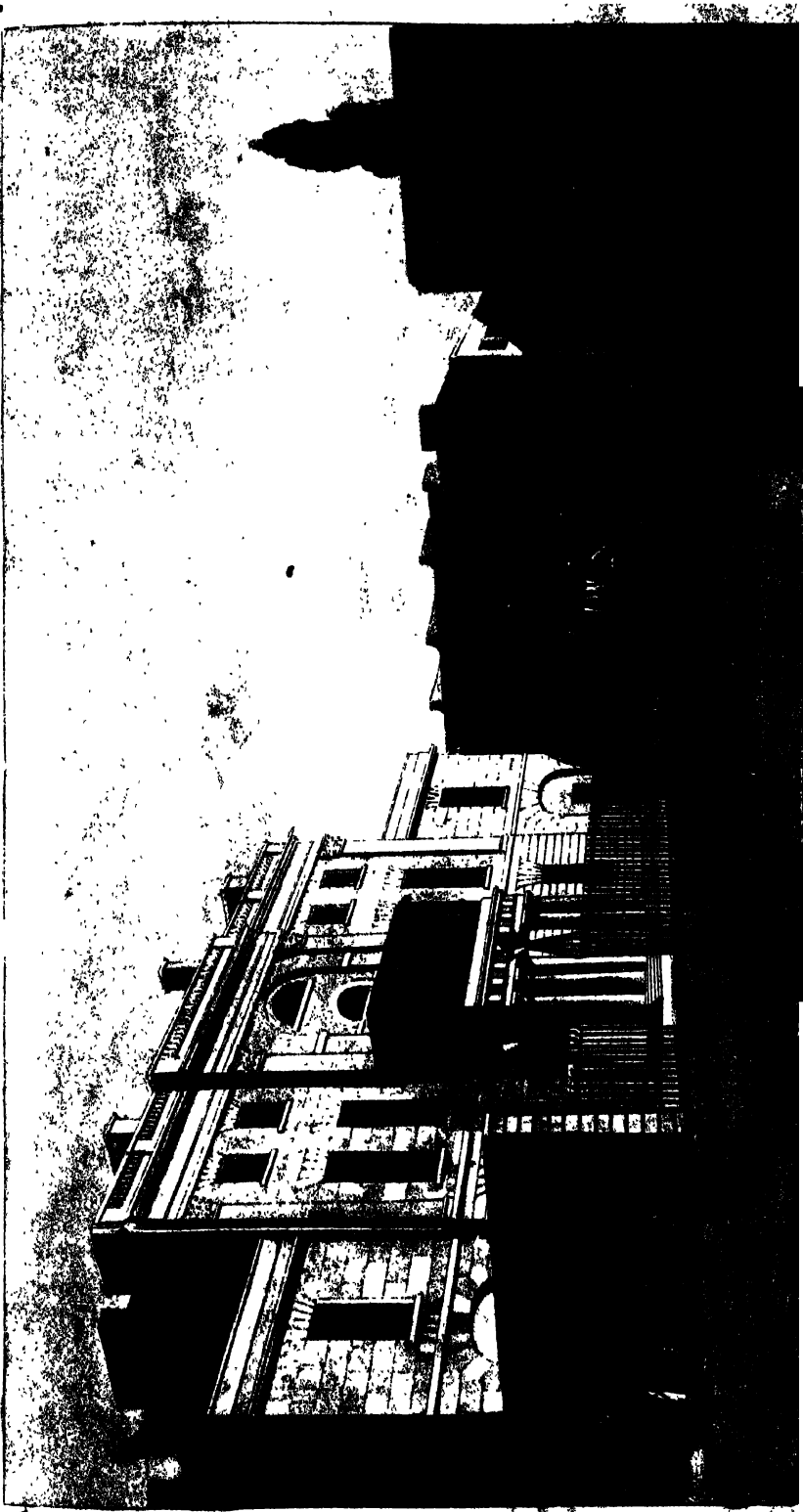
The loan contracted for the service of the current year, on the 9th June, amounts to £27,000,000; 21 millions for England, and 6 for Ireland.

PLATE 3.—MANCHESTER-SQUARE.

THIS is one of those squares which, during the last century, successively sprung up in the new western suburb of Mary-le-Bone. It is situated at a little distance from the north side of Oxford-street, between Cavendish and Portman-Squares; and the period at which it was built, was likewise intermediate to the dates of their erection. It was intended to have been dignified with the name of Queen Anne's-Square, and to have had a handsome parochial church in the centre. This design, however, for what reason we are not informed, was not carried into execution; and the ground on the north side is now vacant, and the late Duke of Manchester purchased the site, and erected upon it his town residence. The circum-

stance the square received its present appellation. Upon the sudden death of that nobleman, the premises were purchased by the King of Spain, as the residence of his ambassador, who erected a small chapel in Spanish-place, on the east side of his mansion, from designs by Boromini, which, for its classic purity of style, deserves the attention of all lovers of architecture. The house, which is one of the most magnificent private residences in the metropolis, and forms the prominent object in the annexed engraving, has been for many years the property and habitation of the Marquis of Hertford.

The other three sides of the square are composed of neat, respectable dwellings, which have nothing worthy of particular notice.



MANCHESTER SQUARE.

ALBERT STREET

MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of May to the 15th of June, 1812.

Acute Diseases.—Pleurisy, 2.... Peripneumony, 1....Sore-throat, 3...Erysipelas, 2....Measles, 4....Hooping-cough, 2....Fever, 6....Catarrh, 4...Acute diseases of infants, 5.

Chronic Diseases.—Cough and dyspnoea, 25....Consumption, 3....Chronic rheumatism, 9....Lumbago, 2....Dropsy, 3....Scurvy, 3....Asthénia, 4....Head-ach and vertigo, 5....Palsy, 2....Dyspepsia, 4....Diarrhoea, 3....Leucorrhœa, 2....Amenorrhœa, 3....Gastrodynia, 4....Enterodynia, 3....Epilepsy, 1....Hypochondriasis, 2.

Since our last report, the general state of health may be regarded as tolerably favourable, although the season is cool, and some individuals have suffered in consequence. The cases of fever were slight; those of pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs very severe, requiring repeated bleedings, and the most strict antiphlogistic treatment. Inflammatory sore-throat, measles, and hooping-cough have occurred, though perhaps not more frequently than usual at this season. The cases of erysipelas were very similar; both of them elderly females, in whom the face was much swelled and suffused, and both complicated of the head. In these patients saline medicines and neutral salts afforded speedy relief. When the lancet is used in such cases, great debility is apt to follow, and a very lingering fever sometimes succeeds, which occa-

sionally ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~inflammation~~ ~~are~~ ~~not~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~away~~ ~~all~~ ~~doubt~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~mind~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~practitioner~~, respecting the danger of their running on to a higher degree, it is safer not to bleed. It is always a nice point to determine when to use the lancet, which is an instrument of destruction, or a preserver of life, according to the time and circumstances in which it is employed; for, although in a state of health, or of slight indisposition, it may be used freely and with impunity (many individuals resorting to it from habit on the most trivial occasions), unquestionably, numerous cases occur, in which it becomes of the utmost importance to decide correctly and promptly upon this apparently simple operation.

Sometimes after intoxication, when the sensorium has been highly excited, for a great length of time, by the stimulus of wine, and the exhilarating effect of convivial intercourse, complete exhaustion takes place, and the person sinks into insensibility: this is supposed to be a fit of apoplexy, a quantity of blood is abstracted, and the patient rises no more; while, if he had been placed in bed quietly, it is probable, that, in a short time, the excitability of the nervous system would return; as after fainting from excess of fatigue or of heat; an event which may be assisted by the timely exhibition of volatile alkali, or the smart shock of a show-

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 5.—MORNING WALKING DRESS.

A CAMBRIC or jaconot muslin round robe, with long sleeves and falling collar, trimmed with a plaiting of net, or edged with lace, finished at the feet with a border of needle-work. A Cossack mantle of Pomona green-shot sarsnet, lined throughout with white silk, and bordered with a double row of Chinese binding, the ends finished with rich correspondent tassels, and a cape formed of double and deep vandyke lace. A provincial poke bonnet, of yellow quilted satin; ribband to correspond with the mantle, puffed across the crown, and tied under the chin; a small cluster of flowers placed on the left side, similar to those on the small lace cap which is seen beneath. Parasol and shoes the colour of the mantle, and gloves a pale tan colour.

PLATE 6.—EVENING OR FULL DRESS COSIUME.

A round robe of pale jonquil or canary-coloured crape, worn over

a white satin slip; short sleeves composed of the shell-scallopped lace and satin, decorated with bows on the shoulders, and formed so as to display perhaps rather too much of the bosom, back, and shoulders; a broad scallopped lace finishes the robe at the feet, above which is placed a double row of plaited ribband, and a diamond clasp confines the waist in front. A Prussian helmet cap of canary-coloured sarsnet, frosted with silver, diadem and tassels to correspond; a full plume of curled ostrich feathers, inclining towards one side of the helmet; the hair divided in front of the forehead, and in loose curls on each side, with a single stray ringlet falling on the left shoulder. A cross of diamonds, suspended from a gold chain, ornaments the throat and bosom—ear-rings and bracelets to suit. Slippers of canary-coloured satin, trimmed with silver. Gloves of French kid; fan of carved ivory. An occasional scarf or shawl of white lace.

LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY IN LONDON TO HER FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

YOUR last letter, my dear friend, so replete with rural descriptions and pastoral beauty, afforded me increased pleasure, from the agreeable contrast it produced in my feelings. I had, indeed, like you, enjoyed the serene delights of spring's refreshing foliage in the Park and in Kensington Gardens. I have inhaled the perfume of open-blossoms, and my ear has been

nature's choristers, clad in their spring attire of varied hues. Yet these, dear friend, afford only a minor sort of pleasure, when placed in competition with the superior delights of this gay metropolis. Here the varieties of nature and the ingenuities of art may be said to rival, while they aid each other, filling the mind with associations happily harmonizing with the inspiring season. Our youthful belles,





habited in their Cossack coats and mantles of varied hues, are the opening blossoms of *our sphere*; and the rapture awakening melodies of our Catalani, Braham, Dickens, &c. are, in themselves, a grove of choristers, where the highest powers of native harmony are exalted and refined by science and taste.

But avaunt all further recurrence to your last rural treat! and let me hasten to the fulfilment of my engagement; a task replete with more than ordinary difficulty, since more than ordinary is the diversity of decoration with which fashion decorates her votaries. Suffice it, then, that I pourtray those habits which are considered most elegant and select.

To begin with the promenade and carriage costume. Here the Cossack coat and Pomeranian mantle take place of the spencer and French cloak of aſtdate. The latter is usually composed of satin or sarsnet, or of muslin lined with coloured silk. It is formed with a deep lappel, and trimmed entirely round with a deep lace, put on rather full. The Cossack coat is a sort of loose, short pelisse, with large sleeves, unconfined, and untrimmed at the wrist; a narrow collar of gold or silver, sitting close to the throat; and the waist confined with a sash, *à la militaire*, tied in irregular lengths on one side, the ends finished with corresponding fringe, and epaulettes of the same. No sort of trimming is seen round the skirt of the coat, and the helmet hat and parasol are of the same colour, the former ornamented with an ostrich feather. The skimming-dish hat of straw or chip; the large hamlet poke, with lace

bands, brought under the chin; and the provincial bonnet, composed of satin and lace, ornamented with flowers, are all in fashionable request.

There is little variety in the morning costume, except that flounces of muslin, single, double, and even treble, take precedence of the wrap and plain high robe; and that the small patterned chintz cambric blend most becomingly with the white robe.

The intermediate style admits of little that merits description. The coloured muslin, sarsnet, washing silk, &c. are best adapted for dresses of this order, and are generally trimmed with lace, or plaitings of net, and worn with small lace pelerines or tippets, sitting close to the form.

In full dress, there is more ample scope for taste and invention; we here see white and coloured crape, gossamer net, muslin, and leno, worn over white and coloured satin, trimmed with beads or borders of flowers. Of the former I send an elegant and fashionable specimen*.

Dancing dresses are also frequently trimmed with borders of coloured feathers and artificial wreaths of spring flowers; amidst the latter, I have distinguished two dresses which struck me as particularly elegant: they were of white crape, worn over white sarsnet petticoats; the one trimmed with a border of the barberry blossom, and the other with the blue veronica, beautifully painted on white satin. Trains are fast reviving in this order of costume, to which,

* See full-dress figure in last number.

indeed, they alone belong; but they can never be admitted in the dancing dress, without infringing on good sense and good taste. The coloured satin bodice is now so very general, that it can no longer be considered as genteel, or select, though we must ever contend for its utility, in offering an easy purchased change. A few Eastern turbans were observed to blend with the small Spanish hat and regent's plume, at a recent assembly given by a celebrated marchioness; but the hair still dressed in the Grecian style (with a few exceptions of ringlets on the neck), decorated with flowers or gems, is far more general, and infinitely more becoming to the female who has not passed her meridian. In articles of jewellery, diamonds and pearls, variously set, must ever retain their pre-eminence. Necklaces and bracelets of wrought gold, or of

coloured enamel, to represent small natural flowers, are a very beautiful and attractive ornament. Gloves and shoes admit of little remark; the former being very generally of white kid, and the latter of white satin, jean, or kid, in full dress; from which the satin half-boot is now most sensibly exploded, the boot being confined almost entirely to the walking or carriage costume. The parasol has of late been supplanted, with a few first-rate fashionables, by the Oriental or Indian fan composed of feathers; but they are as yet too singularly attractive for general adoption.

Farewell, dear friend! the carriage waits, and having done my possibles towards your edification, it is but fair that I seek to amuse myself.—Your's, cordially and faithfully,

MARGARET.

ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

No. 1. A primrose floret sarsnet. There is great beauty and lightness in this fabric, and the colour is chaste. It is necessary in adopting a dress, that the wearer should choose the colour with some attention to her complexion. It not unfrequently happens, that a dress may be admired for its becoming appearance, from the accidental circumstance of some fitness in the arrangement of colours between the complexion of the wearer and the hue of the dress. Those who are desirous of ascertaining what colours would best suit a Brunetta or a Phillis, would do well to have

two handsome figures drawn on a small scale, with faces, necks, and arms painted to each; the shape for dress might be cut out, and the various patterns of silks, muslins, &c. might easily be inserted, to fill up the space, which would afford the means of ascertaining what colours would be most becoming.—If some eminent portrait-painter would write his sentiments upon this subject, he would serve the cause of female fashion. Surely dress, or fashion, might be governed by scientific principles as well as any other matter of taste. This sarsnet is sold by George and

No. LV. July, 1818.



The Repository

Of Arts, Literature, Commerce, Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics.

MANUFACTURERS, Factors, and Dealers in Fancy Goods, that come within the scope of this Plan, are requested to send Patterns of such new Articles, as they come out, and if the reputation of Novelty, Fashion, and Elegance, are united, the quantity necessary for this Magazine will be ordered.

Printed by J. G. Allen, at the Office of the Repository, No. 1, Strand, London.

Bradley, Golden Key, Holywell-street, Strand.

No. 2. Peruvian spotted net. Very different in colour from the preceding article, yet in one respect similar, namely, that the paleness of the ground only approximates to the beauty of the blue with which it is spotted. It rarely happens, that a dress of one unbroken colour, be it ever so brilliant, adorns the wearer, be she dark or fair, or her figure ever so graceful: so large a mass of colour overpowers the countenance and complexion, and produces no high opinion of the taste of the wearer. Sold as above.

No. 3. Fancy wove muslin. This is a lightsome fabric, that will suit every complexion, and is fitted for the summer season. The ornaments best suited to this and the preceding patterns, must be regulated by the taste of the wearers, as less controul pervades these matters than heretofore. Indeed, the little expletives of female attire are usu-

ally best conceived, and better arranged by the spontaneous hand of the wearer, than by the precise rules established at any particular toilette. Sold by T. and J. Smith, Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden.

No. 4. *Russia Paper*. This paper is a close imitation of Russia, now so much used in book-binding, pocket-books, purses, and all ladies' ornamental work. It may be had a shade lighter or darker, at option. It is particularly neat for binding or covering any port-folio, for the toilette or desk, and may be adapted to the many uses for which Morocco paper is calculated. It is not so apt to soil or damage as many of the lighter fancy papers. It may be seen made up and adapted to various purposes, at R. Ackermann's Repository of Arts, 101, Strand; where ladies will find the newest articles in the fancy paper line. Size of Russia paper, half sheet wove drawing medium, 12s. per dozen.

Poetry.

STANZAS,

By J. M. LACEY,

Author of "THE FARM-HOUSE" and other Poems.

SPRING, with ev'ry sweet flow'ret that
sheds a perfume,

Has adorn'd lovely June, and en-
wreath'd her fair form;

Whilst Nature's wild tribes all their plea-
sures resume,

Unchill'd by sad Winter, uncheck'd
by his storm.

Beneath a green hedge-row reposing,
June lies,

Where May-blossoms fallen have
form'd her bright bed;

While o'er her the Zephyr's breath harm-
lessly flies,

And around Nature's minstrels their
soft music spread.

Oh! so sweet with a friend or a fair-one
to roam,

When such moments as these give the
bosom delight!

With what ling'ring regret we return to
our home,

When the sun sinks to rest on the bo-
som of night!

But e'en night, at this season, has charms
for the soul

That can contemplate nature in Soli-
tude's reign,

That can gaze on the planets as splendid
 they roll,
 With a mind comprehensive, and breast
 free from pain.

Whilst the man more untaught, more un-
 able to soar

Through the regions of space, to the
 Godhead's great throne,
 May on earth find fit objects to make him
 adore

The Power whose hand could create
 them alone :

For on earth we can see, when no star
 shines above,

The glow-worm illumine the field or
 the bower ;

And e'en this will excite admiration and
 love

For the Being who gave to the glow-
 worm this power.

And if music can charm, to the exquisite
 ear

'Tis the night-song of Philomel, plain-
 tively sweet,

That more than the day's loudest song-
 ster's is dear ;

For with melody's murmurs her song
 is replete.

AN EPISTLE FROM J. A. ESQ. CHIEF-
 TENHAM, TO T—S M—RE, ESQ.
 IRELAND.

At length, my dear M—re, I'm arrived
 at the spring.

Where once with the Muse I could frolic
 and sing ;

When Anstey* approv'd of the subject I
 quote,

And laugh'd in his sleeve at the verses I
 wrote.

But, alas! he's no more, and this tribute
 is due

To a poet and friend, I regarded like you.
 Tho' I to the top of Parnassus can't mount,
 At the foot of the hill I may taste of the
 fount.

* Author of the *Bath Guide*, and alluding
 to the former epistles from hence, published
 in the *Courier*.

For Cibber*, you know, always made it
 a rule,

(When wishing like me to be playing the
 fool)

To give to his genius a physical caper,
 Before he made use of his pen, ink, and
 paper :

From this great example I drink of the well,
 Like that famous bard, all my nonsense
 to tell.

I'm not quite so vain Walter Scott now
 to follow,

Bestriding like him the proud steed of
 Apollo ;

Pindaric excursions with fancy to take,
 (Though I sing of knight errants, and
 nymphs of the lake ;)

No, I on my *donkey*† through Chelt'n-
 ham will pass,

And a nice *hobby-horse* I will make of
 this ass :

Tho' folks may exclaim, that I came here
 to bray,

My folly much more than their own to
 betray ;

I don't care a fig—all such curs may go
 bellow,

I'll kick at the wit, whilst I'm riding my
 fellow.

Unless you will mount, like a sprightly
 postillion,

With me, your old gossip, behind on a
 pillion,

No more will I Pegasus venture to stride,
 For, alas! I'm too feeble this prancer to
 guide.

But now, my dear M—re, if you ne-
 ver were here,

This place and its whims shall before you
 appear ;

On *foolscap* I'll draw it, tho' people may
 tear it,

But if the cap fits them, they're welcome
 to wear it.

This town still increases in splendour and
 fame,

Its pleasant attractions still keep up its
 name ;

* Vide the *Apology for his Life*.

† A favourite animal with the ladies here
 and elsewhere.

And since Mr. Thompson* with taste
here resides,
Improving his villa with new walks and
rides;
Exploring fresh springs from the Goddess
of Health,
To cheer up our looks, whilst they add
to his wealth,
No wonder his Baths and his Wells are
attractive,
They keep every body so cool and so
active.

Here all thro' the season what multi-
tudes throng,
As mirth and amusement lead fashion
along :—
There's a cabinet here Privy Counsellors
know,
Where the *Ins* and the *Outs* in succession
may go,
And Ministers think it no loss or disgrace,
When they've done for themselves, to
give others a place;
For Parliament-men have a privileg'd
notion,
Our state is preserv'd when they make
a great motion—
And pleas'd with this wise constitutional
measure,
Both parties come here to contend for the
pleasure.
The *Lawyer* flies hither for mental relief,
To idle his time, till he gets a new brief;
And glad to relax from professional trou-
ble,
Loves the *Well* like the law, as he proves
it a bubble.
The *Parson* comes here in a state of pro-
bation,
To see that his flock gets a thorough pur-
gation;
Finds the *Well* has a virtue and medical
spirit,
To curb many ills that the flesh must in-
herit;
And seeing no vice in pure innocent mirth,
Comes hither to mix with our angels on
earth.

* A gentleman to whom Cheltenham and its
vicinity are much indebted for his elegant im-
provements.

The *Soldier*, quite sick of a fruitless cam-
paign,
And vex'd that Bellona is courted in vain,
Hopes the Naiads those wounds that he
suffers will cure,
Nor jest at the scars which the brave
must endure.
The *Sailor*, who loves midst the waters
to dwell,
Feels himself quite at home when he steers
to this Well;
Having gloriously fought for his country
and king,
Oh! kindly receive him, ye Nymphs of
the Spring!
As the Goddess of Love claims her birth
from the ocean,
He comes to her daughters to pay his de-
votion.
The *Doctor's* prescriptions are thrown on
the shelf,
Who here, like Sangrado, keeps dosing
himself;
His patients all scorning his potion and
pill,
Here swallow those waters that never can
kill.
What *East* and *West Indians* crawl here
in a shiver,
To brace up their nerves, and to cure a
bad liver;
They always are welcome, they cut such
a dash,
“For hang the expence—what is money
but trash?”
So they add to the gaze, and the popular
noise,
Of “*Here comes a coach with the rich yel-
low boys.*”
The *widow*, the *virgin*, the *mistress*, and
wife,
Crowd hither to bless and to ornament
life;
And whilst they bestow ev'ry pleasure
they share,
These waters, like Lethe, shall banish
their care.
If you wish to be social and gorman-
dize well,
There's no better mansion than Sheldon's
Hotel:

And a very good sign that your stomach
is right,

Here people keep eating from morning
till night ;

For if you should happen the waters to
swill,

You're just like a goblet—'tis *empty* and
full.

The fair ground their fans, and brave
heroes their truncheon,

And make a surprising attack on the lun-
cheon.

But now let us stroll on the flags in the
street,

And try what acquaintance and friends
we can meet ;

Ev'ry one is so curious each other to view,
And asking so kindly, "Pray how do
you do?"

"Is there any one here that is really
worth knowing?"

"Indeed I can't tell, they're so coming
and going;

"But two or three weeks is enough, I
am told,

"To cure the complaints of the young
and the old."

With the whim of the moment all ready
to chime,

Thus gabbling together to fill up the time:

"*Lady Pam*, I suppose, and *Miss Flint*,
I presume,

"You go with our party this night to
the Room ;

"To-morrow remember we go to the
play,

"To see each fam'd actress her powers
display :

"For Watson*, like *Thespis*, here reigns
in his car,

"And brings to our drama each fam'd
brilliant star.

"So Harlowe's arrived, as the gay comic
queen,

"To gladden our hearts and enliven the
scene ;

* Manager of the theatre.

"Whenever she plays she must shine as
the rage,

"And *Thalia* must droop when she gives
up the stage."

Thus every one talks of their favourite
plan,

Amusing each other as much as they

But here's quite enough of this dull, stu-
pid letter,

To-morrow, I hope, I shall send you a
better ;

Mrs. Forty's* *Pierian* will make my wits
brighter,

Like Saddler's balloon, then I'll rise up
the lighter ;

And then I'll depict you, in true masque-
rade,

Some fanciful groups just arrived at this
p'rade :

I therefore now send you express by the
mail,

What I hope with the very first packet
will sail ;

Requesting that you all your cronies will
tell,

That I bid you and them a most cordial
farewell.

* The attendant at the Old Spring

STANZAS.

Can a rosy lip or a sparkling eye

Rivet the lover's heart?

Will not at last their memories die,

And their fading charms depart ?

For, oh ! if a mind is wanting there,

Can beauty requite?—Ah ! never !

The remembrance of lips, though sweet

and fair,

Time will sever.

Oh ! many a flower of colour bright,

Delights the eye while thriving ;

But it only pleases the passing sight,

And only attracts while living :

The rose still remains admir'd when dead,

And its fragrance serves to discover,

That virtue blooms when beauty is fled,

And life is over.

J. H. R.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from May 31 to June 5.
TOTAL, 10,587 quarters.—Average, 120s. 7½d. per quarter,
 r 4s. 3½d. per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from June 5 to 11.

TOTAL, 16,157 sacks.—Average, 109s. 3½d. per sack, on
 s. 0½d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of England and Wales, June 12.

Wheat	s	d	Barley	s	d	Beans	s	d
Oats	77	4	Oats	42	3	Pease	84	7

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

Wheat white, per quarter	84	13s	Tarves, per bushel	10	14
red	78	12s	Trump	18	24
foreign	90	11s	Mustard		
Barley, English	58	9s	white	20	36
Malt	70	9s	white	12	24
Oats Feed	24	4s	Canada's, per 100	95	11s
Flaxseed	26	5s	Hempseed	4s	56s
Poland	46	7s	Linsed	7s	110s
Potatoes	86	5s	Cloves, red, per cwt	84	105s
Peas, green	86	5s	white	94	13s
Black	90	10s	foreign	72	100s
Flour per sack	74	84	white	99	140s
Seconds	95	100s	Trefoil	10	4s
Scotch	99	9s	Caraway	74	8s
American Flour			Coriander	36	1s
Repessed, per last					
Oil Cakes, per thousand					

Oil Cakes, per thousand £15. 0s. to £20. 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

Muscovade, fine	98	a	10s	domest.	75	0	a	85
good	92	a	9s	foreign	70	0	a	85
ordinary	80	a	8s	fine	70	0	a	85
East India, white	94	a	10s	Good	70	0	a	85
yellow	84	a	9s	Ordinary	67	0	a	85
brown	84	a	9s	Triage	30	0	a	50

REFINED SUGAR.

Double Loaves	134	a	17s	Good	60	0	a	74
Standard ditto	120	a	13s	Ordinary	40	0	a	50
Produce ditto	120	a	13s	Triage	20	0	a	30
Single ditto	122	a	13s	Mocho	30	0	a	60
Canada's Lump	121	a	13s	Bourbon	50	0	a	120
Large ditto	119	a	12s	St. Domingo	50	0	a	70
Barbadoes, whole	85	a	8s	Java	90	0	a	100
faces	88	a	8s	Trinidad and	84	a	8s	84
middle	84	a	8s		82	a	8s	82
tips	82	a	8s					

GINGER.

Barbadoes, white	82	a	20s	Nutings	18	0	a	24
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	18s	Covets	10	0	a	10
black	70	a	7s	Cinnamon	10	0	a	11
				Mace	30	0	a	42
				Pepp. white	5	9	a	2
				black	2	5	a	2
				estemento	2	0	a	2

RICE, Bonded

Carolina	21	a	2s					
Brazil	20	a	2s					

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, bus 102d.

The quantity of sugar now on hand is reduced to a very small compass, which keeps up the price; the demand is very trifling

HOPS in the Do.ough.

Bags	£	s	d	per cwt	£	s	d
Kent	8	0	11	10s	9	0	13
Essex	7	7	11	10s	9	0	13
	0	0	0	10s	0	0	0

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.		Beans.		Peas.						
	s	d	s	d	s	d	s	d	s	d					
Newcastle	12	80	a	136	40	a	52	36	a	46	a	2	90	a	110
Northampton	11	22	a	132	50	a	54	45	a	47	a	72	a	84	a
Causterbury															
Lewes	19	124	a	130	a										
Chichester	12	90	a	132	a										
Ashbourne	12	116	a	128	a										
Guildford	10														
Gainsborough	15	114	a	118	39	a	55	30	a	52	a	80	a	100	a
Leath	16	105	a	116	35	a	50	30	a	43	a	84	a	94	a
Gloucester	12	99	a	118	a										
Gloucester	12	99	a	118	a										
Newark	16	110	a	116	44	a	60	40	a	50	a	80	a	90	a
Spisbury	14	90	a	115	46	a	58	36	a	42	a				
Ryegate															
Devizes	17	104	a	125	42	a	55	40	a	50	a	70	a	112	a
Reading	19	104	a	141	55	a									
Swansea															
Henley															
Maidenhead															
Salisbury	15	102	a	120	57	a	60	30	a	48	a	82	a	120	a
Pewrth															
Hull															
Basingstoke	16	122	a	136	51	a	57	37	a	45	a				
Wokefield	18	90	a	110	36	a	55	40	a	48	a	80	a	88	a
Andover															
Warminster	19	110	a	124	48	a	64	42	a	52	a	70	a	90	a

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

Brandy, Cognac	8	9	a	9	6	Mol. Spirits,	13	10	a	14	0
Spanish	5	0	a	5	2	Irish	0	0	a	0	0
Holland Gin	8	0	a	8	0	Scotch	0	0	a	0	0
Run, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	0	Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	0	0
Lew. Isl.	3	8	a	8	4						

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR MAY, 1813.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1813.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Fcup.	Rain
MAY.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	NE 2	29.72	29.68	29.700	53.0°	38.0°	43.50°	fine	.090	—
2	NE 1	29.85	29.72	29.785	47.0	40.0	43.50	rainy	.075	—
3	NE 3	29.87	29.65	29.860	59.0	41.0	50.00	cloudy	.085	.308
4	NE 2	29.87	29.85	29.860	55.0	42.0	48.50	cloudy	.080	—
5	S 1	30.05	29.85	29.950	63.0	48.0	53.50	brilliant	.130	—
6	NE 1	30.05	29.00	29.975	63.0	46.0	54.50	brilliant	.140	—
7	SE 1	29.90	29.05	29.775	57.0	45.0	51.00	rainy	.065	—
8	Var. 1	29.65	29.55	29.600	62.0	45.0	53.50	rainy	.070	1.320
9	S 1	29.60	29.55	29.575	64.0	50.0	57.00	fine	.145	—
10	Var. 2	29.90	29.60	29.750	68.0	49.0	58.50	rainy	.060	.520
11	S 2	29.90	29.70	29.800	66.0	48.0	57.00	fine	.055	.090
12	S 2	29.70	29.45	29.575	66.0	54.0	60.00	brilliant	.135	—
13	S 2	29.45	29.35	29.400	67.0	56.0	61.50	brilliant	.095	.130
14	S 2	29.35	29.10	29.225	64.0	59.0	61.50	brilliant	.075	.170
15	W 2	29.44	29.10	29.270	64.0	51.0	57.50	cloudy	.065	.330
16	SW 2	29.44	29.10	29.270	61.0	48.0	54.50	rainy	.055	.310
17	W 2	29.75	29.23	29.485	60.0	47.0	53.50	rainy	.060	—
18	S 2	29.80	29.70	29.750	61.0	47.0	54.00	cloudy	.055	.220
19	SW 2	29.80	29.40	29.600	64.0	49.0	56.50	fine	.100	.020
20	SW 2	29.40	29.10	29.250	61.0	46.0	53.50	rainy	.065	.380
21	W 2	29.20	29.15	29.175	62.0	42.0	52.00	rainy	.055	.590
22	W 2	29.50	29.25	29.375	58.0	42.0	50.00	rainy	.055	.070
23	SW 2	29.50	29.23	29.365	61.0	40.0	53.50	rainy	.050	—
24	W 4	29.23	29.18	29.205	58.0	48.0	53.00	rainy	.070	.700
25	SW 3	29.50	29.18	29.340	58.0	40.0	52.00	rainy	.055	.615
26	SW 2	29.84	29.30	29.570	58.0	40.0	52.00	fine	.105	.280
27	W 2	30.20	29.84	30.020	61.0	44.0	52.50	fine	.055	—
28	S 1	30.20	30.00	30.100	65.0	47.0	56.00	brilliant	.125	.015
29	S 1	30.10	30.00	30.050	72.0	52.0	62.00	brilliant	.090	—
30	SW 1	30.14	30.10	30.120	71.0	52.0	61.50	variable	.100	—
31	SW 1	30.14	30.10	30.120	70.0	56.0	63.00	brilliant	.125	.480
		Mean	29.641		Mean	54.66			2.585	7.140

RESULTS.

Mean monthly pressure, 29.641—maximum, 30.20, wind W. 2.—Minimum, 29.10, wind S. 2.—Range, 1.10 inches.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .55 of an in. which was on the 23th and 26th

Mean temperature, 54°.66.—Maximum, 72° wind S. 1.—Min. 38° wind N. E. 2.—Range 34.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 18°, which was on the 3d.

Spaces described by the barometer, 7,0 inches. Number of changes, 21.

Total quantity of water evaporated this period, 2,585 inches.

Rain, &c. this month, 7,140 inches.—Number of wet days, 22.—Total rain this year, 11,870 inches.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
0	5	0	1	9	8	6	0	2	0

Brisk winds 2—Boisterous ones 1.

This has been an uncommonly wet month; indeed, during the reporter's uninterrupted observations for the last six years and four months, he has not registered nearly so much rain as what has fallen in the present period. The greatest quantity for the month of May for the six years was in 1811, viz. 5,075 inches; and the greatest quantity for any one month was in September, 1807, the fall was 6,255 inches. The fall of rain in the present month is 7,140 inches; from the 7th to the 26th rain fell either less or more every day.—Out of the 31 days, 22 may be denominated wet, 5 brilliant, and 4 cloudy, but fine and without rain. The atmospheric pressure fluctuated for the most part about a mean elevation; but after the new moon, which

arrived on the 26th, the pressure became high and pretty stationary: the strong west and south west winds shifting more towards the south, diminished to a feeble breeze, dispersing the clouds; the consequence was, an augmentation of temperature.—Much thunder and lightning prevailed during the rainy period, particularly on the 10th, 13th, 14th, and 30th.—On the 13th, a sudden violent gust of wind from the south-west.—On the 24th, several hail-showers during the day.—The mean monthly temperature is eight degrees higher than the mean of the preceding month.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR MAY, 1818.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Esser.

1818	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
MAY.										
1	N E	29.77	29.70	29.735	52°	44°	48.0°	cloudy	—	—
2	Var.	29.87	29.77	29.820	61	44	52.5	fine	—	—
3	E	29.87	29.85	29.860	60	49	57.5	cloudy	—	—
4	Var.	29.97	29.87	29.920	65	49	57.0	showery	—	—
5	N W	29.98	29.97	29.975	64	47	55.5	cloudy	—	.37
6	N E	29.98	29.85	29.915	60	49	58.5	clouds	—	—
7	S E	29.85	29.80	29.825	69	46	57.5	showers	—	—
8	S E	29.80	29.74	29.770	64	47	57.5	clouds	.47	.23
9	N	29.89	29.74	29.770	72	34	53.0	clouds	—	—
10	Var.	29.97	29.90	29.885	69	49	59.0	cloudy	—	—
11	Var.	29.80	29.70	29.750	67	52	59.5	clouds	—	—
12	S W	29.75	29.70	29.725	74	53	63.5	fine	—	—
13	S W	29.75	29.64	29.695	72	53	62.5	clouds	—	—
14	Var.	29.90	29.78	29.590	68	54	61.0	clouds	—	—
15	S W	29.75	29.69	29.720	65	49	57.0	showers	1.09	.29
16	S W	29.80	29.59	29.695	64	48	56.0	showery	—	—
17	N W	29.90	29.79	29.845	60	46	53.0	showery	—	—
18	Var.	29.94	29.79	29.865	60	48	54.0	showers	—	—
19	S W	29.94	29.66	29.800	69	50	59.5	showers	.47	.33
20	W	29.59	29.57	29.580	64	42	51.5	showery	—	—
21	W	29.64	29.59	29.615	59	39	49.0	hail	—	—
22	W	29.69	29.59	29.640	58	30	44.0	showers	.57	.44
23	W	29.59	29.55	29.570	59	40	54.0	showers	—	—
24	N W	29.70	29.55	29.625	60	49	54.5	showers	—	—
25	N W	29.76	29.65	29.705	61	49	55.0	showers	—	—
26	W	30.05	29.76	29.905	57	41	49.0	showery	—	.28
27	N W	30.10	30.05	30.075	60	42	54.0	clouds	.68	—
28	Var.	30.10	29.96	30.030	72	42	57.0	fine	—	—
29	N E	30.06	29.96	30.010	76	53	64.5	fine	.84	—
30	S	30.07	30.06	30.065	73	56	64.5	showers	—	.52
31	E W	30.09	30.07	30.080	81	51	66.0	fine	.20	—
		Mean 29.868			Mean 56.5			Total 3.65 in	1.46 in	

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, westerly.—Mean height of barometer, 29.868 inches; highest observation, 30.10 inches; lowest, 29.55 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 56.5°.—highest observation, 81°—lowest, 30°.—Total of evaporation, 3.65 inch.—Rain 1.96 in.—in another gauge, 2.19 inches.

Notes.—3d Thunder clouds in the afternoon.—4th. Day showery—some thunder and lightning in the evening.—6th. Frequent vivid lightning in the evening; a storm of thunder, lightning, and heavy rain about a quarter past ten o'clock, P. M.—the flashes of lightning unusually vivid.—21st. A very heavy shower of hail and rain about noon, with some thunder and lightning; frequent showers of hail and rain during the remainder of the day.—24th. Windy day.—26th. A heavy storm of thunder, lightning, and large hail between three and four o'clock, P. M.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery.

Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for JUNE, 1818.

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4

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May 21	215½	59a 8	58½	72½	88	14½	—	56½	85½	57½	—	1 Dis.	5 Pm.	£23. 10. 56½	May 25
22	—	58½ a 8	57½	72	87½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	5 Pm.	58½	58½
24	215½	59½ a 8	57½	72	88	14½	—	—	—	—	170	1 Dis.	5 Pm.	58½	58½
25	215½	58½ a 8	57½	72	87½	14½	—	5½	—	—	170	1 Dis.	5 Pm.	59	59
26	214½	58½ a 8	57½	71½	87½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	5 Pm.	July 16 59½ a 8	59½ a 8
27	214	58½ a 8	57½	71½	87½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	5 Pm.	59½ a 8	59½ a 8
28	214	58½ a 7	57½	71½	88½	14½	—	—	85½	—	170	1 Dis.	5 Pm.	£23. 19. 59½ a 8	59½ a 8
29	—	59½ a 8	57½	71½	88½	14½	—	5½	—	—	170	1 Dis.	5 Pm.	59½ a 8	59½ a 8
30	—	58½ a 7	57½	71½	88	14½	—	5½	—	—	169½	1 Dis.	5 Pm.	58½ a 8	58½ a 8
June 1	215	58½ a 7	57½	71½	88	14½	—	5½	—	—	Shut	3 Dis.	5 Pm.	58½ a 8	58½ a 8
2	—	58½ a 7	57½	71½	88	14½	—	—	85	—	Shut	5 Dis.	4 Pm.	58½ a 7	58½ a 7
3	213½	Shut.	56½	70½	87½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	5 Dis.	5 Pm.	57½ a 8	57½ a 8
4	213½	—	56½	70½	87½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	5 Dis.	5 Pm.	57½ a 8	57½ a 8
5	213	—	56½	70½	87½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	5 Dis.	5 Pm.	57½ a 8	57½ a 8
7	212½	—	56½	70½	87½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	5 Dis.	5 Pm.	56½ a 7	56½ a 7
8	212½	—	56½	70½	86½	14½	—	—	—	55½	—	5 Dis.	4 Pm.	56½ a 7	56½ a 7
9	211½	—	56½	70½	86½	14½	—	—	85½	—	—	5 Dis.	4 Pm.	£32. 15. 56½ a 7	56½ a 7
10	211½	—	56½	70½	86½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	5 Dis.	4 Pm.	56½ a 7	56½ a 7
11	211½	—	56½	70½	86½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	5 Pm.	56½ a 7	56½ a 7
12	211½	—	56½	70½	86½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	5 Pm.	56½ a 7	56½ a 7
14	211½	—	56½	70½	86½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	5 Pm.	56½ a 7	56½ a 7
15	211½	—	56½	70½	86½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	5 Pm.	56½ a 7	56½ a 7
16	211½	—	56½	70½	86½	14½	—	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	5 Pm.	56½ a 7	56½ a 7
17	210½	—	56½	70½	86½	14½	—	—	—	56½	—	4 Dis.	3 Pm.	56½ a 7	56½ a 7
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For AUGUST, 1813.

VOL. X.

The Fifty-sixth Number.

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Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any Part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.

We fear with J. H. R. that his Epistle has not sufficient interest for the readers of the Repository.

The correspondent who proposes to furnish matter for a monthly Olio, is probably not aware, that we have already an article of a nearly similar nature, with which we shall have no objection to incorporate such of his anecdotes as appear worth preserving. The other paper transmitted by him, has been handed to the conductor of the department for which it was designed.

The Tour through Derbyshire and Part of Staffordshire, is received, and notwithstanding its age, will, we doubt not, prove acceptable to our readers.

How far Crito may be in the right, we presume not to determine, but are sure that we should be all in the wrong, were we to give his letter a place in our pages.

Several poetical pieces, signed Anna, J. C., Findar junior, and Oxoniensis, are below par. Some others are deferred this month, owing to want of room.

Our next number will be accompanied with an engraving and description of a new and ingenious invention for preserving the Lives of shipwrecked Persons.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

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For AUGUST, 1813.

The Fifty-sixth Number.

—————The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from p. 8.)

Miss Eve. Suppose, in order to change the subject, you give me some particulars of such of Hogarth's designs as you have not already mentioned.

Miss K. I believe the prints by Hogarth that I have not mentioned, are chiefly, — *Orator Henley christening a Child*, etched by Sl. Ireland, and dedicated to Captain F. Grose; — *Taste in High Life*, Wm. Hogarth pinx. 1742; Sl. Phillips sc.; *The Royal Masquerade at Somerset-House*, Thos. Cook sc.; — *Beggars' Opera*, Mr. Walker as Macheath, Miss Fenton as Polly, W. Blake sc.; *Lord Lovat on Trial*, etched by Ireland; who also etched a Landscape from an original picture in his possession, said to be the only landscape ever painted by Hogarth. This print is dedicated to the Earl of Exeter. I believe I noticed *The Shrimp-Girl*, which, with the exception of *Mary Queen*

of Scots, is the only print from Hogarth that I have ever seen engraved by Bartolozzi.

Miss Eve. What ladies have been honoured by the burin of this admirable engraver?

Miss K. In this port-folio are several ladies that have been thus honoured—here is a portrait of Angelica Kauffmann, *ex Academia Regali Artium Londini*, from Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1780.

Miss Eve. This ingenious paintress seems to have been very beautiful in her time.

Miss K. Maria Cosway, the paintress, from her husband, Rd. Cosway, 1785. She is also a beautiful woman.—Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, and her sister Lady Duncannon, both from Downman, for the scenery of Richmond House Theatre.—Lady Smith, from Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1789.—Whole-length of Miss Farren, now Coun-

tess of Derby, from Laurence.—George-Anne Bellamy, late of Covent-Garden Theatre, the face from a picture by Cotes, the figure modernized by Ramberg.—Lady Jane Dundas, from J. Hoppner, 1802.—Miss Gunning, from Saunders, 1796.—Front face of the late Duchess of Devonshire, from Nixon, 1789.—Profile of the same lady, with a book in her hand.—Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, from William Hogarth.—Bartolozzi has engraved many other ladies. He has engraved more, as well as better, than any other artist in this country.

Miss Eve. Describe to me some of Hogarth's works.

Miss K. Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, has written well on this subject. Come and recline on this couch, while I read his account.

Miss Eve. I am all attention.

Miss K. William Hogarth, upon the whole, should be considered rather as a writer of comedy with a pencil, than as a painter. If catching the manners and follies of an age, living as they are; if general satires on vices, and ridicules familiarized by strokes of nature and heightened by wit, and the whole animated by a proper and just expression of the passions, be comedy, Hogarth composed comedies as much as Moliere. In his *Marriage à-la-Mode*, there is even an intrigue carried on throughout the piece. He is more true to character than Congreve. Each personage is distinct from the rest, acts in his sphere, and cannot be confounded with any other of the *dramatis personæ*. The alderman's foot-boy in the last print of the set I have just mentioned, is an ignorant rustic; and if wit is struck out

from the characters in which it is not expected, it is from their acting conformably to their situation, and from the mode of the passions, not from their having the wit of fine gentlemen. Thus there is a wit in the figure of the alderman, who, when his daughter is expiring in the agonies of poison, wears a face of solicitude, but it is to save her gold ring, which he is drawing gently from her finger. The thought is parallel to Moliere's, where the miser puts out one of the candles as he is talking. Moliere, inimitable he has proved, brought a rude theatre to perfection. Hogarth had no model to follow and improve upon. He created his art, and used colours instead of language: his place is between the Italians whom we may consider as epic poets and tragedians, and the Flemish painters who are writers of farce and editors of burlesque nature. His subjects are universal, and amidst all his pleasantry, he observes the true end of comedy, reformation. Sometimes he rises to tragedy, not in the catastrophe of kings and heroes, but to mark how vice conducts insensibly and incidentally to misery and shame. He warns against encouraging idleness and cruelty in young minds, and discerns how the different vices of the great and the vulgar lead by various paths to the same unhappiness. The fine lady in *Marriage à-la-Mode*, and Tom Nero in the *Fourth Stage of Cruelty*, terminate their story in blood: she occasions the murder of her husband; he assassinates his mistress. How delicate and superior too is his satire! When he intimates in the College of Physicians and Surgeons

that preside at a dissection, how the legal habitude of viewing shocking scenes hardens the human mind and renders it unfeeling, the president maintains the dignity of insensibility over an executed corpse, and considers it but as the object of a lecture. In the print of the *Sleeping Judges*, this habitual indifference only excites our laughter. It is to Hogarth's honour, that, in so many scenes of satire or ridicule, it is obvious that ill-nature did not guide his pencil. His end is always reformation, and his reproofs general, except in the print of the *Times*, and the two portraits of Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Churchill that followed. No man, amidst such a profusion of characteristic faces, ever pretended to discover or to charge him with the caricature of a real person, except of such notorious characters as Chartres and Mother Needham, and a very few more, who are acting officially and suitably to their professions*. As he must have observed so carefully the operation of the passions on the countenance, it is even wonderful that he never delivered the features of any identical person; it is at the same time a proof of his intimate intuition into nature. But had he been too severe, the humanity of endeavouring to root out cruelty to animals would atone for many satires. It is another proof

* If Hogarth indulged his spirit of ridicule in personality, it never proceeded beyond sketches and drawings: his prints touched the folly, but spared the person. One of his early designs represented a noted miser, one of the sheriffs, trying a mastiff which had robbed his kitchen; but the magistrate's son went to his house, and cut the picture in pieces.

that he drew all his stores from nature and the force of his own genius, and was indebted neither to models nor books for his style, thoughts, or hints, that he never succeeded when he designed for the works of other men.

It is seldom that his figures do not express the character he intended to give them. When they wanted an illustration that colours could not bestow, collateral circumstances, full of wit, supply notes. The nobleman in *Marriage à-la-Mode* has a great air: the coronet on his crutches, and his pedigree issuing out of the bowels of William the Conqueror, add to his character. In the *Breakfast*, the old steward reflects for the spectator. Sometimes a short label is an epigram, and is never introduced without improving the subject. Unfortunately, some circumstances that were temporary will be lost to posterity, the fate of all comic authors; and if ever an author wanted a commentary, that none of his beauties might be lost, it is Hogarth; not from being obscure, for he never was, except in two or three of his first prints, where transient national follies, as lotteries, Free-Masonry, and the South Sea were his topics, but for the use of foreigners, and from a multiplicity of little incidents, not essential to, but always heightening the principal action, such as the spider's web extended over the poor's box in a parish church, the blunders in architecture in the nobleman's seat, seen through the window in the first plate of *Marriage à-la-Mode*, and a thousand in the strollers dressing in a barn, which, for wit and imagination, without any

other end, I think the best of all his works, as for useful and deep satire that on the Methodists is the most sublime. The scenes of *Bedlam* and the *Gaming-House* are inimitable representations of our serious follies, or unavoidable woes; and the concern shewn by the lord mayor when the companion of his childhood is brought before him, is a touching picture, big with humane admonition and reflection.

Another instance of this author's genius is, his not condescending to explain his moral lessons by the trite poverty of allegory. If he had an emblematic thought, he expressed it with wit, rather than by a symbol. Such is that of the prostitute's setting fire to the world, in *The Rake's Progress*. Once, indeed, he condescended to use an allegorical personage, and was not happy in it. In one of his election prints, Britannia's chariot breaks down, while the footman and coachman are playing at cards on the box. Sometimes too, to please his vulgar customers, he stooped to low images and national satire, as in the two prints of *France* and *England*, and that of *The Gates of Calais*. The last, indeed, has great merit, though the caricature is carried to excess. In all these the painter's purpose was, to make his countrymen observe the ease and affluence of a free government, opposed to the wants and woes of slaves. In *Beer-Street*, the English butcher tossing a Frenchman in the air with one hand, is absolute hyperbole, and, what is worse, was an after-thought, not being in the first edition. The *Gin-Alley* is much superior; horridly fine, but disgusting. His *Bartholomew Fair*

is full of humour; *The March to Finchley*, of nature; *The Enraged Musician* tends to farce. *The Four Parts of the Day*, except the last, are inferior to few of his works. *The Sleepy Congregation*, *The Lecture on the Vacuum*, *The Laughing Audience*, and *The Cockpit*, are perfect in their several kinds. The prints of *Industry* and *Idleness* have more merit in their intention than execution. Towards his latter end he now and then repeated himself, but seldom more than most great authors who executed so much.

It may appear singular, that of an author whom I call comic, and who is so celebrated for his humour, I should speak in general in so serious a style: but it would be suppressing the merits of his heart to consider him only as a promoter of laughter; I think I have shewn, that his views were more generous and extensive. Mirth coloured his pictures, but Benevolence designed them. He smiled, like Socrates, that men might not be offended at his lectures, and might learn to laugh at their own follies. When his topics were harmless, all his touches were marked with pleasantry and fun. He never laughed, like Rabelais, at nonsense that he imposed for wit; but, like Swift, combined incidents that divert one from their unexpected encounter, and illustrate the tale that he meant to tell. Such were the hens roosting on the upright waves in the scene of the Strollers, and the Devils drinking porter on the altar. The manners and costume are more than observed in every one of his works. The very furniture of his rooms describe the characters of the persons to

whom they belong—a lesson that might be of use to comic authors. It was reserved to Hogarth to write a scene of furniture: the Rake's levee-room, the Nobleman's dining-room, the apartments of the Husband and Wife in *Marriage à-la-Mode*, the Alderman's parlour, the Poet's bed-chamber, and many others, are the history of the manners of the age.—Thus far Walpole.

Miss Eve. He has made some trifling mistakes in titles. There is no Gin Alley or Bartholomew Fair by Hogarth: these are *Gin Lane* and *Southwark Fair*. When the Idle Apprentice is brought before his industrious companion, the latter is not lord mayor, but alderman; he has not attained the highest civic honour till the last print: but these are trifles.

Miss K. In this book is a curious print by Hogarth, published when he was 28 years of age, in 1726. This is the frontispiece as well as title to "*Terra Filius*, or the Secret History of the University of Oxford, in several Essays; to which is added Remarks on a late book entitled, *University Education*, by R. Newton, D. D. Principal of Hart Hall:" after which is written—"He is departed, but his ghost still hovers about the ground, haunts the place of his wonted abode, disturbs the several apartments with unseasonable visits and strange noises, and scares those who never expected his return to this region any more."

NEWTON'S *University Education*.

London, printed for R. Franklin, under Tom's Coffee-House, Russell-street, Covent-Garden, 1726." Under the frontispiece is inscribed, "W. Hogarth fecit."

Here is a strange description from the *British Magazine* for May 1740:—We have an account of a surprising phenomenon that was seen near Hertford during a violent storm of thunder and lightning, on Thursday the 18th, by one John Mitchell. As he was travelling on the road, he was met by a man of gigantic stature; his face shone like the sun; on his head was something resembling a crown with stars; he had wings on his shoulders; his body seemed of transparent fire, but suddenly disappeared in the form of several balls of light, attended with an explosion like that of a number of cannon.

Miss Eve. This was somewhat like a phantasmagoria.

Miss K. At the general illumination for the peace between this country and France, April 20, 1802, the Phantasmagoria amused the people by a specimen of its art. At the place where it was exhibited at Exeter Change, was a transparency representing Peace charming away the daemon of War, which continually kept vanishing in fire and smoke, and again returning.

Miss Eve. I think it highly probable that we are perceived by beings of whom we know nothing; but I do not imagine that it is in nature for us ever to perceive them, while our spirits are inclosed in this body.—Which in your opinion is the best poetical description of a spirit?

Miss K. I think Mallet's *Margaret's Ghost* as good as any.

Miss Eve. Will you repeat it?

Miss K. I will sing it in the same dismal tone as my Susan does.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at the fearful midnight hour
When night and morning meet,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud,
Her clay-cold lily hand knee-high
Upheld her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown,
Such the last robe that kings must wear
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like a canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime,
The rose grew pale and left her cheek,
She died before her time.

Awake, she cried, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour
When injur'd ghosts complain,
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Rethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath,
And give me back my virgin vow,
And give me back my troth.

Why did you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why said you that my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you swear my lips were sweet,
Yet make their scarlet pale?
And why, alas! did I, fond maid,
Believe thy flattering tale?

But now no more my face is fair,
Those lips no longer red,
Dark are my eyes now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is,
This winding-sheet I wear,
And cold and weary is our night,
Till the last morn appear.

But, hark! the cock has warned me hence,
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies
That died for love of you!

The lark sung out, the morning smiled
With beams of rosy red;
Pale William shook in every limb,
And raving, left his bed.

He bled him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore,
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And word spake never more.

Miss *Ere*. What were Mallet's dates?

Miss *K*. He is said to have been born in Scotland, of the family of the Macgregors, who, above a century ago, under Robin Roy, became so infamous for violence and robbery, that they were obliged to change their name. David Mallet's father called himself Malloch, which this celebrated genius changed to Mallet. He died April 20, 1765. Besides the ballad of *William and Margaret*, which was his first production, he wrote the following dramatic pieces:—*Eurydice*, a tragedy, acted at Drury-lane, 1733; *Mustapha*, trag. 1739; *Appius*, trag.; *Amyntor and Theodore*, or *the Hermit Alfred*, a masque, written in conjunction with his countryman Thomson; *Britannia*, a masque, 1755; *Elvira*, trag. 1763. He was also the author of the *Excursion*, published in 1728; a Poem on Verbal Criticism, in 1733; *Life of Bacon*, 1740.—His daughter, whose name after her marriage was Mrs. Celesia, wrote *Almida*, a tragedy, also *Indolence*, a poem, composed in praise of philosophic indolence.

Miss *Eve*. I anticipate with delight, my dear Miss K. that you and I shall spend much of our time in the pleasures of this praiseworthy indolence.

Miss K. You, no doubt, believe but little in ghosts, apparitions, or spirits?

Miss *Eve*. No, nor in witches or the predictions of fortune-tellers, any more than I do in griffins, sphynxes, dragons, centaurs, mermaids, syrens, fairies, &c.; yet there is a fancy in these descriptions that is often amusing. You are a witch in one sense; you have charms of the most bewitching kind, and you are attended by a familiar, your Romeo, who is now looking so lovingly towards you from that tree.

Miss K. It is curious to observe, even at this time, how superstitious many of the country-people are in obscure villages, with the horse-shoes nailed at the doors to keep out witches; that is, some poor old women, who, labouring under old age and poverty, could not, one would suppose, excite any other sentiments than commiseration and charity, instead of being branded with this evil name.

Miss *Eve*. As I was observing, there is something romantically fanciful in some of the descriptions of witches dancing to the tunes of their feet about an old mill; meeting on a common at midnight, in company with a little black man, a few cats, and a creature whose shape can scarcely be discerned; their raising storms that unroof the villagers' houses and barns; sailing to Norway in sieves; riding on the wind mounted on brooms; eclipsing the moon, that sickens at the sight while they are doing

deeds without a name; putting crooked pins in waxen effigies to torment the originals; then, as Shakspeare says, melting like breath into the wind.

Miss K. Here is a description of some witches by Ben Jonson, in what he calls

THE WITCHES' SONG.

1st Witch.

I have been all night looking after '
A raven feeding upon a quarter,
And soon as she turn'd her back to the south,
I snatch'd this morsel out of her mouth.

2d Witch.

I have been gathering wolves' hairs,
The mad dog's foam, and adders' ears,
The spurning of a dead man's eyes,
And all since the evening star did rise.

3d Witch.

I last night lay all alone
O'er the ground, to hear the mandrake groan,
And pluck'd him up, tho' he grew full low,
And as I had done the cock did crow.

4th Witch.

And I ha' been chusing out this scull
From charnel-houses that were full,
From private grots and public pits,
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5th Witch.

Under a cradle I did creep
By day, and when the child was asleep,
At night I suck'd the breath, and rose
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6th Witch.

I had a dagger—what did I with that?
Killed an infant to have his fat.
A piper it got at a church-ale,
I bade him again blow wind i' the tail.

7th Witch.

A murderer yonder was hung in chains,
The sun and the wind had shrunk his veins;
I bit off a sinew, I clipped his hair,
I brought off the rags that danced i' the air.

8th Witch.

The screech-owl's eggs and the feathers black,
The blood of a frog and the bone in his back,
I have been getting, and made of his skin
A purse to keep Sir Cr-nion in

9th Witch.

And I have been plucking plants among
Hemlock, henbane, adder's tongue,
Nightshade, moonwort, libbard's bane,
And twice by the dogs was like to be ta'en.

10th Witch.

I from the jaws of a gardener's bitch
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the
ditch;
Yet went I back to the house again,
Kill'd the black cat, and here is the brain.

11th Witch.

I went to the toad breeds under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;

I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before;
I tore the bat's wings: what would you have
more?

Dame.

Yes, I have brought, to help your vows,
Horned poppy, cypress boughs,
The fig-tree wild that grows on tombs,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The basilisk's blood and the viper's skin;
And now our orgies let's begin.

JUNINUS.

PL. 8.—DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT ERECTED IN
THE GUILDHALL OF THE CITY OF LONDON, TO THE
MEMORY OF THE LATE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.

THE massy substance on which the figures in this composition are placed, is intended to represent the Island of Great Britain and the surrounding waves.

On an elevation, in the center of the island, Mr. Pitt appears in his robes, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the attitude of a public orator. Below him, on an intermediate fore-ground, two statues characterize his abilities; while, with the national Energy, which is embodied, and riding on a symbol of the Ocean in the lower center, they assist to describe allusively the effects of his administration. Apollo stands on his right, impersonating Eloquence and Learning. Mercury is introduced on his left, as the representative of Commerce and the patron of Policy. To describe the unprecedented splendour of success which crowned the British navy while Mr. Pitt was minister, the lower part of the monument is occupied by a statue of Britannia, seated triumphantly on a sea-horse; in her left hand is

the usual emblem of naval power; and her right grasps a thunder-bolt, which she is prepared to hurl at the enemies of her country.

INSCRIPTION.

WILLIAM PITT,

Son of WILLIAM PITT, Earl of Chatham,
Inheriting the genius and formed by the
precepts of his father,

Devoted himself from his early years to
the service of the state.

Called to the chief conduct of the admini-
stration, after the close of a
disastrous war,

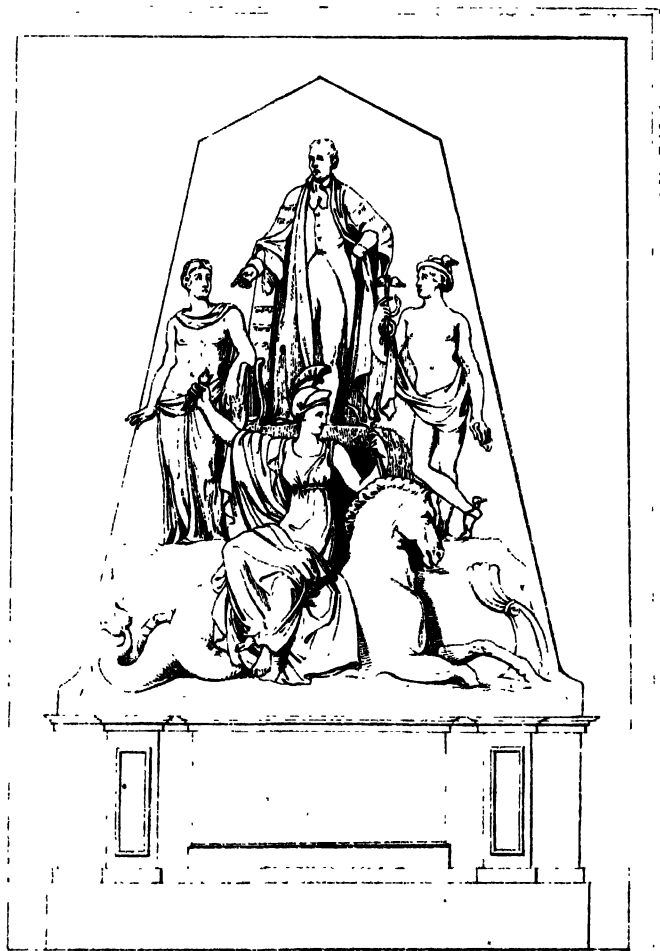
He repaired the exhausted revenues, he
revived and invigorated the commerce
and prosperity of the country;

And he had re-established the public
credit on deep and sure foundations,
When a new war was kindled in Europe,
more formidable than any preceding war
from the peculiar character of its dangers.

To resist the arms of France, which were
directed against the independence of
every government and people;

To animate other nations by the example
of Great Britain;

To check the contagion of opinions which
tended to dissolve the frame of civil
society;



MONUMENT OF MR PITT.
GUILDHALL.

To array the loyal, the sober-minded,
and the good in defence of the venerable
Constitution of the British Monarchy,
Were the duties which, at that awful
crisis, devolved upon the British Minister,
And which he discharged with transcendent
zeal, intrepidity, and perseverance :
He upheld the national honour abroad ;
he maintained at home the blessings of
order and of true liberty ;
And, in the midst of difficulties and perils,
He united and consolidated the strength,
power, and resources of the empire.

For these high purposes,
He was gifted by Divine Providence with
endowment,
Rare in their separate excellence ; won-
derful in their combination :
Judgment ; imagination ; memory ; wit ;
force and acuteness of reasoning ;
Eloquence, copious and accurate, com-
manding and persuasive,
And suited from its splendour to the
dignity of his mind and to the authority
of his station ;
A lofty spirit ; a mild and ingenuous
temper.

Warm and steadfast in friendship, towards
enemies he was forbearing and forgiving.
His industry was not relaxed by confi-
dence in his great abilities.
His indulgence to others was not abated
by the consciousness of his own
superiority.

His ambition was pure from all selfish
motives :
The love of power and a passion for fame
were in him subordinate to views of public
utility :

Dispensing for near twenty years the
favours of the Crown,
He lived without ostentation ; and he
died poor.

A GRAateful NATION
Decreed to him those funeral honours
Which are reserved for eminent and
extraordinary men.

This MONUMENT
Is erected by the LORD MAYOR, ALDER-
MEN, and COMMON COUNCIL,
To record the reverent and affectionate
regret
With which the CITY of LONDON
cherishes his memory ;
And to hold out to the imitation of
posterity
Those principles of public and private
virtue,
Which ensure to nations a solid
greatness,
And to individuals an imperishable name.

As a work of art, this monument
by Mr. Bubb has a claim to the
admiration of an intelligent public,
whose taste has in no small degree
been improved by the rising ta-
lents of this sculptor and some
others of his ingenious contempo-
raries, in this noble and elegant
department of art. Unity of de-
sign and simplicity of composi-
tion are its leading characteristics.
It commands attention by the air
of dignity and grandeur which per-
vades it, and secures applause by
the fitness and beauty of its parts,
and by the analogy it bears to the
illustrious person whose virtues it
is intended to perpetuate.

The exquisite works of that ad-
mired sculptor, the late Mr. Banks,
and the no less beautiful and clas-
sic designs of Mr. Flaxman, have
raised the character of sculpture
in this country, and laid the foun-
dation of a school, which, aid-
ed by public patronage, may at-
tain to an excellence that shall
rival the works of the ancient
Greeks.

VERSATILITY OF PRINCIPLES.

(A TRUE STORY).

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

It is common to call him a man of principle whose actions are regulated by one uniform standard. There are indeed many who have adopted principles (it matters not here whether good or bad), but how few do we find who act according to them! This is extremely natural. Principles are formed or adopted with a tranquil mind, under the guidance of the understanding. In action, on the contrary, upon occasions where any kind of private interest is intermingled, the mind is more or less agitated and the understanding beclouded. We are properly men only when we think, and not unfrequently brutes as soon as we begin to act. This sounds severe, but, alas! it is too true. Hence there is not a man living upon the face of the earth, neither has one ever existed, of whom it could be said, that, regardless of his personal interest, he acted invariably up to his principles. As the Syrens of old, with their captivating strains, were said to allure the incautious mariner to certain destruction; so the passions, set off in their best attire, entice the traveller from his way. If even he should have the fortitude to pass five of them with his eyes shut, he will perhaps steal a glance at the sixth, and fall into the snares of the seventh. The most dangerous sophist of them all is Love, which men seldom withstand, and women never. She blows principles away as a playful boy does bubbles of soap; she laughs their brilliancy to scorn, and rejoices when they burst.

Eulalia was the daughter of a country clergyman. Educated by her parents in seclusion and piety, she was a devout Christian. Neither the unqualified slanders of the open enemies of religion, nor the more artful insinuations of those who disguise their hostility under the mask of friendship, had ever reached her retired and humble abode; but she had often heard her father, whose exemplary conduct gave weight to the precepts which he inculcated, pronounce severe denunciations against freethinkers; and this was sufficient to convince her, that a freethinker must be an object of deserved abhorrence.

In these principles she had grown up, when her parents died, and an uncle in the city took the orphan into his house. There her beauty and her modesty very soon fixed upon her the eyes and hearts of all her uncle's visitors, and among the rest, of Bernard, a young man of a prepossessing person and large fortune, and what is still better, who enjoyed the merited reputation of the most rigid integrity. She liked him very well, and was not displeased when Bernard paid his addresses to her in form.

She had already modestly given her consent, and allowed the bridegroom to imprint the first kiss upon her lips, when an officious female neighbour, who had long had an eye upon Bernard for one of her daughters, came sighing, and in confidence observed to Eulalia, that in other respects he might be a very good sort of man, but that he was an inveterate freethinker.

At the mention of that terrific word the pious Eulalia turned pale. She made enquiries, and was informed, that Bernard did actually often indulge in mockeries of religion, which he called his principles. The affrighted maiden immediately dismissed him, to the great dissatisfaction of her uncle: for they who give away the hands of young females, are in general totally regardless of the morals of those who are to receive the gift. A rich man, should he even wear Satan's own order in his button-hole, is every where welcome. The uncle, however, would not force the inclinations of his pious niece, and confirmed the sentence which she had passed upon her lover. But Bernard was not to be so easily deterred. He paid his visits as before, and the uncle, who would have been gratified to see him succeed in making a conquest of the coy Eulalia, frequently left him alone with her. Bernard, in alliance with love, availed himself of these opportunities, and it was not long before Eulalia sighed to herself, that her principles did not permit her to love him. These sighs, translated into plain language, signified, "I love him already." She soon began to seek excuses for him: he was seduced by bad company or by ungodly books—how easily might his soul yet be saved!—and who could tell but it was reserved for her to afford Heaven that ecstatic joy which, as we are told, it feels over a sinner who repenteth? Surely then it was her duty to marry him—yes, her *duty*, that was undeniable; and accordingly she married him in despite of her principles.

During the honey-moon they

were too much absorbed in love to involve themselves in religious squabbles; but when it was over, she began to think seriously of the conversion of the beloved free-thinker. They now stoutly disputed together for several hours every evening. Eulalia had recourse to the aid of the Bible, to which Bernard opposed Voltaire. When they had done, each almost always remained of the old opinion, but their mutual affection sustained no diminution.

One morning, Bernard went up stairs to his wife at an unusual hour. He found the door of her bed-chamber ajar, opened it softly, and beheld Eulalia on her knees with her back towards him. He listened, and overheard part of a prayer which moved him to the bottom of his soul. She implored the Almighty to enable her to convert him, with an ardour which extorted tears from his eyes. He stole back unperceived, and when at night the pious disputant renewed the attack upon him, he made a much weaker defence than usual. He began seriously to believe, that she might at last be right: his beautiful wife seemed to him a being connected with Heaven, which gently attracted him, and each of her caresses was a new ground of conviction. In short, before the expiration of three months, Bernard had forgotten his principles and was a sincere Christian, though Eulalia, during the last four weeks, had not led the conversation to this subject, but rather obviously avoided it, and had often wandered about like one lost in a profound reverie.

Bernard imagined that she had abandoned the hope of converting him, and to this cause he ascribed

her silence and her concern; but he was mistaken, and it was not till long afterwards that he learned with astonishment, how her mind was during this interval engaged. His arguments, united with the consideration, that, notwithstanding his scepticism; he was yet an excellent and an amiable man, had by degrees made so deep an impression upon Eulalia, that, in spite of her principles, she suddenly turned from a devout Christian to a confirmed freethinker.

Bernard was not merely a convert to love; the change which had taken place in his mind was the result of conviction. He had too

much good sense not to perceive the importance of a decision on so essential a point; and, assisted by the works of the most powerful advocates of religion, his faith became too firmly grounded to be again shaken. His persuasive arguments, seconded by affection, soon recalled his wife to the path of truth from which his own example had before seduced her: and both learned from experience, how difficult it is to withhold belief from an adored object, and with what danger even the most firmly established principles are sometimes threatened by the power of love.

BODY OF KING CHARLES I.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE public interest which has recently been awakened by the discovery of the body of King Charles I. in the Tomb-House at Windsor, has led me to send you an account of a stratagem said to have been practised by the desire of Oliver Cromwell, which was believed to have taken place, and was matter of private exultation to the Puritanical party subsequent to the Restoration. This curious account is copied from a MS. forming part of the Harleian Collection in the British Museum.

H.

AN ACCOUNT of the Burial of King CHARLES I. and of OLIVER CROMWELL; in which it appears how Oliver's Friends contrived to secure the Body from future Disgrace, and to expose the Corpse of King Charles to be substituted in the Punishment and Ignominy designed for the Usurper's Body.

SOON after the Restoration, the then serjeant of the House of Commons was ordered, by the house, to go with his officers to St. Peter's Westminster, and demand the body of Oliver Cromwell, buried there, to be taken up, in order to be disposed in the manner the house should judge fitting. Whereupon the said serjeant went, and, in the middle aisle of Henry the Seventh's chapel, at the east end, upon taking up the pavement, in a vault,

was found his corpse; in the inside of whose coffin, and upon the breast of the corpse, was laid a copper-plate, finely gilt, inclosed in a case of lead; on the one side whereof was engraved the arms of England, impaled with the arms of Oliver; and, on the reverse, the following legenda, viz. "*Oliverus, Protector Reipublicæ, Scotiæ, et Hiberniæ, natus 25^o April. 1599; inauguratus 16^o Dec^{ris}. 1653; mortuus 3^{to} Sep^{ris}. anno 1658, hic situs est.*"

The said serjeant, believing the plate to be gold, took it pretend- edly as his fee; and Mr. Gifford, of Colchester, who married the serjeant's daughter, had the plate, which his father-in-law told him he came by in the manner above related.

It appears, by the account, that Barkstead, keeper of the Tower, who was one of the regicides, and at the Restoration was executed as such, was a great confidant of Cromwell, and did, at the time of the usurper's sickness, desire to know where he would be buried: to which he answered, "where he had acquired the greatest victory and glory; and as nigh the spot as could be guessed, where the heat of the action was," viz. in the field at Naseby, in the county of Northampton: which accordingly was thus performed.—At midnight (soon after his death), being first embalmed, and wrapped in a leaden coffin, he was, in a hearse, conveyed to the said field; the son of Barkstead, by order of his father, attending close to the hearse; and being come to the field, there found, about the midst of it, a grave, dug about nine feet deep, with the green sod carefully laid on one side, and the mould on the other; in which the coffin being soon put, the grave was instantly filled up, and the green sod laid exactly flat upon it, care being taken, that the surplus mould was clean taken away. Soon after like care was taken that the said field was entirely ploughed up, and sown three or four years successively with wheat.

Talking over this account of Barkstead's with the Rev. Mr. S— of Q—, whose father had long

resided in Florence, as a merchant, and after as minister from King Charles II. and had been well acquainted with the fugitives after the Restoration, he assured me, he had often heard the same account by other hands: those miscreants always boasting, that they had wreaked their revenge against the father, as far as human foresight could carry it, by beheading him whilst living, and making his best friends the executors of the utmost ignominies upon him when dead. Asking him the particular meaning of the last sentence, he said, that Oliver and his friends apprehending the Restoration of the Stuart family; and that all imaginable disgrace, on that turn, would be put upon his body, as well as memory; he contrived his own burial, as averred by Barkstead, having all the theatrical honours of a pompous funeral paid to an empty coffin, into which afterwards was removed the corpse of the martyr (which by Lord Clarendon's own account had never truly or certainly been interred; and after the Restoration, when most diligently sought after, by the Earls of Southampton and Lindsay, at the command of King Charles II. in order to a solemn removal, could no where in the church where he was said to have been buried, be found), that if any sentence should be pronounced, as upon his body, it might effectually fall upon that of the king. That, on that order of the Commons, in King Charles the Second's time, the tomb was broken down, and the body taken out of a coffin, so inscribed as mentioned in the serjeant's report, was from thence conveyed to Tyburn, and to the utmost

joy and triumph of that crew of miscreants, hung publicly on the gallows, amidst an infinite crew of spectators almost infected with the noisomeness of the stench. The secret being only amongst that abandoned few, there was no doubt in the rest of the people, but the bodies so exposed were the bodies they were said to be; had not some whose curiosity had brought them nearer to the tree, observed with horror the remains of a countenance they little had expected there; and that on tying the cord, there was a strong seam about the neck, by which the head had been, as was supposed, immediately after the decollation, fastened again to the body. This being whispered about, and the numbers that came to the dismal sight hourly increasing, notice was immediately given of the suspicion to the attending officer, who dispatched a messenger to court, to acquaint them of the rumour, and the ill consequences the spreading or examining into it further might have. On which the bodies were immediately taken down, to be buried again, to prevent any infection. Certain it is they were not burnt, as in prudence for that pretended reason, might have been expected; as well as in justice to have shewn the utmost detestation for their crimes, and the most lasting mark of infamy they could inflict upon them.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

MAHOMET'S PRECEPT.

"O YE faithful believers!" said Mahomet, "abstain from the flesh of the swine, for a certain part of that animal is extremely unwholesome; therefore, every one of my disciples who eats pork shall roast for it in Hell."

His disciples took this injunction to heart, and while he lived, never tasted pork. No sooner, however, was he dead, than they were very curious to know what part of the animal was so excessively pernicious. If we could but learn this, thought they, we might feast upon all the rest without any qualms of conscience; but to be forbidden to taste pork, on account of one single part of the animal, is cruel, very cruel indeed. They now began to rack their brains to discover the dangerous part.—"Tis the

head," said one.—"Impossible," rejoined another, who was very fond of the head; "it is most probably the intestines alone."—"By no means," exclaimed a third, who dearly loved a savoury sausage, "I will lay any wager that it must be the tail." A fourth and a fifth started opinions different from the preceding, according as they were partial to this or the other joint. The subject involved them in disputes, which ended in their eating the whole pig clean up from head to tail.

Methinks, reader, you smile, but do we conduct ourselves better?—"Shun the world," cry our moralists till they are hoarse, "shun the wicked world, otherwise ye are liable to stray into many a broad road, that will lead you straightway to Hell!"—"Very well," we are

accustomed to say, "we will shun the wicked world, but we should like to know which of all these ways are the broad ones that conduct to perdition."—"The way to the theatre!" exclaims one.—"No, no," rejoins a second, who never misses the play if he can help it, "the way to the alehouse is meant."—"By no means," cries a jolly toper, "it can be no other than the way to the gaming-house."

They dispute for some time, and run, as before, to gaze, to tittle, and to game. The wicked world is a well-furnished table, to which people sit down to eat of nothing but what is wholesome. Each warns his neighbour to beware of this or the other dish, and helps himself to that which best suits his own palate. To promote digestion, every one adds a few sophisms to his own portion, so that at last there is not a morsel left.

ON NATIONAL SPIRIT.

The spirit of a nation manifests itself in circumstances the most trifling. Here, for example, are three wagers laid by an Englishman, a Frenchman, and a German. The reader of observation might boldly offer to lay a fourth, that he would guess to which of the above nations each of the three belonged.

Several years since, a King of Denmark being upon his travels, arrived at a certain capital, where writers in the public prints made it the subject of a wager to calculate precisely how much the nation lost from the residence of the foreign monarch, by the time which the artizans and manufacturers spent in staring at him.

In another capital, a young man was standing at the window of a

coffee-house, when one, apparently of equal rank, was driving by in an elegant curricule.—"A pretty fellow, truly!" said the first to his neighbour, "we have the finest weather that can be, and yet this fool cannot go on foot."—"If he chuses to ride," answered his neighbour, laughing, "who can hinder him?"—"Who? why I can," cried the first speaker, "I'll lay you any bet of it." A wager was instantly laid, and away he ran puffing up the street after the curricule, and seizing the reins, said to the astonished beau who sat in the carriage, "I beg your pardon, sir, but allow me to observe, that it is most extraordinary to see a man like you, enjoying the most robust health, riding in a curricule in the finest possible weather."—"Allow me also to observe," replied the other, "that it is far more extraordinary still, to hear such a remark from you."—"But it is, indeed, very astonishing"—"Astonishing or not, loose the horses, if you please."—"Excuse me, sir, I could never forgive myself were I to stand still and see you ride in such enchanting weather, and, in short, I will not suffer it."—"You will not suffer it? the devil you won't!" The beau then jumped out of the curricule; both drew their swords, and in the next minute the wanton aggressor received a severe wound in the arm. "I have enough," said he, "but as I am wounded, and you have sustained no injury, permit me, at least, to go home in your curricule." Without waiting for a reply, he jumped in, drove home, and won his wager.

In a third capital, a man betted, that, in the space of four weeks,

he would ascertain precisely how many times the word *and* occurred in the Bible. He went to work, kept counting day and night, and likewise won his wager.

Would it not be superfluous to inform the reader, that the first of these wagers was laid in England, the second in France, and the third in Germany?

A CHARACTER.

Mr. F*** is neither witty nor stupid enough to attract notice, nor so wealthy as to make a figure in the world; in other respects, he is what is commonly called a *good man*. As he never thwarted the views of any body, he has no enemy, and himself hates nobody; neither can he conceive how it is possible to hate. On the other hand, his friendship is nothing more than mere goodwill. He enjoys excellent health, and his plump shining face is incessantly clothed in smiles. He neither gambles, nor drinks, nor hunts; he has but one hobby-horse, to partake of good cheer with numerous companies: he never enquires what persons are to be of the party, but how many. During his whole life (and he is now fifty years old), he has not been invited to any small party, neither has he desired to be. On the contrary, he is fond of frequenting numerous companies, in which he passes unnoticed, conscious that he is best suited for obscurity. His birth procures him admission into the first families. To all weddings, christenings, &c. he never fails to be invited. He is at the prospect of an approaching marriage, as he thinks that he shall make one at the wedding. Has a lady brought her husband an accession to his family,

he is quite delighted, for in a few weeks she will receive abundance of visits. Should any one die, he is sincerely afflicted, and has no other consolation than to follow the corpse to the grave. But, oh! mortification! the house of mourning will be shut up several weeks, nay, perhaps even for months. On the contrary, should there be an opportunity for congratulations, oh! how delightful! It is twenty years since he quitted the military profession, and yet he still takes a deep interest in every promotion. He congratulates a colonel with all his heart, a general with transport, and over a field marshal he can do no less than shed tears of joy.

This sympathy, and the circumstance that he never concerned himself about the scandalous chronicle of the city in which he resides, once occasioned a ludicrous mistake. Having heard that a great promotion of generals would take place on a certain day, he repaired to the house of the minister, whose antichamber he found crowded with people. Among these was a Colonel D****, who had come thither solely for the purpose of procuring an order for the confinement of his wife, who had disgraced him by her intrigues. This was generally known, except to Mr. F****. When the minister appeared, and in going round the circle that was formed about him, came to the colonel, he said to him, "Your business is done." Mr. F***, who stood next to the colonel, supposing that he was promoted to the rank of general, took him by the hand, and rapturously exclaimed, "I congratulate you with all my heart! It could not be otherwise; you have

richly deserved it. Oh! I have long foretold that this would be the case!"

The by-standers laughed; the colonel glowed with shame, and Mr. F**** could not comprehend the reason of either. He, however, insisted, that nothing more had happened to his honoured friend than what he had long deserved.

EXTRAORDINARY RESEMBLANCE OF TWO BROTHERS.

About one hundred and fifty years ago there lived twin brothers, the Counts of Ligneville and d'Autricourt, of an ancient family in Lorraine. They were so perfectly like one another, that when they appeared in the same kind of dress, as they sometimes did for sport, their attendants themselves mistook the one for the other. The tone of their voices also was alike. It was a fortunate circumstance that their attachment was so sincere, otherwise their wives might, in the most innocent manner, have been led into infidelities. Both were captains of dragoons, but in different regiments; they sometimes changed uniforms, and each placed himself at the head of the other's dragoons without being discovered by the men. D'Autricourt was once in danger of being put under arrest for some misdemeanour: Ligneville immediately dressed himself from head to foot like his brother, and never quitted him for a moment. Lest the innocent should suffer for the guilty, the arrest was postponed, till at last the affair blew over altogether.

The two brothers were once travelling together, and on their arrival in a foreign town, sent for a barber. Ligneville sat down first

to be shaved, while d'Autricourt waited in an adjoining room. The barber had finished half his job, when Ligneville made some pretext to go into the next room: his brother immediately stepped forward in the same morning-gown and seated himself. The barber prepared to proceed with the operation, but perceiving that the half of the beard, which, as he thought, he had just taken off, had grown again, he concluded it must be Satan himself that he had to deal with, and fainted away. Ligneville availed himself of this opportunity to take his seat once more. The barber, recovering, supposed that he must have been dreaming, till the riddle was explained to him.

On another occasion, when both were extremely hungry and thirsty, they went to an inn, but only one made his appearance, while the other kept concealed behind the curtain of an alcove. The host carried in dish after dish and bottle after bottle. Ligneville first ate and drank what he could, and as his stomach was by no means delicate, the host could not help remarking to himself, that the stranger was a terrible eater. But how great was his astonishment, when, on coming to remove the last empty dish, d'Autricourt, who was blessed with no less an appetite than his brother, and had slipped into his seat, asked for more still! Whilst he was feasting, Ligneville, reclining upon a couch, was digesting his repast, so that in an hour he was again able to supply his brother's place with honour. Heaven knows how much they would have devoured, if the host's provisions had not been completely exhaust-

ed. The poor fellow, who likewise thought the devil at the bottom of all this gormandizing, declared, with a brow bedewed with the copious perspiration of fear, that he had nothing more in the house; and it was not till then that the other brother, with a loud burst of laughter, made his appearance.

All these stories are not absolutely incredible; but what follows is rather more difficult of belief. There was not only such a resemblance, but such a sympathy between them, that they were always sick at the same time. If one received a wound the other endured pain from it. They often dreamt the same dreams in one and the same night. At length d'Autricourt was attacked by a fever, of which he died. Ligneville lay ill at the same time of the same fever in Bavaria, and as we are told in the pious chronicle from which this account is extracted, had he not vowed to make valuable presents to the Blessed Virgin of Altenötting, he would infallibly have been carried off likewise.

THE BASKET-MAKER.

King George I. is said to have frequently related the following circumstance, which at the present day will easily gain credit. It happened about the year 1615.—A German nobleman had a daughter whose hand was courted by a young gentleman of the neighbourhood. "How do you propose to support my daughter?" asked the father.—"Decently," replied the lover.—"Of course, but what with?"—"With my property, which is considerable."—"Have you nothing but lands?"—This extraordinary question puzzled the suitor. "Nothing

but lands!" said he, "I should think they would be more than sufficient."—"By no means," rejoined the father: "my daughter, to be sure, is my sole heiress, and consequently rich; nevertheless, I am determined never to give her to any man who has not learned some art or trade, that, in case of misfortunes, he may still be able to maintain her."

The young man thought this a singular stipulation, but he was in love, and therefore submitted to the terms; requesting only the space of one year, in order that he might, by the acquisition of some mechanical art, render himself worthy of the lady. His desire was complied with. He immediately repaired to the most expert basket-maker in the whole country, and in less than half a year he excelled his instructor. He now presented his mistress with a little basket of his making, which was the model of those work-baskets long afterwards so fashionable among the ladies. They were introduced from Germany into Holland and England, and were for a time a considerable article of trade.

The young man now attained the object of his wishes. Some years afterwards, during the war which spread devastation over the Palatinate, himself and his father-in-law were driven from their estates, and sought refuge in Holland, where, by the neat baskets of his manufacture, he maintained the whole family, and was for the first time convinced that the old man's question—"Have you nothing but lands?" was a very sensible one. How many emigrants in our days would have been re-

lieved from the necessity of exposing their misery, had they learned the trade of basket-making!

MATRIMONY.

Above a century ago, a French writer, M. de la Terrière, published a treatise, with the following title: *Of the Excellence of Matrimony, of its Necessity and the Means of living happily in that State; together with a Vindication of Women against the Slanders of Men.* It would be an incomparable work if it performed the promises held forth in the title. The fair sex was never in want of defenders. If the writings of monks alone on this subject were to be collected, they would be found sufficiently numerous to stock a whole shop. The great conjuror Agrippa himself wrote *De Nobilitate et Præcellentia Fæminei Sexus*. Many to be sure have written against the sex, but not so many by far as for it.

The author of whom we are speaking terms marriage the only gate to paradise, but without mentioning that the road sometimes leads through purgatory. "Is it possible," he exclaims, "that people should be so ambitious of the honours of having written a fine book, of having painted a fine picture, &c. and should nevertheless remain insensible to the honours of having produced men?" (Bachelors might reply, that the keeping of books and pictures costs nothing, while that of children is very expensive). "What men were ever so happy," continues he, "as Ibsan and Abdan, whom the Scriptures speak of. The former had 30 sons, 30 daughters, 30 sons-in-law, and 30 daughters-in-law: the second had 40 sons and 30 grandsons, all of whom he saw mounted on horse-

back at once. Is not that more glorious than all the exploits of a Cæsar and an Alexander?" Indeed, a squadron of 40 sons and 30 grandsons must be the finest guard of honour in the world; but no conquests such as those of a Cæsar and an Alexander can be made with it, and it is these that always gain the most renown of any thing in the world.

For the rest, it is a pity that the author proves too much, for all his arguments apply equally in favour of polygamy. "A woman," says he, "who remains a widow six months, commits a crime against God, against humanity, against the state, the church, and herself." According to this principle, the couple mentioned by St. Jerome should have been canonized, for each of them had been more than twenty times in the widowed state.

On the art of being happy in matrimony the author says nothing new, but much that is well meant; and it were to be wished, that his book would produce the same effect as the discourse of Socrates at Xenophon's entertainment. The guests, we are told, were so deeply moved by what he said on the subject of love, that those who were yet single protested they would immediately marry, and the married ran home without loss of time to embrace their wives.

It is remarkable, that, in his whole work, M. de la Terrière addresses himself to the men only. In the preface, he asserts that females need no exhortation to marriage; that, though from modesty they never make it the subject of conversation, yet to become wives is the most ardent wish of them all.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR,

No. XXIX.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Nominum.

OVID. Met.

Capricious taste displays its various graces,
In its new pances, to old custom'd places.

I HAVE received the following letter on a subject which has not escap'd my own observation; indeed, I have generally set it down as among the importations occasioned by the French revolution, and I wish it had been the worst of them. There may be some degree of frivolity attached to it, and ridicule may seize upon it as an object for laughable observation: but I know of no injury, public or private, that can follow from it; nor will my correspondent find any difficulties on the occasion, which he will not readily surmount. I shall, however, proceed to the communication of his distresses, for the amusement of my readers.

Mr. Spectator,

As your work appears to be peculiarly calculated to give me information upon a subject with which my young experience is unacquainted, I take the liberty of troubling you with a little history of my present situation, and the unexpected circumstances that have induced me to apply to your superior instruction.

Permit me then, sir, to inform you, that I am a young man of good expectations, and indeed, I may say with truth, heir to a considerable fortune, and, which is of very great importance, I am on the point of leading the most amiable of her sex to the altar. My father, who has lived a long life of virtue

and honour, is anxious, ere he retires to pass the rest of his days at the seat of his ancestors in a distant county, to establish me in my residence in town under his own eye. At the same time, he thinks it right that I should take the active part of this concern upon myself, while he interferes only where I may be at a loss, and when he thinks his advice may be necessary. Now, Mr. Spectator, I am very much at a loss; and though it may appear, in some degree, to be wanting in filial respect, I am more disposed to apply to you than to the good old gentleman.

It might, indeed, be supposed, naturally enough, that a young man who is about to become a husband, and may in no great length of time be a father, and who has lived a little in the world into the bargain, need not have occasion to apply to you for the information which he hopes to receive from you; but it is not necessary for me to enter into the reasons of my particular incapacity in matters of this nature. I shall therefore proceed to inform you, that it is a settled point for us to quit the old house in which our family have resided for many years in Westminster, and to occupy a modern habitation in or near one of the new squares on the northern side of the metropolis; and as it is to be fitted up in a manner suited to the present taste, I received an order to go to all the

fashionable upholsterers, to pick and chuse for myself.

My father, who never did any thing without consulting my mother, when she was alive, and who has acted upon her opinions ever since she has been in her grave, has enjoined me to make the lady to whom I am to be united, an associate with me in this expedition, that her taste and judgment may assist or correct mine in a matter of so much importance to domestic happiness and nuptial union, as the furnishing of a house in which we are resolved to live so happily together.

We accordingly proceeded on our excursion, and entered into what we thought an upholsterer's shop; and it certainly, from its contents, appeared to have a claim to that title; but, at the upper end of it, we saw inscribed, in golden letters of a foot in length, these formidable words, *THE MAGAZINE*. My dear Celia was immediately, by an unlucky association of ideas, induced to suppose, that it was a place which contained combustibles and other inflammable materials, so that I thought she would have fainted with apprehension before we could get into the street.

The next place of this kind to which we had been particularly recommended, was entitled a *MANUFACTORY*; and as we were passing through a passage that led to it, we observed on the door a general written notice, that no persons were to be admitted there but on business; and as we had made no particular arrangements which might actually deserve that name, we did not think it right to disobey the injunction.

Our next disappointment was, that, instead of a shop, we were introduced into a place which was denominated an *OFFICE*: but as we had neither of us ever before heard of an upholsterer's office, we apprehended, if we began talking of furniture, we might be considered as guilty, however innocent, of an insult, and meet with that kind of reception which such a supposed conduct might be thought to merit. We therefore returned from our expedition, and entreated the good old gentleman to suffer us to send for some respectable upholsterer, to receive our directions at home.

There is something, surely, so ridiculous in all this, as to deserve public reprobation: for, if this innovation on long-established and appropriate terms increases, we shall hear of cobbler's offices, manufactories of boots and shoes, and magazines of tarts, cheesecakes, and gingerbread, while dustmen will talk of keeping their carriages. —I am, sir, your obedient humble servant,

S. S.

I have lately received no less than four folio sheets full of very closely written observations on marriage: but as it does not suit the nature of my engagements with the public, to enter into such a protracted detail of the subjects I present to its attention, I shall make a few extracts from it, which, as they are not deficient in humour, betray no common knowledge of the world, and relate to so interesting a situation in life as that of matrimony, they may not be unentertaining or uninteresting to a considerable portion of my readers.

“It has been said, by a very in-

genious writer, that the only unhappy situation in marriage is, a state of indifference. Where people love one another, he observes, they have a great pleasure in obliging; and where they hate one another, they have equal pleasure in tormenting: but, where they have neither love nor hatred, and, consequently, no desire either to please or plague, there can be no such thing as happiness. As a general observation, this may have some foundation; nevertheless, I am acquainted with a gentleman and his lady, who, though as indifferent to each other as it is possible for man and wife to be, have nevertheless contrived to be very happy from the misfortunes of their friends.

"These good people, without having the least tincture of affection for each other, contrive to live in a tolerable degree of comfort, by contributing, in an equal proportion, to the abuse of their acquaintance. They are in the constant habit of collecting separately the scandal of the day, and render themselves agreeable companions to each other, by consulting how they may disperse it with enlivening additions and improvements. I have known the lady to be cured of a fit of the colic, by her husband's bringing home the interesting information, that a young lady of her acquaintance had run away with her father's footman; and I once witnessed an apparent suspension of an agonizing pain, on his hearing that an intimate friend was declared a bankrupt in the *Gazette*.

* But matrimonial happiness is generally thought to be found at home: hence it is, that, in most

families, one sees the husband and wife, instead of contenting themselves with the miseries of their neighbours, mutually plaguing one another; and, after a succession of disputes, contradictions, mortifications, sneers, poutings, abuses, and sometimes blows, they retreat separately into company, and add to the pleasure of the societies which they frequent.

"That this is to be mutually happy, few married people will, I believe, be bold enough to deny, especially if they have lived three months together, and are, of course, tired of obliging each other. But it has been very luckily discovered, that as our sorrows are lessened by participation, so also are our joys; and that unless the pleasure of tormenting be confined entirely to one party, the happiness of either can by no means be perfect. The wife, therefore, of a meek and tender disposition, who makes it the study of her life to please and oblige her husband, and to whom he is indebted for every advantage he enjoys, is the fittest object of his tyranny and aversion. Upon such a wife he may exert himself nobly, and have all the pleasure to himself: but it is necessary, however, that he should enjoy it with some degree of caution; because, though the bills of mortality take no notice of it, there is such a disease as a broken heart, and the misfortune is, that there is no tormenting a dead wife. The mode of conduct, however, in this particular, depends very much upon the situation and rank in life of the respective parties: for every man cannot exactly act as is related somewhere of an old serjeant of

seventy, who, when his officer asked him how he came to marry at so great an age, answered, "Why, and please your honour, they teaze me and put me out of humour abroad, and so I go home and beat my wife."

"But this privilege is by no means limited to the husband, as indeed in justice it ought not to be; for the wife is seen, not unfrequently, to enjoy an equal degree of similar happiness. Thus, when a woman of family and spirit condescends to marry, for a maintenance, a wealthy citizen, whose delight is peace, tranquillity, and domestic endearments, such a happy wife may continually fill his house with parties, balls, and fêtes; she may teaze, fret, and thwart him with her superiority of birth; she may torment his heart with jealousy, and waste his substance in many ingenious ways which fashion and folly are ever ready to suggest.

"Thus, as an advocate for matrimony, I have entered into a particular disquisition of its principal comforts; and that no motives may be wanting to induce men to engage in it, I have endeavoured to shew, that it is next to an impossibility for a couple to miscarry, since hatred as well as love, and indifference as well as either, if people have sense enough to make a right use of their friend's misfortunes, is sufficient for happiness."

There have been, indeed, very sensible writers, both in ancient and modern times, and it is an opinion, not without its supporters among very respectable people now living, that matrimonial happiness depends upon an union of affections, a striking resemblance of

opinions, and a general similitude of character; which will naturally produce a continual interchange of kind and endearing offices. Horace gives this animated description of it:—

Felices ter et ampliùs,
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
Supremâ citius solvet amor die.

Thrice happy they in pure delights
Whom love with mutual bonds unites,
Unbroken by complaints or strife
E'en to the latest hour of life.

But this was part of a love ode to a lady, of whom he appears to have been deeply enamoured, and when the poet was very young and probably very inexperienced: but, in a fair view of the question, may it not be doubted, whether he would have expressed himself precisely in these terms, if he had been married to her for five or six weeks. Addison may be quoted to the same effect, and some of his papers in the *Spectator*, display very delightful pictures of matrimonial happiness upon the principle of reciprocal affection; but they were written long before he approached the temple of Hymen, in which he certainly did not find that kind of delight, at least, which his poetic fancy, or amorous philosophy, had, in his earlier days, suggested to him. Swift, however, seems rather to have adopted the opinion of the former part of these observations; for it being made a subject of complaint to him by some person, that one of their common friends could never be persuaded to sleep out of his own house, observed, that he should be persuaded to marry, "when, in a month's time," added the dean, "he will

not wish to sleep in his house again as long as he lives." However, *chacun à son gout*; and I have only performed my duty, in pointing out the different ways in which marriage may be rendered happy; and with this knowledge I most heartily recommend all my unmarried readers, to lose no time, but get married as soon as they can.

BRIEF NARRATIVE OF THE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF THE RUSSIAN NAVAL OFFICERS, CHROSTOFF AND DAWIDOFF.

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

SUCH is the title of a most interesting work, the first volume of which recently appeared in the Russian language. A preface by Admiral Schischkoff, one of the best Russian writers, relates the adventures of those two enterprising young officers, and the circumstances that led to their bold undertaking. From this preface the present article is extracted. It will doubtless direct the attention of the German public to the work itself, with the most entertaining portions of which I promise, on some future occasion, to treat my readers.

When this narrative was put to press, the two officers were yet living; but before the second chapter was printed, an unfortunate accident precipitated both into one grave.

Chrostoff was thirty-four years old. He was the son of a counselor of state, and educated in the corps of sea-cadets. He first served in the marines against Sweden. So early as his fourteenth year, he had been in two obstinate engagements, and received a gold medal of merit. After the peace concluded with Sweden in 1791, he was promoted to the rank of an officer. From 1795 to 1798, he was employed in the squadrons which then co-ope-

rated with the naval force of Britain against the French. Two Russian ships accompanied the English expedition against the Dutch fleet in the Texel, and of one of these Chrostoff was a lieutenant. Both of them grounded. At this critical moment, with death staring him in the face, he wrote as follows to a friend:—"Our situation is intolerable. Here we are fast aground, and all the other ships are sailing by us. The flattering hope of assisting in the conquest of the Dutch fleet has vanished. We are cursing our pilot, who, without this, is already half dead of fear. An English vessel, the *America*, has likewise taken the ground, and this circumstance affords some alleviation to our keen disappointment. To be sure, it is not right to rejoice at the misfortunes of others; but now we may, perhaps, experience rather more indulgence, for the English will not be able to say, that a Russian ship only stuck fast on the sand-bank. Perhaps, too, Admiral Mitchell will not venture to give battle without these two ships; meanwhile we shall gain time to get afloat again, and shall come up early enough to share the glory."

The ship was actually got off by means of incredible exertions, in

which Chrostoff's activity was remarkably conspicuous. On the following morning she was in the line, ready for battle. This single anecdote may serve to shew with what ardour the youth aspired to renown.

After his return to his native country, he was obliged to wait more than a year, with the greatest impatience, for an opportunity of acquiring distinction. A boundless love for his parents alone counterpoised his desire of fame. His father had, in a lawsuit of twenty years duration, expended his whole fortune, and was now reduced, with a numerous family, to indigence. The son soon formed a resolution, which he took care not to communicate to a soul. He threw himself at the feet of the emperor, and implored his interference in behalf of his distressed parents. The monarch commanded him to rise, desired him to be easy, and sent him a present of a thousand rubles, which Chrostoff most respectfully declined.—“I can live upon my pay,” said he, “but it is for my parents that I solicit; they have lost their all by a tedious suit.” The emperor enquired into the affair, commanded him to keep the present, and settled upon his father a yearly pension of one thousand rubles. The happy son acquainted his parents with the joyful intelligence, and, in the letter to his mother, he inclosed the thousand rubles which he had himself received.

Soon afterwards his wish for activity was gratified. The Chamberlain Resanoff, one of the principal members of the American Company, and who afterwards accompanied Krusenstern as ambas-

sador to Japan, knew him personally, and had heard much of his courage and address: for these reasons, he proposed to him to proceed over-land to Ochotsk, and there to embark in one of the Company's vessels for America. He cheerfully accepted this proposal, requesting only a respite of five days, that he might go into the country to his parents, and take leave of them. The same day he accidentally met with Dawidoff, a midshipman, a young, but very brave officer, who hearing of Chrostoff's intention, conceived a strong desire to accompany him, though no more than eighteen years of age. His friend, delighted with this resolution, took the youth to Resanoff, who engaged him also in the service of the American Company.

The parting from his parents, especially from his mother, who most tenderly loved him, was a severe trial for Chrostoff. He, however, concealed his grief under the disguise of affected cheerfulness; but, when he had torn himself from their arms, he sunk senseless in the carriage that was conveying him away from them: and it was not till then, that a torrent of tears gave relief to his heart.

The two friends now proceeded to America. The first volume comprehends the account of this voyage. In two years they returned. They had spared no exertions, and procured considerable advantages for the Company, but without benefiting themselves. It was not to amass riches that they quitted their country; all that they brought home with them, they might carry on their backs. Chrostoff had saved about eight hundred rubles in money,

which he would have given to his mother; but notwithstanding his urgent entreaties, she refused to accept it.

The parents of the two friends now wished their sons to leave the Company's service, and return to the navy: but the Company having become acquainted with their merits, esteemed them both highly, and made them a second proposal for a similar expedition, with the promise of doubling their salary, and making it four thousand rubles per annum. Having taken some months to consider of the offer, they resolved to embrace it; but on this occasion Chrostoff felt an uneasiness, which it was impossible for him to conceal. A few days previously to his departure, he again brought the fruits of his economy to his mother, together with a paper, which was read by his parents with astonishment and emotion. It contained an engagement on the part of the Company, to pay them annually half of their son's salary, that is to say, two thousand rubles.—“Will you sacrifice yourself for our sakes?” cried his mother, sobbing, and would have torn the paper; but on his knees, and with tears, he implored her not to deprive him of so sincere a pleasure, so great a satisfaction. He valued his life, he said, only inasmuch as it was of service to his parents. This circumstance, which may be thought to wear an air of romance, is, however, strictly true. In order to procure for his parents a decent subsistence, this dutiful son embarked a second time on the dangerous expedition. On the 14th May, 1804, he set out with his companion.

Resanoff had, in the mean time, proceeded with Captain Krusenstern to Japan. Chrostoff and Dawidoff again travelled by land to Ochotsk, where they went on board the *Maria*, and sailed for America. The ship sprung a leak, which obliged them to put into the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul, where, on account of the lateness of the season, they were obliged to winter. The following year Resanoff returned from his unsuccessful expedition to Japan, and resumed the command of the *Maria*. Under him the two friends visited the islands of St. Paul, Oonalashka, Codiak, and Sitka. Resanoff, who conceived himself ill treated by the Japanese, here devised plans of revenge. He determined to inspire those people with respect for the Russian flag; to make them sensible, by force, that it was better to live in peace than enmity with the Russians; and to compel them to conclude a treaty of commerce. During his residence in Japan, he had been secretly informed, that the people were in a violent ferment against their priests. He hoped, by means of a small assistance, to give the superiority to the people; and upon this hope he grounded the following plan.

Not far from Japan lies the fertile island of Sachalin, whose original inhabitants, the Ainos, are a very different race from the Japanese. (The reader is referred to Krusenstern's voyage, where the Ainos are described as a most amiable people). About sixty years ago the Russians sent a colony thither; but what became of it is not known. The Japanese conquered.

the island, settled in it, and treated the inhabitants as slaves. Resanoff determined to make himself master of this island, to expel the Japanese, to lay waste their establishments, to carry off all that was movable, and to burn the rest or give it to the Ainos. He then purposed to distribute silver medals, to take the people of Sachalin under his protection, and to declare them to be Russian subjects. He moreover designed to make prisoners of some of the Japanese, with their priests, and carry them to Ochotsk, where they should be treated with the utmost kindness. These men, as he supposed, would, when he should after some time convey them back to their country, have much to say in favour of the Russians, and thus the confidence of the Japanese would at once be gained.

Thoroughly convinced of the practicability of this immature plan, he ordered two ships to be equipped for this expedition, and wrote as follows to Chrostoff and Dawidoff:—

“From your first voyage to America I became acquainted with your courage. Your speedy return evinced your address, and your readiness to undertake a second expedition proves by what sentiments you are animated, and how strong is your love for your country. The time in which I was myself your companion will never be forgotten by me: but it was not till now—that I am on the point of embarking in an expedition of great importance, which cannot fail to give prosperity to this country—it was not till now that I was thoroughly sensible what a treasure I possess

in you. We require two armed vessels, which I have already ordered to be built. You, my friends, who are every moment ready to sacrifice yourselves for the public weal, I entreat to accept the command of these vessels, and to superintend and hasten their construction. I hope they will be finished by April, and be ready to sail the following month. Many things I know we shall want; but when was ever a great exploit accomplished without difficulties?—These shall not depress our courage, but, on the contrary, they will heighten our glory. I think it as yet unnecessary to explain my intentions circumstantially, but in proper time you shall be made acquainted with them. As to the goodness of the ships, I confide in the skill of the builders; but in what relates to the expedition, I trust entirely to your intelligence and experience. With impatience I await the moment in which I shall admire your achievements. With united energies we will proceed to the execution of the great undertaking, and shew the world what a handful of brave Russians are capable of performing.”

After giving directions for the necessary preparations, he, in the presence of the two friends, likewise dispatched a report to the emperor and to Count Romanzoff, minister of commerce, in which he detailed the advantages to be expected from the expedition; and added, that he should never have undertaken such an enterprize had he not fortunately had under his command Lieutenant Chrostoff, a most active, expert, and intrepid officer.

Whilst one of the ships was building, an opportunity offered for purchasing a second of an American, named Wulff. She was called the *Juno*, and it was decided that Chrostoff should command her. The new one was given to Dawidoff, and called the *Perhaps*.

Till the 25th of February, 1806, they continued at the island of Sitka. Here they were reduced to extreme want of bread, to remedy which Resanoff went on board the *Juno* and sailed for California. The voyage lasted several months. He was very kindly received by the Spaniards, and returned on the 9th of June with a large cargo of wheat, which put an end to the famine at Sitka.

On the 25th July he again put to sea with both ships, with the intention of proceeding to the execution of his plan; but in a few days he suddenly changed his intention, no one knew for what reason. "I have all along cherished the wish," said he, "to be able as an eye-witness to relate your deeds to the emperor; but I am obliged to return to Petersburg. I therefore direct Dawidoff to sail to Sachalin and Matnay, and there to wait for the *Juno* in Aniwa Bay, or the channel of La Perouse.—Lieutenant Chrostoff shall convey me to Ochotsk, and then return immediately, on which you will proceed with united force to fulfil my instructions." These instructions, the principal points of which are contained in the letter given above, he delivered to Chrostoff, and wished him success in their execution. The crews were required to swear to keep the whole affair a profound secret.

The ships now separated. Resanoff arrived safe at Ochotsk, where he disembarked, and ordered Chrostoff to be ready to sail at a moment's notice. But under the pretext of adding something to his instructions, he demanded them again of Chrostoff, who delivered them up without the least suspicion. After some time they were returned to him. He read the additions with the utmost astonishment, and hastened on shore to request a verbal explanation, but Resanoff was gone.

The additional directions were to this effect:—"The damage sustained by the fore-mast, which cannot be repaired here at Ochotsk, will render it necessary for you to go back to America. The time when you ought to have rejoined the *Perhaps* is past, and that ship, according to her instructions, must already have sailed for that continent. Your absence also has occasioned a deficiency of hands, who might, in case of need, have defended the harbour. In a word, I think it necessary to annul my former instructions, and now command you to sail to America.—If, however, the wind should compel you to visit Aniwa Bay, and it can be done without loss of time, endeavour to gain the confidence of the inhabitants of Sachalin by presents and medals, and to discover the real situation of the Japanese in that island. Even this alone will, I think, procure you sufficient honour; but the return to America must at all events be your first object. Should you meet with the *Perhaps*, communicate to her these instructions. For the rest, should circumstances, that cannot now be

foreseen, occur during the voyage, act in the manner most advantageous for the Company. For the fulfilment of my last instructions, I trust to your abilities and experience. I sincerely lament that your mast cannot be changed here, and that several reasons compel me to alter the plan.

"Sept. 24, 1806. "RESANOFF."

The reader may conceive Chrostoff's astonishment and perplexity on reading this ambiguous addition. He was naturally thrown into the most painful uncertainty respecting what was now to be done. Was it reasonable that an expedition of such importance, and already so expensive to the crown, should be relinquished on account of a damaged mast? His consort was waiting for him, and might be lost or taken by the Japanese. The additional instructions directed him to go to America; they also enjoined him to go to Japan; they annulled the former, but yet encouraged him to execute them by the words, "Even this alone will procure you sufficient honour."—Was it not as much as to say, that the accomplishment of the whole would confer much more? At the conclusion, he laments the necessity for this order, and plainly intimates, that he should not have given it, had it been possible to procure another mast in the port of Ochotsk.

Amidst all these equivocations, any other than Chrostoff would have taken good care not to endanger his own life, as, in case he were called to account, he might at all events produce the additional instructions in justification of his conduct. He, however, reflected

thus within himself:—The expedition is not abandoned by him, but only delayed; and this delay may be extremely injurious, and even occasion the loss of the other vessel. Why is it delayed? merely on account of the mast. It is clear that Resanoff's wishes are for the expedition, but he is now rather doubtful of its practicability; consequently, it is my duty to surpass his expectations. Considering the matter in this point of view, Chrostoff weighed anchor and sailed to Japan. He there found that he was too late for his consort, but this new obstacle was incapable of repressing his enterprising spirit. He lauded, and executed unaided one part of his instructions. He made himself master of the Japanese magazines, and loaded his ship with corn; on which he set sail for Kamtschatka, hoping to find the Perhaps in the harbour of St. Peter and St. Paul. In this hope he was not disappointed. Disease and the bad condition of the ship had obliged Dawidoff to quit his post; and both vessels were now necessitated to pass the winter together in Kamtschatka.

The following year, 1807, the ice was not yet broken up, when, with great exertion, they cleared themselves a way out of the harbour, in order to accomplish the work which had been begun. Their narrative relates how they arrived at Aniwa Bay, and performed every thing that they were directed in their instructions. They then sailed with a valuable cargo of corn for Ochotsk, intending from that place to transmit a report of their proceedings to the government, to take on board various commodities

belonging to the American Company, and then to fulfil the last part of their instructions, namely, to go to America.

With the cheering consciousness of having performed their duty, they landed at Ochotsk, hoping to be received with joy and exultation, but very different was the fate which there awaited them. Resanoff had fallen sick on his journey, and died at Krasnojarsk. Captain Bucharin, who then commanded in the port of Ochotsk, and who was soon afterwards removed on the general complaint of the whole country, imagined that the two ships were laden with gold and silver. Under the pretext that the expedition had been undertaken without orders, he seized the vessels, and directed Lieutenant Chrostoff, together with his companion Dawidoff, to be thrown into prison. They were stripped of every thing, even to their very clothes, and for a whole month they were treated with the utmost inhumanity. They were separated from one another, so that they were deprived even of the miserable satisfaction of mutual complaint, and had no other prospect than that of dying of hunger in a damp and filthy dungeon.

From this dreadful situation they had no means of deliverance, except flight. But how were they to elude the vigilance of their numerous guards? How, without money and provisions, could they venture to traverse immense deserts? Jakutsk, the nearest place, was not less than a thousand wersts distant. Their guardian angel prepared the way for their release. By their courteous behaviour they had gained the love of all the inhabitants,

and their guards themselves were affected by their unmerited sufferings. They found an opportunity of communicating with each other, and agreed to attempt their escape by night. The health of both was indeed impaired in the unwholesome dungeon, and their strength was reduced by hunger; but they chose rather to die in the enjoyment of liberty than to linger out their days in confinement. The appointed night arrived. Each left behind a paper in his prison, declaring that the guards had been stupified by opium. Their joy at meeting once more and sinking unfettered into each other's arms, was inexpressible. Some benevolent inhabitants of Ochotsk had provided them with two guns and a quantity of biscuit. They immediately set out on their journey; but fearful of being pursued, they took their way through woods and morasses where human foot had never yet trodden.

At first it seemed as if their emaciated bodies would not long be capable of enduring such fatigue. They were so much exhausted, that they already sought a cavern for their grave. Nevertheless, pure air and daily exercise, of both which they had been for two months deprived, operated with such beneficial effect, that they began to recover their strength and spirits, and courageously persevered. We are not informed how long they were in performing this dreary journey. Their provision was soon consumed, and they were reduced to the greatest extremity. Almost perished with hunger, sick, and in tatters, they at length reached Jakutsk. An order from Ochotsk for

their apprehension had arrived before them. This order, among other things, contained this remarkable direction—to search whether they had any gold along with them. Bucharin thirsted for gold even in a region where a crust of bread is deemed far more valuable.

The governor of Jakutsk commanded the fugitives to be confined. The governor-general, however, hearing of the circumstance, dispatched an order that they should be sent to Irkutsk. A rumour of the affair had also by this time reached Petersburg; the minister wrote, forbidding the officers to be detained: and thus they at length found their way back to the metropolis, in 1808, after an absence of four years.

Scarcely had they reposed three months from their fatigues, when General Buxhowden, who commanded the army in Finland, was apprized of their return; and having previously heard of their courage and abilities, he requested the assistance of the two officers by name of the minister of the marine. They were instantly ready for the defence of their country. Three days after they had joined the army, twenty gun-boats were placed under their command. With these they had an obstinate engagement with the enemy, on the 18th of August, near the island of Sudzow, and proved victorious. Chrostoff was the bearer to Count Buxhowden of the account of this action, in which, according to the official report, he bore a most distinguished part. The count was highly pleased with the intelligence, and as they were just then passing a piquet which saluted the

general, he said, pointing to Chrostoff, "Not to me, but to the conqueror." He repaired in person to the shore where the boats lay, and where all their crews triumphantly assured him, that the victory was gained by Chrostoff alone. Four times during the action had the young hero been on the brink of destruction, for four boats in which he was had been shattered and sunk.

On two other occasions during this campaign, did he gather laurels in similar engagements: on the 6th September off the island of Palto, and on the 19th off that of Tewsalo; where the Vice-Admiral Mesajedoff highly commended his extraordinary intrepidity. In all these dangers Dawidoff was his inseparable companion; he also distinguished himself, and was slightly wounded. In the beginning of winter both repaired to St. Petersburg, in hopes of receiving the reward of their gallantry. Inscrutable fate, however, decreed otherwise.

Wulf, the American, of whom they had purchased the *Juno* at the island of Sitka, and with whom they had formed a sincere friendship, arrived on the 4th of October, 1809, at St. Petersburg, and as he was obliged to set out again the next morning, he requested his old friends to pass the evening with him. He lodged in Wasiliostrow, an island, connected by a bridge of boats with the other parts of the city. It was late before they separated. When Chrostoff and Dawidoff came to the bridge, they found one of the boats removed to allow a bark to pass. The space between the bark and the bridge appeared but small. Impatient to

get home, they designed to jump upon the bark, and thence on the other side of the bridge, but not springing far enough, both fell into the Newa and were drowned. They had courageously traversed the most tempestuous and dangerous seas; a hundred times they had braved death in battle; they had

fortunately escaped tempests, rocks, and bullets; they had exposed their lives in the deserts of Siberia, and were now destined to lose them in the midst of the capital, returning from a convivial party. Their bodies were sought in vain. No pen can describe the anguish of their parents and friends.

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXXIII.

THE principal advantage which the Isle of France derives from its ports and situation, is, that of being a military depôt for wars in India; but then the mother country must possess the superiority at sea: in such case, a commercial *entrepôt* would be the natural consequence. Having thus given as ample an account of these two interesting islands as we could select from the works published, at different periods, by the Abbès Raynal and Le Caille; Messrs. Roehen, St. Pierre, Poivre, Le Gentil, and Cosigny, who was governor here in the year 1791; together with those of our own countrymen, Admiral Kempenfelt and Captain Munro: we must beg the indulgence of your numerous readers, whilst we make some brief remarks and observations upon the conduct of several of our former administrations, and put some interrogatories why these islands were permitted to remain so long in the possession of our avowed enemy, the French, who were also our determined rivals in the trade of India; and whence also our trade thither was greatly enoyned, and more than once in danger of annihilation.

To shew the consequence of these islands to France in the defence of her possessions in India, it will only be necessary to cite some few passages from the authors already mentioned. The Abbè Raynal, who visited these islands in person, speaking of Mauritius, and of the many speculative projects for rendering it most useful both to itself as well as the then mother country, France; among other matters, says, that, in 1764, government took the colony under its own immediate controul; and from that period to 1776, the population had been successively increasing to 6386 whites, including 2955 soldiers; 1199 free negroes, and 25,154 slaves: the cattle also were increased to 25,307. Some few years before, it was suggested to the government to buy up, at a good price, all the grain which the planters might have to sell, since which time the harvests had considerably increased; and he adds, if this plan is uninterruptedly followed, the colony will soon furnish provisions, not only sufficient for its own inhabitants, but also for those navigators who may frequent its roads; and likewise for the numerous fleets and armies

which circumstances must, sooner or later, bring thither.—Then this island will be the bulwark of all the settlements which France possesses, or may one day acquire in the Indies; the center of all military operations, offensive or defensive, which her interest will oblige her to undertake or to sustain in these distant regions." He proceeds by saying, "As it lies out of the common track, its expeditions can be carried on with greater secrecy: those who wish it were nearer to our continent, do not consider, that if it were, it would

be impossible to pass, in a short time, from its road to the most distant gulphs of these regions, which is an inestimable advantage to a nation that has no seaport in India. Great Britain sees with a jealous eye her rivals possessed of a settlement where the ruin of her property in Asia may be prepared. At the breaking out of a war, her utmost efforts will certainly be exerted against a colony that threatens her richest treasures.—What a misfortune for France, should she suffer herself to be deprived of it!"

MERCATOR & Co.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. Ackermann has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, in twenty monthly numbers, forming two volumes, *The History of the University of Cambridge*: illustrated by eighty highly finished and coloured engravings, fac-similes of drawings, representing exterior and interior views of the colleges, halls, public buildings, and costume, as well as of the more striking parts of the town; dedicated, by permission, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, Chancellor of the University. The first number of this work, which will in every respect correspond with *The History of Oxford*, now publishing, will appear on the 1st of May, 1811.

The same publisher also announces the following works:—

1. *Poetical Illustrations*, by Wm. Combe, Esq. of six engravings by Thielke, after the elegant designs of her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth: to be printed by Bulmer, at the Shakspeare press.

No. LVI. Vol. X.

2. *A Tour to Scarborough*, a poem; forming one volume, royal octavo, embellished with twenty-one coloured engravings.

3. A new edition, being the fourth, of the popular *Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*; which, with the preceding work, will appear in the beginning of August.

4. *The Costume of Yorkshire*, illustrated by forty highly finished and coloured engravings, fac-similes of original drawings, descriptive of the peculiar dress, occupation, and manners of various inhabitants of that extensive and populous county. This work, printed by Bensley, will be published by subscription, in ten monthly numbers, forming one handsome volume, uniform with the *Costume of China, Austria, &c.* containing forty highly finished coloured engravings. Five hundred copies only will be printed, and the first number will appear in August.

5. *A Series of Flowers and Fruits*, engraved by Mr. Busby, from the

designs of Madame Vincent, of Paris. This work will be completed in twelve numbers, the first of which will appear on the 1st of August. Each number will contain two beautiful coloured subjects and outlines, well calculated as studies for pupils, and will be accompanied with letter-press instructions.

Mr. L'Evêque is engaged in the publication of a series of Engravings, illustrative of the Campaigns of the British army in Spain and Portugal, under the command of the Marquis of Wellington. Two numbers have already appeared, and when complete, this work will be a highly interesting and splendid monument of the successes of the British arms in the Peninsula.

Major Stewart's *History of Bengal, from the first Mohammedan Invasion until the virtual Conquest of that Country by the English A.D. 1757*, in 4to. will appear in the course of the present month.

A novel from the pen of a lady of considerable literary celebrity, is in the press, entitled *The Age we Live in*.

Mr. Bradley has in the press, a new elementary work on *Geography*, the result of much practice in the art of teaching. It is essentially different from all others, and by it may be acquired, in one quarter of the time, a more correct and comprehensive knowledge of geography, than can possibly be obtained from any of the old systems.

Mr. Martin Smart, the late editor of Blair's Class-Book, had prepared for the press a work on a similar plan, but adapted exclusively for young ladies. It will be published in a few days, under the title of *The Female Class-Book*. The ex-

tracts, which are taken principally from female writers, relate wholly to subjects connected with female duties, morals, manners, and education, though enlivened by occasional pieces of an entertaining description. But the principal feature which will recommend it to adoption in ladies' schools, is, a more scrupulous regard to the exclusion of all pieces in any degree likely to heat the unguarded imagination, or excite a too lively curiosity in young minds.

Dr. Robert Watt, of Glasgow, has in the press a work on the *History, Nature, and Treatment of Chincough*, illustrated by a variety of cases and dissections; to which will be subjoined an enquiry into the relative mortality of the principal diseases of children in Glasgow during the last thirty years, and the number who have died at various periods under ten years of age.

Shortly will be published, printed upon card leaves of cartridge paper, to be used with a portable frame, which will ensure their durability, Reynolds' *Arithmetic for Madras Schools*, or a specimen of the four fundamental rules as originated and taught in one operation, with such complete success, at the Lambeth School; and peculiarly calculated, from its simplicity, to save three fourths of the time usually appropriated to the study of these rudiments.

Robert Corry, jun. Esq. proposes to publish *The History and Antiquities of Yarmouth, in Norfolk*, in two quarto volumes, embellished with many engravings.

Messrs. Cadell and Davies have circulated proposals, for the pur-

pose of informing the possessors of the magnificent edition of the Sacred Scriptures published by the late Mr. Macklin, that it will shortly be completed by the publication of *The Apocrypha*, printed in the same size and manner by Mr. Bensley, and forming a volume similar to those of the Old and New Testaments. It will be illustrated by historical engravings by Messrs. C. Heath, Landseer, Bromley, Golding, &c.; and head and tail pieces wholly by Mr. Landseer, from pictures and drawings which were the last work of the late Mr. de Loutherbourg.

Shortly will be published, in two volumes 4to. *Historical, Military, and Picturesque Observations on Portugal*; illustrated by numerous coloured views and authentic plans of all the sieges and battles fought in the Peninsula during the present war, by George Landmann, Captain in the corps of Royal Engineers.

The Rev. D. Williams, late of Christ-Church, Oxford, will shortly publish, in an octavo volume, *The Laws relating to the Clergy*; intended as a guide to the clerical profession in the legal and canonical discharge of their various duties.

Mrs. Pilkington will shortly publish *Sketches from Nature*, written during a short residence at Margate.

W. H. Yate, Esq. will speedily publish, *The Palace, or Memoirs of the Royal House of Denmark*, founded on the Marriage Act of that state.

Captain Matthew Flinders is preparing for publication, by authority of the Board of Admiralty, *A Voyage in Terra Australis*, in his

Majesty's ship the *Investigator*, in two quarto volumes, illustrated by plates and charts.

Mr. Robert Walpole has in the press, in a quarto volume, *Memoirs on European and Asiatic Turkey*, from the manuscript journals of modern travellers in those countries.

A Tour in Teesdale, including Rokeby and its environs, is in the press.

At a late meeting of the Royal Society, an interesting paper by Dr. Reid Clanny, of Sunderland, was read; in which was described his newly invented lamp for affording a clear and steady light, without any chance of exciting those dreadful explosions in coal-mines, which are still so common and so destructive, notwithstanding the advantages of ventilation. The lamp is very strong and extremely simple, while at the same time the light is so completely isolated from the atmosphere, that no more air can explode at a time than the lamp contains; and by this means, no accident whatever can happen to the miners or pitmen. It appears, that, during the last seven years only, above 200 miners have been suddenly killed in the neighbourhood of Sunderland alone, who have left 300 widows and children to be supported by the public.

One of our correspondents would be glad to receive information respecting the origin of the seal used by the Mayor of Dover. The device is a beggar entreating alms of a knight in armour, mounted on a charger. He conceives, that it must have some reference to a circumstance, of which at' with whom he has conversed on the subject, are

ignorant. Some of our readers may, perhaps, have it in their power to gratify the curiosity of this correspondent.

The late Mr. Close, of Dalton in Furness, Westmoreland, was induced, some years before his death, to devote his attention to the means of rendering the limited scale of the French horn, bugle horn, and trumpet more complete. This point, after many experiments and much philosophical reasoning on the subject, he accomplished, to the astonishment of all who were competent to judge of the difficulties which he had to surmount.—The first of these improvements, which has long been desirable to musicians, is accomplished by tubular appendages, connected with the main channels of horns and trumpets, and provided with finger-holes, which are *open* when the instruments produce the notes of their original scales, and variously closed for those that are supplementary. The second particular of the invention is obtained, by affixing very small pipes, or tubular appendages, to those parts or flexures of the instruments where water collects; in such manner, that the fluid may either flow out spontaneously, or be expelled through the same by the performer occasionally blowing into his trumpet without sounding, and holding it in a proper position for the ducts to convey the water.—The finger-holes are added to each instrument upon a new principle. They are not contained in the side of the *main channel*, as already intimated, but in a pipe communicating with it. By several peculiarities of con-

struction, the larger additions have been reduced to such compact sizes, as to be no encumbrance; and the holes brought into a convenient compass for fingering, which is so easy a process, that, for the most useful supplementary notes in the principal key of each instrument, it may be acquired in half an hour by an intelligent performer. Indeed, by a systematic simplification of the fingering, whole strains may often be played on the trumpet with the movement of a single finger. The instruments constructed with these improvements are appropriately denominated *polyphonium*.—This invention Mr. Close disposed of to Mr. Percival, of St. James's-street, London, who obtained a patent for it, and who has spared neither attention nor expence to render the improvement as perfect as the ingenious inventor could desire. Anxious to accomplish this, Mr. Percival had a French horn made with the utmost care, to send to Furness, for the inspection of Mr. Close, who, in the last stage of a consumption, was extremely anxious to see it complete. Notwithstanding his zeal to gratify this the inventor's favourite wish, it did not arrive until the day after that which closed for ever the eyes of the worthy and ingenious philosopher of Furness.—Nothing can exceed the beautiful harmony that is produced by a duet played upon French horns constructed on this improved plan. To military bands these instruments are indispensable, as they are now capable of accompanying an air in any key.

A serpent of a species supposed

by Bryan Edwards, in his *History of Barbadoes*, to have been extinct for more than 100 years, was lately found on the island: it was twelve feet long and two feet in girth; and had killed several head of cattle, by enfolding its body round their throat, and suffocating them. It displayed extraordinary sagacity in eluding search, never choosing a hiding-place which had not several openings remote from each other, whence it usually escaped. Its powers of motion were incredible, distancing the swiftest dogs, and clearing at a bound a space of fourteen feet. Many of the negroes, from the sagacity, wisdom, and courage displayed by the animal, considered it as animated by an evil spirit, and began to regard it with veneration: it was killed in the act of bringing forth its young, eight miles from the spot where it was first seen, and where it had suffocated a heifer.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

L'EROINA DI RAAB, the much admired Opera as performed at the King's Theatre for Madame Catalani's Benefit, composed and dedicated, by Permission, to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, by G. G. Ferrari; the whole arranged by M. C. Mortellari. Pr. (complete) 11. 5s.; 1st act, 15s.; 2d act, 12s.

The overture to this opera may fairly challenge competition among dramatic compositions of this class. It exhibits a combination of skill, science, and classical taste rarely to be met with in similar productions of the present day. The slow

movement is impressive and solemn; but it is the allegro, in particular, which has engrossed our attention; by the rich display of Mr. F.'s compositorial talents: its fine subject in E minor, the skilful deductions drawn from it in every imaginable key, the occasional wanderings through ranges of scientific chords, the many original transitions, the well contrived counterpoints—in short, the whole structure of this movement, place the author's well known abilities in the most conspicuous and enviable light.

On comparing the subsequent vocal part of the opera with the overture, a sensible difference cannot fail to be felt. It is as if, in the latter, the author had proposed to treat the select few with the richest effusion of his talent, and had intentionally, probably not voluntarily, restricted a portion of that talent, in order to adapt the vocal part of the opera either to the taste of the performer or to that of the general mass of the audience, or perhaps to both. Hence we find the general complexion of the arias, duets, &c. bearing the character of rather agreeable, neat, and not unfrequently elegant music, than of scientific labour and originality. Not that we wish to depreciate the merit of this arduous performance; on the contrary, we are free to say, *L'Eroina di Raab* appears to us the best opera that has for some years been written in this country: all we maintain is, that a little less adherence to the common formulas and well beaten track of the Italian school, would have infused additional interest into the work.

Our confined space forbids a *catalogue raisonné* of the numerous pieces contained in the two volumes before us. To mention a few: Madame Catalani's cavatina, "*Ti lascio, t'abbandono*," and her subsequent duet with Signor Tramezzani, is an elegant composition. That gentleman's song, "*Tuonai tra l'armi in Campo*," is spirited and imposing, and well supported by a richly diversified accompaniment. The grand scena, sung by Madame Catalani (p. 30), has no less a strong claim to our approbation. The several movements it consists of are well devised, and combine to produce an interesting whole; that part especially where the chorus intervenes or mingles with her strains, produces a happy effect: and here, as well as in some other instances, we have to applaud the judgment of the arranger, who, to render Madame Catalani's part accessible to less proficient singers, has added an additional stave, exhibiting the essence of the melody under a less complicated form. In the finale, the canon, "*Sento fra palpiti*," merits unqualified and great praise. This is Mr. F.'s *forte*; and accordingly we find the three voices rivetted into each other not only with skill, but with such taste and knowledge of effect, as to produce a well linked and chaste progress of the general harmony.—In the second act, our attention is strongly fixed on Mr. Righi's "*Come potrai quest' Anima*." The motivo of the *andante* possesses uncommon sweetness, and is (p. 79) reintroduced with the best effect. Altogether, this composition contains some hap-

py ideas, which entitle it to a prominent rank in the work. The sudden burst into C major from four sharps, is one of its excellencies. The little trifle assigned to Signora Luigia is by no means the least in our love; on the contrary, however singular we may appear, there is, in our opinion, more originality in the turn the melody takes p. 82, and especially in the neat transition to E major, than in almost any other part of the opera; although we could have wished for a more natural progress of harmony at "*il nostro stato e questo*."

Having already exceeded our limits, we shall conclude this critical sketch by rendering due justice to the taste and picturesque variety which is conspicuous in most of the accompaniments; a merit of the Italian school which Mr. F. has brought into action with as much ability and judgment as decided success.—Among several errors of the press, one which gives the treble, instead of the bass cleff to the aria, "*Sonogli Eroi del Tebro*," might puzzle at first sight; and to the publishers, Messrs. Falkner and Christmas (who deserve great credit for the neat typographical execution of this publication), we would suggest the expediency of adding an index of the songs, &c. to any future opera they may have to lay before the public.

Divertissement Dansant, formant six Contre-Danses de différentes Nations, avec Figures caractéristiques par Madame Angiolini, la Musique composée et dédiée to the Hon. Miss Mercer Elphinstone, par F. Venua. Pr. 4s.

The *Dances* of this rather novel

publication, possess much of that lightsome grace which characterizes other compositions of Mr. Venua's; although, as far as we may presume to be judges, some of the ideas they exhibit, appear more congenial to scenic than to domestic performance. The different subjects devised in the French, Polish, Russian, Spanish, German, and Italian styles, bear considerable marks of respective musical nationality. The Russian subject in particular is highly original, and the pretty ideas that movement contains, are enhanced by some select harmonic colouring. The *Polonaise* deviates from the marked character of the *Polacca*, by closing with the common chord in the *accented part* of the bar. The minor is too abruptly introduced after the 4 bars major, which do not terminate in a full cadence; and in the second bar of the minor, besides our objection to the two first E's in the melody (which had better have been E sharp), the harmony of the accompaniment is faulty: it ought to be—A (sharp) 4, 6. In the *Bolero*, the long white notes in the bass are not a sufficient support for the dancers. The *Allemande*, No. 5, and *L'Italienne*, No. 6, are uncommonly neat; the different parts are square and well rounded. Of the figures we cannot pretend to judge; the name of their author, Madame Angiolini, is a sufficient pledge for their adequacy and elegance.

No. 13. "*Pray Goody*," with *Variations for the Piano - Forte, Harp, and Flute, composed, and inscribed to the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Gordon*, by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 5s.; single, 3s.

However satiated with "*Pray Goodies*," we were greatly entertained by this new dress which Mr. M.'s fertile imagination and fine taste have devised for the good old lady; and we can aver, that the evident pains and attention exerted in preparing a holiday dress, calculated to outline the numerous productions of musical mantuamakers and botching tailors antecedently employed on her ladyship's shape, have not been bestowed in vain. The theme itself is well harmonized, and almost at the outset thrown advantageously into the left hand. A pleasing singing melody is extracted from it, p. 3, at *con espressione*; p. 4 we observe an interesting use of crossed hands, and some able bass passages. When the harp enters as principal, a rich and striking harmony is produced. The variation in broken semiquavers p. 7, the running passages p. 8, and the fanciful little coda, have each their distinct attractions. All seems in its proper place, and the author's care, assisted by his great experience, is visible throughout; so that we may venture to assign to this number a pre-eminent rank among its predecessors.

The Flight from Russia, a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, by Miss A. Valentine. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The introductory slow movement is very respectable; but faults occur in the cadence (l. 4, from one pause to the other). In the first bar of the rondo, also, we meet with several successive octaves. Otherwise we are, upon the whole, pleased with this movement. The minor too, p. 3, is well put together;

but it is not the first time that we have heard its component parts.

Beauty in Tears, a Ballad, sung by Mr. Braham, in the Grand Romance of Lodoiska, written and arranged by John Parry. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A neat trifle, of simple melody and plain harmony. It is, however, impossible not to recognize its parent, "*Cease your fanning*," which, unconsciously, no doubt, prevailed in Mr. P.'s imagination at the time of writing "*Beauty in Tears*."

"*The fair Nymph I adore*," a *Canonet*, composed by a Lady. Pr. 1s.

Sweetness and adequate expression are more perceptible in the melody, than constant correctness in the harmony. In the second bar, for instance, the discord leading to the chord of E, is not solved. The latter part of bar 7 is likewise crude. A little study of grammar, added to the fair author's taste, will render her compositions interesting.

Six favourite Songs for the Piano-Forte, arranged, in an easy Style, for the use of juvenile Singers.—Book I. Pr. 5s.

A collection of the following popular airs, from the works of different composers, viz.—1st. *Robin Adair*, sung by Mr. Braham.—2d. "*Sad, sad is my breast*," composed by Mr. William Reeve.—3d. *The little Netting-Girl*, by Mr. Bishop.—4th. "*Ah! roses are sweet*," by Mr. M. P. King.—5th. "*The sigh of her heart was sincere*," by Sir J. Stevenson.—6th. "*He loves and rides away*," by Mr. C. E. Horn. This selection appears judicious; the arrangement is, as professed, very easy, and, in general, proper; although in some instances errors have crept into the harmony. Bars

7 and 8, p. 4, are very objectionable, on more than one account; and, in pp. 9 and 10, we have discovered several instances of successive octaves.

Les petits Bijoux. No. IX. Pr. 2s.

This is, in our opinion, the best number of Messrs. Goulding and Co.'s publication above named. It consists of a romance and rondo, composed by the Rev. Mr. Gelinek. The larghetto throughout is tasteful, but its second part, in particular, beyond our praise. The rondo, with a subject in the waltz style, possesses, from beginning to end, the most elegant fluency: its modulations in the latter part of p. 3, are uncommonly fine; and the conclusion is masterly. In short, every thing here is good and complete, and by no means over intricate: we cannot, therefore, dismiss this composition without the strongest recommendation.

The Medley Pas-sent in the Pantomime of Harlequin and the Red Dwarf, or the Adamant Rock, composed by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s. 6d.

After a decent little slow movement in C minor, come the well known dances, "*Vous lez vous danser, Mademoiselle?*" and *The Recovery*, with a short minor, and an appropriate conclusion.

OF ALADDIN, or *The Wonderful Lamp*, the melo-dramatic romance performed at Covent-Garden, the following pieces, arranged for the piano-forte, have appeared in print, viz.—

The Overture, composed by W. H. Ware. Pr. 2s.

We were much pleased with this overture, and consider it one of the best Mr. W. has written. The slow movement is chaste and im-

pressive. The allegro (which is indebted for its subject, almost *verbatim*, to Mozart's "*Notte e giorno faticar*") has also considerable claims to our favour. The ideas follow each other in smooth succession; some agreeable responsive passages occur p. 4, where (l. 2), and p. 5, l. 2, we discover modulations highly creditable to the author. The sudden appearance of the chord of B (p. 5, l. 3), causes pleasing surprise; and the allegro from thence is ably led to a shewy termination. The subject of the rondo is beautiful, and its superstructure, as well as the clarinet solo, are proper and in good taste. The whole is within the reach of moderately advanced players, and very proper for their exercise.

"*Every Face looks cheerly, Glee for three Voices (Aladdin)*, by W. H. Ware. Pr. 2s.

Although simple in its structure, and not peculiarly striking by any original passage, this trio is put together in good order, and proceeds respectably, so as to promise entertainment to plain singers.

The Bell-Dance (Aladdin), by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A neat allegretto, with several interesting variations, of which the one at bottom of p. 3 has excited our especial attention by its well devised bass. There are one or two grammatical flaws, such as p. 4, l. 5, b. 2, where offensive octaves have crept into the arrangement.

The Grand March (Aladdin), composed by W. H. Ware. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The motivo and the elaboration are spirited, and well calculated for the dramatic effect intended. Among the several distinct parts, the one in the middle of p. 2 is par-

ticularly well imagined. The arrangement is so easy as to be accessible to beginners, for whose practice and amusement this piece appears to us well calculated.

"*Though highest Rank and Power be mine (Aladdin)*, sung by Miss Bolton, accompanied by the Harp, composed by H. Condell. Price 1s. 6d.

We regret to say, this composition does not, in the arrangement before us, exhibit any one commendable feature. Consecutive octaves, and other transgressions of the laws of harmony, occur in every one of the three pages.

The Medley Pas-seul (Aladdin), composed by H. Condell. Price 1s. 6d.

The first line almost deterred us from proceeding to the performance of the remainder; and we are compelled to own, that the sequel afforded no cause for congratulating ourselves at having overcome our primary reluctance.

Vive Henry Quatre, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, by J. L. Dussek. Pr. 2s.

Every lover of French music is acquainted with the wild originality of the air which forms the theme of these variations, which, to say little, are equally original. Unquestionably, they contain many skilful and beautiful harmonic combinations; but, on the other hand, we have met with numerous, so unaccountable and unwarrantable, deviations from not only the rules of strict harmony, but even the most extended latitude a composer may allow himself, that we frequently felt momentary doubts, whether this composition owed its origin to the Dussek or so often and so

warmly admired. As an instance of compositorial temerity, the publication is highly curious. Unique specimens, like the close of the 1st part of the third variation, are to be met with in abundance; in short, a mutinous spirit against the established laws of counterpoint, seems to have guided this time the great Dussek's pen. The latter portion of the publication is more loyal: vars. 8, 9, and 10, are not only very good, but in many parts evince beauties worthy of the departed author's great genius. All requires first-rate proficiency on the instrument.

National Melodies, consisting of the most admired Airs of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, arranged as Rondos, or with Variations for the Piano-Forte, and an introductory Movement to each, composed by the most eminent Authors. No. XII. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Ditto, Ditto. No. XX. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Both the above numbers of Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s monthly publication, are from the pen of Mr. Graeff. The former sets out with a very fine adagio in F, which, among other commendable ideas, exhibits (l. 3) a series of chromatic transitions, perfectly sufficient to give an opinion, if necessary, of the author's classical and scientific taste. The subject of the variations is the Scotch air, "*Down the burn, Davie.*" Although we have no great predilection for the choice of Scotch themes to variations, we must do Mr. G. the justice to say, that he has ably fought against the difficulties his selection entailed upon him. In the variation p. 5,

he has the least successfully struggled against the awkward nature of that part of the melody which, in the 8th and 16th bars, closes with the third of the key (A): hence the uncouth harmony p. 5, l. 1, bb. 2 to 3, &c.:—p. 4, l. 5, likewise, we meet with offensive fifths in the bass between the end of the 2d and beginning of the 3d bar. We were particularly pleased with the whole of p. 7; where an interesting play upon a range of chords leads, under suspended harmony, to a tasteful conclusion. The more Mr. G. has swerved from his unthankful subject, the more interesting his performance has proved in this instance.

No. XX. likewise built upon a Scotch theme ("*My Jo Janet*"), gives rise to very similar observations. The cadence (E, G) alone, of every period in the melody of the subject, is too repugnant to have given it any strong claim for selection. The introductory slow movement, except bar 3, and its brothers and cousins throughout (which present successive fifths), is replete with expression, tasteful ideas, and select harmonic combinations. In the allegro we notice the agreeable dolce, p. 4—the neat passages and modulations, p. 5—the ingenious deduction of the minor from the major theme, p. 6—and of the presto, p. 8, from the same parent stock. A great recommendation in favour of this and of the preceding composition, is, the attention which has been paid to digital facility, and which infuses ease into passages of difficult aspect.

PLATE 9.—PORTMAN-SQUARE.

THIS square is esteemed the next in beauty, as it is in extent, to Grosvenor-square. It is built with more regularity than the latter; but the very uniformity of the houses, and the small projection of the cornices, are not favourable to grandeur and picturesque effect. It is of more modern erection than any of the other squares in the western part of the metropolis, and received its name from an opulent family, to which its site and that of several of the adjacent streets belongs, and of which John Berkeley Portman, Esq. M. P. is the present representative. The north side is the part exhibited in the annexed view.

One of the most conspicuous objects about this square, is, the mansion of the late Mrs. Montague, in the north-west corner. This lady, who was not more distinguished for a highly cultivated understanding and literary talents, than for the native benevolence of her heart, made it a custom, while she lived, to give an entertainment annually to the children doomed to a trade at once dangerous, disagreeable, and proverbially contemptible, the chimney-sweepers. On May-day, their annual festival, her house and gardens were thrown open to as many of them as chose to partake of a plentiful dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, provided for the occasion. The tables were laid in the garden, and during the repast, the sooty guests were waited upon by servants in livery, with the greatest formality and attention. Monarchs themselves, at their pub-

lic dinners, might have envied the concourse of persons of all ranks who assembled to witness the gratifying spectacle. The inquisitive observer of human nature could not fail to remark, in the conduct of the guests, the proneness of man to forget himself, and to assume an air of importance whenever he is raised even so little above his ordinary sphere; whilst the great majority, to whose minds no such humiliating reflections suggested themselves, were highly diverted with the many insolent airs assumed on the joyful occasion by the gentlemen of the brush, who, bedizened in their May-day paraphernalia, and mounted on their donkeys, would rush through the crowd of spectators with all the arrogance of foreign princes.

Respecting the circumstance to which this benevolent custom owed its origin, we have no certain information. According to report, it was instituted in memory of Mrs. Montague's brother, who, in his infancy, was kidnapped, and, after some time, discovered in the service of a chimney-sweeper. The hardships which he endured in this degrading employment, are said to have made so deep an impression on the mind of his relative, that she established this festival, in order to afford those who are engaged in it, at least one happy day in the year.

At the south-west corner of the square, is the house in which M. Otto, the negociator of the peace of Amiens, on the part of France,

resided. The brilliance of the illuminations displayed by him on that event, must still be remembered by many of our readers; but probably the following anecdote may not be so generally known. One of the devices exhibited in the front of M. Otto's house, in allusion to the peace, was the word CONCORD, formed of variegated lamps. Musicians teach, that there can be no *concorde*s without *discords*, and so it had well nigh proved on this occasion. Among the vast concourse of spectators attracted from all quarters by the magnificence of the scene, were two honest tars, who were much better versed in the nautical vocabulary, than in the lessons of Dilworth or Mavor.—“Hey, Jack,” said one to the other, “what d’ye call that?”—“C, o, n, c, o, r, d,” said his companion, spelling the word:—“a lie, by G—d! D—mn my eyes if we are *conquer’d*.” Indignant at what they conceived so glaring a violation of truth, these hearty fellows began priming and loading with such missiles as they could pick up, with the avowed intention of demolishing the obnoxious device; when a by-stander, who had overheard their conversation, with some difficulty appeased

their patriotic fury, and convinced them of their mistake.

During the residence of the last Ottoman ambassador to the British court, in the metropolis, he occupied a house on the west side of the square. Within the extensive inclosed area in the center, is a small summer-house, erected at the expence of his excellency, for the accommodation of the ladies who frequent this place as a promenade, and left by him, at his departure, as a token of his gratitude for the civilities and attentions which he had received from them. Whilst the ambassador continued here, this square was the resort of all the beauty and fashion of this district of the metropolis.

If we cannot help considering this square inferior, as a promenade, to some others which are enlivened and diversified by trees and shrubs, its nakedness, however, affords this advantage, that the eye of the passenger is enabled to take in the whole at one view; whereas, in Grosvenor-square, for example, the prospect of the houses on every side, except that where the spectator may happen to be, is in a great measure obstructed.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

SPANISH PENINSULA.

OUR sanguine expectations founded upon the gigantic plan of campaign, and the great strength and effective state of the army of Lord Wellington, as well as on the conviction of the numerical inferiority of his opponents, have been more than realized. The result

of his lordship's profound manœuvres has been the BATTLE OF VICTORIA, a victory unprecedented in the annals of British valour, an event pregnant with momentous consequences, not only for Spain, but for all Europe!

We have to take up the narrative of the military occurrences which

preceded it, from the 2d June, when we left our commander in chief at Toro upon the Douro. On that day Colonel Grant had a brilliant cavalry affair with the French rear, which lost 210 prisoners and many killed. On the 3d his lordship moved his right wing, under General Hill, across the Douro, and united the Galician army under General Giron, to his left wing under General Graham. The French united armies of Portugal and of the North had crossed the Douro at Tordesillas, on the 1st and 2d June; and the day after, their army of the Center under Marshal Jourdan, hastily marched from Madrid, likewise crossed that river, to join their fugitive brethren. Valladolid was evacuated on the 4th. On the 7th, the allied army, in rapid pursuit of the enemy, crossed the Carrion, and having in like manner passed the Pisuerga on the 8th and 9th, its left wing, already sufficiently forward, was halted on the 11th or 12th; while the right was moved towards Burgos, where the enemy had established himself in position. A movement by our left turned this position, forced him to cross the Arlanzon, to evacuate Burgos (the castle of which, of impregnable memory, he blew up), and to fall back, by Briviesca and Miranda, upon the Ebro, destroying every one of the defences they had been at so much pains to fortify, except the castle of Pancorvo.

To be able to chase the French army to the left bank of the Ebro, had hitherto been the utmost extent of the most sanguine expectations. A simple manœuvre now drove them entirely from that river. On the 14th our left wing, under

General Graham, crossed it as high up as St. Martin and Rocamonde, appeared directly in the flank of the enemy, and forced him to abandon this important line. On the next day the rest of the allied army passed by the same bridges and that of Arenas. Two French corps, the one collected at Frias, the other at Espejo, endeavoured to arrest the rapid progress of our troops by an attack made on the 18th by the former against Baron D'Alten's brigade at St. Millan, and by the latter against the advance of General Graham's corps at Osma. Both attempts were not only quickly repelled, but General Graham, in overthrowing his opponents, followed on their heels through Espejo, and arrived at Subijana on the river Bajas; whither the whole of the army was moved on the 19th. The French rear-guard being found in a strong position on the left bank, they were manœuvred out of it by our light division, which turned their left, while the 4th division attacked them in front. This operation pushed them on Vittoria, where, favoured by the ground, and depending upon works devised for that purpose, as well as on an immense artillery, Marshal Jourdan (who now commanded in chief, and who had collected the French armies of the Center, the North, and of Portugal on that spot), resolved to await Lord Wellington, and to oppose by a pitched battle his further progress. His lordship, accepting the challenge, employed the 20th June in reconnoitring the enemy's position, in closing up his columns, and in disposing them in stations suitable for the contest of the following day.

The French army, stated 70,000 strong, was posted in an extended line in front of the town of Vittoria, with the small river Zadora partly before them; their left rested on the strong heights of Puebla de Arlanzon, their center stretched across the valley of the Zadora, and their right, stationed near Vittoria, was destined to defend the passage of that river in the neighbourhood of the town. They had, besides, a reserve in the rear, and one division with some cavalry placed on the extreme left, along the villages of Gamarra Menor, Gamarra Major, and Abechueho (which places were strongly entrenched), to protect their communication with France by the high road to Bayonne.

The operations of the memorable 21st of June commenced from our right. The important post on the heights of Puebla, insufficiently occupied by the enemy, was carried by Sir Rowland Hill with some Spanish and English troops. As soon as Jourdan perceived his mistake, every exertion was made to recover the lost ground. Fresh French troops were successively detached to force the post of Puebla; but Sir Rowland Hill being proportionally reinforced, and his Spanish division, as well as the English battalions sent to their support, fighting with heroic obstinacy, Puebla was never lost one moment. Under cover of these heights our right crossed the Zadora, and took the village of Subijana de Alava, against great resistance, and against repeated attempts to recover it. Having thus secured a footing upon the enemy's flank, and opened the passages of

the Zadora, several divisions of our center crossed successively the stream higher up, with a view to a combined attack with Sir Rowland Hill; but the enemy's line having been weakened by his detachments on the left, he did not await the attack, but retreated in good order from this part of the scene of action to Vittoria.

While our right and center gained these successes, our left wing under Graham, the columns of which, owing to the difficulty of the ground, were brought forward much more slowly than had been expected, made their appearance on the extreme right of the enemy, and immediately moved on the high road to Bayonne: Gamarra Menor was gained in an instant; Gamarra Major, by its strength, offered an obstinate resistance; but, in spite of a murderous fire of artillery, our troops stormed it without firing a shot, and took three pieces of cannon. Abechueho next shared the same fate, after an obstinate defence, and a further loss of three cannons. The greatest efforts were made by the French to recover Gamarra Major, but Major-General Oswald bravely maintained the place. The conquest of these villages intercepted the enemy's retreat by the great road to Bayonne; and when, by a simultaneous attack on Vittoria, they were next driven out of the town, and completely routed, the only retreat left to them was by the lateral road to Pampe-luna; in adopting which they were so vigorously driven from post to post, that it was impossible for them to draw off their train: hence the whole of their artillery, consisting of 151 pieces of cannon, all

their ammunition, all their baggage, all their treasure, in short, every thing they had, not excepting Jourdan's marshal's staff, became the prey of the conquerors. The enemy's loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, passed over in silence, as usual, in Lord Wellington's dispatch, is estimated at about 12,000: thus small, because the mountainous ground prevented our cavalry from effecting the total ruin of the hostile army. Our own loss is officially given as follows:—

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.	
	Officers.	Men.	Officers.	Men.
British	22	479	168	2740
Portuguese	7	143	52	847
Spaniards	4	85	11	453
	33	707	231	4040
Officers	33	Officers	231	
Officers and men	740		4271	
		Killed	740	
		Missing	266	

Grand total, "*hors de combat*," 5277

As the loss in missing chiefly arose from the troops losing their corps in the pursuit after dark, the total loss of the allies may be estimated at 5000 men.

The subsequent movements of Lord Wellington (who, in reward of this victory, and in return for the conquest of Marshal Jourdan's staff, has received from the Prince Regent the staff of a British field-marshal), are known but to a few days later. Longa and Graham were detached on the 23d to pursue, and, if possible, to intercept a division under General Foy, on its way from Bilbao to Irun. Longa fell in with its rear at Mondragón,

and took six canons; and General Graham having joined him, both arrived on the 26th June before Tolosa, of which they possessed themselves after an obstinate resistance. The French General Clausel, with that part of the army of the North which had not been in the battle of Vittoria, came from the Ebro, and approached the town the day after the victory; but, on hearing of the disaster, he retraced his steps, descended along that river, and arrived before Saragossa.

Lord Wellington, in his further pursuit, took from the French the only gun remaining to them after their defeat, and arrived upon their heels before Pampeluna; which fortress having left garrisoned, they hastened on their way to France, by the road leading to St. Jean Pied du Port. Unincumbered with any wheeled vehicle, their infantry will regain France through that difficult pass; but as it is impracticable for horses, their cavalry must reach the French territory unmounted. Their horses, therefore, unless destroyed, may yet form an appendix to the trophies of Vittoria. On the 26th June, when Lord Wellington's headquarters were at Orcoyen, close to Pampeluna, that fortress was completely invested by Sir R. Hill.

EAST OF SPAIN.

We turn with regret from the north of Spain, the scene of British glory, to enter upon a much less grateful narrative of recent events that have occurred along the Mediterranean shores of the Peninsula.—The Anglo-Sicilian army, under Sir John Murray, so long inactively cooped up at Alicante, was embarked there in the latter

days of May, together with a Spanish division and a complete train of besieging artillery. It sailed from thence on the 31st May, and a fair wind wafted the army so rapidly towards Catalonia, its destination, that on the 4th of June the whole army, amounting to at least 13,000 infantry and some hundred cavalry, was landed at Cape Salon, near Tarragona. To secure its flank, a small part of its force was forthwith detached to what is called the Col de Balaguer, a mountainous pass close to the sea, through which winds the great road from Tortosa to Tarragona, and which was defended by the fort of San Felipe, garrisoned by about 100 French. In spite of almost insurmountable difficulties, heavy guns were brought up the mountains, and the fort battered so effectually, that on the 7th the garrison surrendered prisoners of war to Lieutenant-Colonel Prevost, who had been joined by a brigade of the Catalan army. In the mean time Sir John Murray had commenced the siege of Tarragona. But General Suchet was not idle: as soon as he had ascertained the sailing and the destination of the British armament, he made the following dispositions:—One division of his Valencian army, augmented by two brigades from the two remaining divisions (left behind under General Harispe), in all about 7000 men, was sent northward to Tortosa; while General Decaen was ordered to dispatch nearly an equal number, under General Mathieu, from the north of Catalonia, towards Tarragona. These dispositions made, Suchet joined his column on the 11th June

at Tortosa, where he learned the fall of Col de Balaguer, the only road to convey cannon to Tarragona from the south. Although thus disappointed, he lost no time in adapting his further operations to circumstances. By a circuitous route he arrived sufficiently near to Tarragona, to announce on the 12th, by the lighting of fires, his approach to the garrison; and, at the same time, the column under Mathieu had advanced as far as Vendrils and Villafranca, with the view of co-operating in the relief of Tarragona. These combined dispositions, as Suchet expresses himself, “frightened” Sir John Murray, who hastily re-embarked his troops, leaving, according to the French account, his battering train (about 30 pieces), ammunition, &c. before the walls of the fortress. The armament then proceeded off the Col de Balaguer, and tarried there till the 21st, during which interval some skirmishes occurred between Suchet’s army and some battalions of ours on shore. On the last-mentioned day, Suchet’s report informs us, that Sir John sailed southward, after blowing up the fort of St. Felipe in the Col. Five ships were lost on the mouths of the Ebro. The French marshal followed the armament by forced marches, and arrived at Castellon de la Plana on the 22d, where he supposed a second debarkation would be attempted; which, however, according to his statement, was prevented by his arrival and the violence of the winds. The last report we have of Suchet, dated at Valencia, 25th June, informs us of the armament having appeared off the Grao, or port of Valen-

else: its further movements remain unknown.

At the departure of Sir John Murray from Alicant, the second and third Spanish armies, under Generals Elio and the Duke del Parque, being united, entered the position previously held by the Anglo-Sicilian troops; and subsequently put themselves in motion towards the Xucar, behind which river Suchet had ordered General Harispe to withdraw his forces. Suchet's dispatches mention two affairs which Harispe sustained successfully against the attacks of the Spaniards on the 11th and 13th; but their result, even by the French account, appears not decisive enough to require detail in this place.

Such is the deplorable result of an enterprize from which the greatest consequences had been expected. Had it succeeded, it would have been the finishing blow of Spanish emancipation, the last act of which, as had been its first, would have been the capture of another whole French army: for then Suchet was in a mouse-trap, and must sooner or later have surrendered. But aware of his danger, he and his army exerted energies of mind and body commensurate to the exigency. Suchet's manœuvres were masterly.—As to Sir John Murray's conduct, although the arrival of his dispatches has not yet furnished his defence, the public feeling in England appears to be greatly excited to pronounce his condemnation; and we must confess, since the failure was not owing to any *new* means brought unexpectedly into action by the enemy, it appears to us clear, that blame rests

somewhere: either the plan itself was bad, or the means inadequate, or the execution unsatisfactory. In our opinion, the idea of landing an effective force in Suchet's rear was admirable; but we do not think it impossible but Sir John Murray may be able to prove, that his numbers were insufficient to face all the contingencies of the hazardous undertaking: we conceive he was too weak by at least 5000 men. Indeed, we do not see why all the troops in the neighbourhood of Alicant, including Elio's and Del Parque's corps, were not sent upon the same service, either at once, or by the returning ships, after Sir John Murray's army was landed, and had, by the possession of St. Felipe and a line of works, established a firm footing in Catalonia before it exposed itself in attacking Tarragona. Under the present circumstances, there was no danger in leaving the road to Alicant open to Suchet; he knew he was already quite enough southward, not to hazard further progress in the same direction. If the strength of the British expedition was insufficient, its re-embarkation, under the circumstances we have recited, will perhaps be justifiable, although, by taking a position in the Col, our army might possibly have maintained itself. But we conceive it more difficult to advocate the abandonment of the artillery, and probably impossible to excuse the evacuation and blowing up of the fortress of the Col de Balaguer. By leaving a garrison there, Sir John might, after his re-embarkation, as he did, have drawn Suchet once more down to Valencia, then turned about again,

and have a second time disembarked in Catalonia. The fatiguing marches, which he would thus have caused to the enemy, no army could have sustained; in short, he would have exhausted the physical strength of his opponents.

As the case now stands, the failure of Sir John Murray's expedition will greatly disconcert Lord Wellington's plans. Not only will it now be scarcely possible to intercept Suchet's return into France, if he chuses to go, but it is extremely probable, that that general, on his arrival in Catalonia, will, by the junction of the disposable French troops of the Catalonian army, and of the divisions under Clausel (easily brought down from Saragossa), be at the head of an army sufficiently numerous to attempt the defence of so strong a province. Nay, if the troops which Lord Wellington has driven through the western Pyrenees into France, should, after securing the western passes, defile behind those mountains, re-enter Spain at the eastern pass of Perpignan, and join their brethren under Suchet, it will at least require another campaign to clear Catalonia of the enemy. Far therefore from falling in with the sanguine expectations entertained by our cotemporary politicians, of Lord Wellington's marching immediately into France, we think his lordship will find in Catalonia sufficient scope to exert his great military talents for some time to come.

The preceding is a very brief sketch of the important operations at the outset of the present Spanish campaign. To a military man the profound plans and manœuvres

of the British field-marshal, afford an ample source of valuable information. They form of themselves a perfect course of strategical instruction. Here for once the whole mystery of Bonaparte's warfare, especially in the recent German campaign, has been laid open. Lord Wellington, like Bonaparte, has had the advantage in numbers over his enemy. It is thus that he has, on all occasions, been able to outflank his adversary, by wheeling forward either his right or left; and, to the honour of the leader as well as the led, will our foe be forced to own, that the great mass of force under the field-marshal's command, has been wielded with admirable promptitude and precision, like one great engine. It is precisely thus that Bonaparte, by a surplus of force operating on his adversary's wings, has not only gained many of his victories, but, as in the instance of Borodino and Lutzen, *advanced after sustaining defeat*.—It is only from great national efforts that such decisive results can be expected: and in contemplating the strenuous exertions used by government to put Lord Wellington into the commanding attitude he has now attained, it would be unjust in a British patriot, not to pay his tribute of praise and gratitude to those who have so wisely and vigorously brought the national energies into action.

NORTH OF EUROPE.

We have briefly to touch upon one or two affairs which occurred on the flank and in the rear of the French army at the very time the armistice was signing in Silesia, or a few days after, before the compact for the cessation of hostilities

was generally known throughout the extended line of the belligerents.

After the slight affair near Hoyerswerda, Oudinot, with 30,000 men, continued his progress towards Berlin. On his arrival at Luckau, he met the Prussian corps of Bülow; a furious engagement ensued (4th June), and, after a combat of eleven hours, the enemy was defeated and repulsed with the loss of 2500 men and three pieces of cannon.

Czernicheff's corps, after the brilliant affair of Halberstadt, was daring enough to enter Saxony, and on the 7th of June even appeared before the gates of Leipzig. It was in vain that the governor of the district, Arrighi (yelept Duke of Padua), sent out to inform the Russian partisan of the armistice just concluded. Czernicheff replied, that not having any official information of the fact, he could not act upon it, and without ceremony attacked the city. The resistance was obstinate, but the Russians forced their way into the town, killed and wounded 1000, and took 1500 prisoners.

The armistice, of course, rendered all these successes nugatory, but they proved the perilous situation Bonaparte was in at its conclusion, and augment our regret at the insufficiency of the allied forces, which alone induced, indeed probably compelled them to resort to a step, which, it appears, the whole Prussian population learned with the utmost regret. In a proclamation to the inhabitants of Prussia Proper, government found it prudent to accompany the notification of the armistice with the

assurance, that it should not lead to a peace; adding, "the Prussian nation, in the recent events, has recovered its honour; it remains for it to regain its independence!"—Nay, such was the indignation of the military at the compact entered into with Bonaparte, that some Prussian corps actually disclaimed the armistice, made war, as Napoleon expressed himself, "on their own account, after the manner of Schill," and so sensibly embarrassed his communications as to oblige him to detach columns for their suppression. He has not yet told us of their destruction!

Bonaparte's residence has hitherto chiefly been at Dresden, where, as may be supposed, his situation and his activity allowed him very little repose. He daily reviews some part of the old army, and of the reinforcements flocking to him from all the regions under his sway. A Bavarian army of observation is collecting at Würzburg, another army of reserve assembles at Verona, under the superintendence of Beauharnois, who suddenly was detached from the grand army to Milan, for this and perhaps more important purposes. The Polish corps under Poniatowsky, which in the last campaign was pushed by the Russians against the Austrian frontier in Galicia, has also, by a circuitous route through the Austrian dominions, rejoined, although in a very ineffectual state, the grand French army. Besides these accessions of strength, Bonaparte is fortifying a number of places along the Elbe, from Hamburg to Königstein. But in the death of Alexander Berthier (Duke of Neuchâtel and Wagram), which credible

accounts from Germany mention as certain, Bonaparte has lost a valuable military adviser and assistant. The Russian campaign had undermined his health. He is stated to have died at Dresden in June.

Of the preparations of the allies we have had less information, although what we have learned is sufficient to persuade us, that every nerve is strained on their part to be in a condition to resume hostilities with vigour. The Crown Prince of Sweden is collecting and organizing a formidable army in Pomerania. Besides Czernicheff and Tottenborn's corps, including the Hanseatic legion, which have been placed under the command of his royal highness, the Russo-German legion, stated at 15,000 men, has arrived at Rugen, and receives great numerical accessions from German patriots that hasten to fight their country's cause under the Swedish banner; and several thousands of excellent troops have left England for Stralsund likewise.

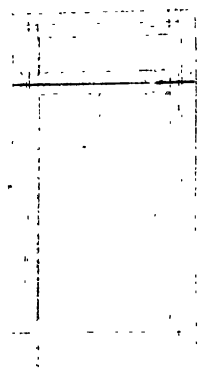
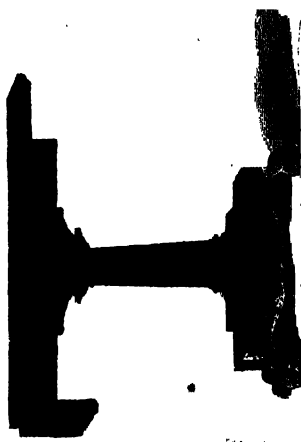
Denmark, unfortunately, is now decidedly an additional enemy, whom the politics, or rather the errors, of the allies have gratuitously excited, and whom the triumvirate of British, Russian, and Swedish plenipotentiaries, which on the 31st May appeared before Copenhagen, in vain attempted to reconcile. The Danish army is under Davoust's orders, and a corps of theirs, under Count Schulemberg, had penetrated to, and possessed itself of Lubeck, before the armistice had extended its effect to the maritime provinces of Germany. Subsequently, the armistice was rejected by the Swedish Crown

Prince, and a line of demarcation agreed upon.

Of Hamburg, the patriotic, the unfortunate Hamburg, we cannot speak without emotions of the keenest sorrow and commiseration. Every kind of misery, except slaughter, has been heaped on its noble inhabitants by the ruthless tyrant who enslaved its liberties. Immense contributions, sequestrations, and proscriptions, have, since its fall, formed the successive themes of Davoust's numerous ordinances; and thirty-four of its most respectable merchants were seized and carried off as hostages for the payment of the first instalment of the contribution. The city is declared in a state of siege, and its miserable inhabitants are forced to labour at the fortifications, which are to secure it from a second emancipation.

The Emperor of Austria still tarrys on the Bohemian frontier, and strives to persuade the belligerent parties to a general peace; but, according to all appearances, his endeavours have hitherto been without effect; although the French bulletins wish to persuade Europe, that a general congress of the hostile and neutral powers is immediately to take place. It is, however, said, that the demands of Austria are such as are not likely to be acceded to by France; and the aspect of affairs would warrant a conclusion of Bonaparte's mistrusting the intentions of his father-in-law: fortifications are erecting on the Saxon frontier towards Bohemia, and the two French armies collecting at Wurzburg and Verona, just opposite the two most threatening *debouches* from the Austrian monarchy, although possibly

100



stationed there for general purposes, seem more immediately destined to observe and meet the movements of the Austrian forces. Our next Retrospect will decide the question of peace or war; for on this very day (20th July) the armistice expires; and before its expiration the news of Lord Wellington's decisive and great victory in Spain, will have reached all the continental belligerents. That event happened most opportunely; while it cannot but strike alarm into the breast of Bonaparte, it will exalt the spirits of his opponents, shake the fidelity of his friends, and probably alienate from his side the sentiments of those that have hitherto hesitated as to the choice of their conduct.

AMERICA.

At last we have the grateful task of recording a British naval triumph over our Trans-Atlantic enemies. On the 1st of June, the Shannon frigate, Captain Broke, appeared off Boston, in the harbour of which lay the United States frigate the Chesapeake, Capt. Lawrence. The challenge for single combat was understood and accepted by the American. The Chesapeake instantly came out of harbour in full sail, and with the conviction of certain success; for her crew consisted of 440 picked men, her size exceeded that of the Shannon by 150 tons, and she mounted 40 guns; whereas the British fri-

gate counted at the most but 46, and those of less aggregate calibre. Not a shot was fired till both ships were nearly side to side; then a rapid and tremendous exchange of broadsides commenced, and continued until the enemy's main-chains were locked in our fore-chains. At that moment, Captain Broke, who perceived the Americans flinch from their guns, gave orders for boarding. Not an instant was lost, the British sailors rushed from every deck, nay even from the masts, into the enemy's ship, which was carried and in our possession in the course of three minutes, the whole action having lasted but fifteen minutes. Our loss consisted in 3 officers and 20 men killed, and 2 officers and 56 men wounded. Among the latter is the brave Captain Broke himself. He received a severe sabre-cut on the enemy's fore-castle, but the wound is not dangerous.—After the victory, both ships sailed away (to use his own words), "as if they had merely been firing a friendly salute," and arrived safely at Halifax.

MEDITERRANEAN.

By letters received from Malta, dated in May last, we have received the painful intelligence of the plague's having made its unequivocal appearance in the city of Lavalatte. From ten to twelve people had then died daily by the ravages of the disease.

PLATE 10.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

THE antique sofa and table together, and are therefore imagined presented in the annexed plate, are upon similar principles of taste. It is designed as accompaniments to each is not sufficient, that the ornamentation

and the colours of the furniture should correspond, but a harmony of this principle must pervade the whole; without which, our endeavours to obtain the requisites of the agreeable, the elegant, or the beautiful in furniture, will be defeated. To illustrate this position, too little regarded in the art of design in the furnishing department, a third piece is represented, ornamental in itself, but obviously constructed with other feelings of style, and it thence becomes incongruous with the table and the sofa: in these the quantity of horizontal and of vertical lines are similarly proportioned, but in the former piece (an

angle pedestal) this proportion is destroyed, and the upright lines predominate, without so complete a transition as would render it the means of connecting the furniture with the architectural embellishments of the apartment: candelabra and tripods admirably effect this object, and, from their decided character, do not militate against the effect of either.

The sofa and the table may be executed of satin, Coromandel, or rose wood, of ebony or of mahogany, decorated with bronze, or mole, or with carvings in the respective or contrasting woods.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 11.—THE VITTORIA OR WEL- LINGTON COSTUME, FOR EVEN- ING DRESS,

Is composed of Venetian crape, placed over a white satin underdress; a treble row of shell-scalloped lace ornaments the feet, above which is seen a border of variegated laurel. A bodice and Circassian top sleeve of pomona green satin; the bosom interspersed with shell-scalloped lace, and correspondently ornamented. Shoulders, back, and bosom much exposed. Hair in dishevelled curls, with variegated laurel band in front, and a transparent Brussels veil thrown across the back of the head, and descending irregularly over back and shoulders. A chain and cross of pale amber ear-rings, and bracelets of pearl. Slippers

of white satin; gloves of French kid; and fan of carved ivory.

PLATE 12.—MORNING OR DOMESTIC COSTUME.

A petticoat of jaconot or cambric muslin; with a Cossack coat, or three-quartered pelisse, of lemon-coloured sarsnet, with vandyke Spanish border of a deeper shade. Full sleeves, confined at the waist with a broad elastic gold bracelet; confined, also, at the bottom of the waist, with a ribband *en suite*. Foundling cap of lace, with full double border in front, confined under the chin with a ribband the colour of the pelisse, and tied on one side: a bunch of variegated carnations placed on the left side. Gloves and Roman slippers of lemon-coloured kid.



MORNING DRESS.

MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician, from the 15th of June to the 15th of July, 1819.

Acute diseases.—Fever, 3...Sore-throat, 2...Pleurisy, 2...Urticaria, 1...Erysipelas, 2...Aphæ, 2...Houping-cough, 3...Cholera, 2...Enteritis, 1...Acute rheumatism, 2...Acute diseases of infants, 3.

Chronic diseases.—Asthma, 8...Vertigo, 2...Head-ach, 3...Cough and dyspnoea, 10...Rheumatism, 9...Phthisis, 1...Dyspepsia, 5...Gastrodynia, 2...Enterodynia, 1...Colic, 1...Hæmatemesis, 4...Diarrhoea, 5...Dropsy, 2...Cutaneous eruption, 3...Female complaints, 4.

We have now attained what may be termed the healthy season. Illness has much diminished. The late showers have proved salutary, by cooling the air and freshening vegetation. Still it is advisable for all who are able, to seek for amusement and diversity of pursuits in country rambles, or an excursion to the coast. It is much to be regretted, that people whose avocations do not allow them to quit London, should not have the advantage of bathing on a grand and liberal scale, with a certainty of the bath being constantly supplied with fresh water, and upon terms that all classes of people might avail themselves of the privilege. The site of London is well adapted for the institution of all kinds of baths; and the facility of supplying them with water, leaves no excuse but the paltry one of expence, which, if the concern was made general, and public feeling in its favour properly excited, would readily be obviated. Even the great plan

which was submitted to the House of Commons last year, for establishing sea-water baths in the metropolis, by means of pipes, bold and extensive as it undoubtedly was, yet was perfectly practicable, and promised the most beneficial consequences. For, independent of the relief sea-bathing affords in many species of disease, it is invigorating to the system. The warm-bath, either fresh or marine, is a luxury of the first order, and, used in moderation, is by no means relaxing or debilitating. It seldom happens that medicine is palatable, or that the remedy applied by the physician is perfectly accordant to the feelings and taste of the patient. In most cases this natural repugnance to drugs is beneficial, by preventing their being abused; for the continued use of medicine renders it inert, and the stomach becomes indifferent to the stimulus. But, in general, the warm-bath is resorted to with delight; and whether used as a luxury, or applied as a remedy, it occasions the most agreeable sensations; and, unlike the pleasurable excitement of opium, leaves behind no sinking, no unpleasant impression. But innocent as bathing may appear, its use requires discretion and greater caution than is commonly observed. That which properly directed, has cured insanity and canine madness, and, incautiously used, occasioned apoplexy, must be an important agent; and, in some circumstances and some periods of life, demands great care, both as to the time and manner in which it should be employed.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE showery weather in the early part of last month, has somewhat impeded the hay harvest; but it has rendered a most essential service to the farmer, not only

by bringing the corn and fruit to an early maturity, but by giving a rapid growth to the young temip plants, by which means they have escaped the fly more

than in any summer for some years past. The turnips are generally a strong plant, without a ragged seed leaf.

The wheat crop is partially thrown down by the late showers, but the ear fills well, and promises more than an average crop, should the weather be favourable for harvest. The ears are large, the cleaves not only thick set, but well filled, many having five or six corns approaching to maturity.

Barley has greatly improved since our last month's report, but the crop upon those tenacious soils that are not drained, has still an indifferent appearance towards the furrows, and will scarcely have vigour enough to force the ear out of the hose. Upon all those soils where the water did not abound, the crop is most abundant, evincing to the farmer the importance of draining arable land.

Oats are more than an average crop, being large in the straw, and extremely well belled.

Béans have gone well off the bloom, and are uncommonly well podded where a proper interval was observed in the planting.

Peas, and the whole of the leguminous class, are well kidded, and will produce an abundance of halm.

The showery weather has been very congenial to the whole brassica tribe, which have been uncommonly free from the slug and caterpillar.

The early potatoes are a very productive crop, and if the produce of the roots have any affinity with the luxuriance of the tops, the late planted ones will produce more than an average crop.

The pastures abound in grass; and the hops have a promising appearance.

ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

No. 1 and 2. A variegated check gingham, for the intermediate order of costume, or for the sea-side trowser or bathing-wrap. Plaitings of net-lace or scalloped flounces of plain muslin, are best appropriated to dresses of this order.

No. 3. The Wellington colonnade satin crape or gauze, which may be had of the proprietors in the varied colours of the season. It is a perfectly novel article, and warranted as to its durability. It is the production of Thomas and Co. silk-mercers, Fleet-street; and

may be purchased (as on par with their new mode of doing business) at 3s. 6d. per yard the general price to the fashionable world being 5s. per yard.

No. 4. This article decidedly appropriate to gentlemen's waistcoats, a very remarkable contrast to the dark shade. We have seen the trowser composed of the article, but we think its glow a little premature. It is sold by its proprietor, Mr. Kesteven, man's-mercier, York-street, Covent-Garden.

Poetry.

S O N G,

Inscribed by an Irishman to a young Lady, a native of England.

Oh! Lady fair, delay awhile,
Nor yet forsake the Emerald Isle;

For tho' thy native vales are dear,
A rich reward awaits thee here.—
The wretch reliev'd from deep distress,
Thy hallow'd name shall daily bless.—
Oh! Lady fair, delay a while,
Nor yet forsake the Emerald Isle.



When on these hills thou first didst stray,
The framer of this feeble lay
Thy form beheld ; but little knew
There dwelt a soul to feeling true,
A heart by gen'rous pity warm'd,
A mind for ev'ry virtue form'd.—
Oh ! Lady fair, delay awhile,
Nor yet forsake the Emerald Isle.

I've seen thee leave the stately dome,
And seek pale Misery's joyless home ;
The sufferer's frequent throb to calm
With hope's despair-subduing balm,
And o'er his anguish-loaded bed
The heavenly dew of comfort shed.—
Oh ! Lady fair, delay awhile,
Nor yet forsake the Emerald Isle.

But as the heart, where'er we roam,
Prefers the dear delights of home ;
When fond affection points the way,
No selfish thought shall urge thy stay :
Then go—may angels guide thee o'er
To Britain's sea-encircled shore.—
Yet, Lady ! cast one placid smile
Behind, and bless the Emerald Isle !

GALLUS.

THE FADED ROSE.

BY J. M. LACEY.

The rose was fresh, the rose was fair,
When Anna pluck'd the flow'r ;
Its breath of fragrance fill'd the air,
So sweet its balmy pow'r.

She plac'd the blossom on her breast,
Mild Virtue's hallow'd throne ;
Delighted there it seem'd to rest,
Unrivalled and alone !

But Anna sought the ball-room's maze ;
The flow'ret wither'd there ;
It sunk beneath night's art-form'd blaze,
In death supremely fair.

Thus Beauty's flow'r too oft decays,
If stain'd by Vice's breath ;
So swiftly fly its beamy rays,
And lose their charms in death.
No. LVI. Vol. X.

*On an eminent STONE-CUTTER, in a country Town in the West of England, letting the front of his House to a young APO-
THECARY.*

Thro' this town when I pass'd, so late as
September,
A Stone-cutter then flourish'd here ;
A shrewd, sensible blade, and, well I
remember,
For gravestones renown'd far and near.

In the course of six months, it's curious I
ween,
How tenants and tenements vary ;
By pestle and mortar it plainly is seen,
Now here dwells an A-po-the-cary.

But, good Master Freestone, I cannot
divine,
Since with graves so close your alliance,
Why your mansion to one you freely re-
sign,
Whose medicines set death at defiance.

With health-giving powders, and potions,
and pills,
From the ravage of nature he saves ;
Your pocket meantime mortality fills ;—
You thrive by a number of graves.

Says a wag, who o'erheard, as he pass'd
by the spot,
The Stranger's sagacious reflection,
'Twixt things nearly opposite oft is there
not
Unseen, but immediate connection ?

The Stone-cutter prudently dwells in the
rear,
Still a shrewd and a sensible blade :
He pray'd the young Doctor rent-free to
live here,
In hopes to increase his own trade.

Is it so ? says the Stranger, 'tis droll I
declare ;

The moral's worth bearing in mind :
Of the *pestle and mortar*, good people,
beware !

The *Stone-cutter's* waiting behu d !

C. D.

BATH, July 1813.

R

SONNET,

*Written while viewing the Waterfall of
Pistyl Rhaidyn, in North Wales.*

Nature, all hail! enraptur'd I behold
The varied scene of river, rock, and hill,
The bounding cataract, the winding rill,
The gentle streamlet and the current bold;
And here I view them all :—The Tarnat
pours

His rapid torrent down the blacken'd
rock ;

The wild-goat, fearless, hears the wa-
ter's shock,
And unmolested crops the mountain
flowers.

And when the eagle from the cliff I scare,
While slowly wending up the craggy
way,

She wings her flight across the scat-
ter'd spray,
And soaring towards the sky, screams
shrill in air ;

Or startled from her dizzy place of rest,
Hovers above the spot as loth to leave her
nest. J. H. R.

ON THE LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

Extracted from a Poem by Mr BATSON, of
New College, Oxford; which obtained the
Chancellor's prize in that University

Poor is his triumph, and disgraced his
name,

Who draws his sword for empire, wealth,
or fame.

Tho' wealth be blown for him on ev'ry
wind,

Tho' Fame proclaims him mightiest of
mankind,

Tho' twice ten nations bend beneath his
blade,

Virtue disowns him, and his honours fade.
For him no prayers are pour'd, no paeans
sung,

No blessings chaunted from a nation's
tongue :

Blood marks his path to his untimely bier;
The plaints of orphans and the widow's
tear

Cry to high Heaven for vengeance on his
head ;

Alive detested, and accurs'd when dead.
Not so the PATRIOT CHIEF, who dar'd
withstand

The base invader of his native land ;
Who made her weal his noblest, only end,
Rul'd but to serve her, fought but to de-
fend ;

Her voice in council, and in war her sword,
Lov'd as her father, honour'd, and ador'd.

Dear is the tie that links the anxious
sire

To the fond babes that prattle round the
fire ;

Dear is the tie that prompts the grateful
youth

His sire's fond cares and drooping age to
sooth :

Dear is the brother, sister, husband, wife,
Dear all the charities of social life ;

Nor wants him Friendship holy wreaths
to bind

In mutual sympathy th' endearing mind.
Yet not the ties that dear affections move

To filial duty or parental love,

Not all the ties that kindred bosoms band,

Not all in Friendship's holy wreaths en-
twin'd,

Are half so strong, so potent to controul
The generous workings of a PATRIOT'S
soul,

As is that voice divine, which cancels all
Those ties, and bids him for his COUNTRY
fall :

At this high summons, with undaunted
zeal,

He bares his breast, invites th' impending
steel ;

Smiles at the hand that deals the fatal
blow,

Nor heaves one sigh for all he leaves
below.

LONDON MARKETS.

Turn of Wheat from June 15 to July 5.

0.633 quarters.—Average, 115 10¹/₄ per quarter, per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from July 5 to 9.

16,277 sacks — Average, 1.94 cld per sack, or sack higher than last return

crage of England and Wales, July 10.

10	11	Barley	5	4	Beans	5	4	
75	5	(outs)	-	2	1	Peach	5	4

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

[illegible]

SLICK, INC. per C&L.

	50	55	60	65	70	75	80	85	90	95	100	105	110	115	120	125	130	135	140	145	150	155	160	165	170	175	180	185	190	195	200	205	210	215	220	225	230	235	240	245	250	255	260	265	270	275	280	285	290	295	300	305	310	315	320	325	330	335	340	345	350	355	360	365	370	375	380	385	390	395	400	405	410	415	420	425	430	435	440	445	450	455	460	465	470	475	480	485	490	495	500	505	510	515	520	525	530	535	540	545	550	555	560	565	570	575	580	585	590	595	600	605	610	615	620	625	630	635	640	645	650	655	660	665	670	675	680	685	690	695	700	705	710	715	720	725	730	735	740	745	750	755	760	765	770	775	780	785	790	795	800	805	810	815	820	825	830	835	840	845	850	855	860	865	870	875	880	885	890	895	900	905	910	915	920	925	930	935	940	945	950	955	960	965	970	975	980	985	990	995	1000
Muscovade, fine	100	105	110	115	120	125	130	135	140	145	150	155	160	165	170	175	180	185	190	195	200	205	210	215	220	225	230	235	240	245	250	255	260	265	270	275	280	285	290	295	300	305	310	315	320	325	330	335	340	345	350	355	360	365	370	375	380	385	390	395	400	405	410	415	420	425	430	435	440	445	450	455	460	465	470	475	480	485	490	495	500	505	510	515	520	525	530	535	540	545	550	555	560	565	570	575	580	585	590	595	600	605	610	615	620	625	630	635	640	645	650	655	660	665	670	675	680	685	690	695	700	705	710	715	720	725	730	735	740	745	750	755	760	765	770	775	780	785	790	795	800	805	810	815	820	825	830	835	840	845	850	855	860	865	870	875	880	885	890	895	900	905	910	915	920	925	930	935	940	945	950	955	960	965	970	975	980	985	990	995	1000										
— good	100	105	110	115	120	125	130	135	140	145	150	155	160	165	170	175	180	185	190	195	200	205	210	215	220	225	230	235	240	245	250	255	260	265	270	275	280	285	290	295	300	305	310	315	320	325	330	335	340	345	350	355	360	365	370	375	380	385	390	395	400	405	410	415	420	425	430	435	440	445	450	455	460	465	470	475	480	485	490	495	500	505	510	515	520	525	530	535	540	545	550	555	560	565	570	575	580	585	590	595	600	605	610	615	620	625	630	635	640	645	650	655	660	665	670	675	680	685	690	695	700	705	710	715	720	725	730	735	740	745	750	755	760	765	770	775	780	785	790	795	800	805	810	815	820	825	830	835	840	845	850	855	860	865	870	875	880	885	890	895	900	905	910	915	920	925	930	935	940	945	950	955	960	965	970	975	980	985	990	995	1000										
— ordinary	100	105	110	115	120	125	130	135	140	145	150	155	160	165	170	175	180	185	190	195	200	205	210	215	220	225	230	235	240	245	250	255	260	265	270	275	280	285	290	295	300	305	310	315	320	325	330	335	340	345	350	355	360	365	370	375	380	385	390	395	400	405	410	415	420	425	430	435	440	445	450	455	460	465	470	475	480	485	490	495	500	505	510	515	520	525	530	535	540	545	550	555	560	565	570	575	580	585	590	595	600	605	610	615	620	625	630	635	640	645	650	655	660	665	670	675	680	685	690	695	700	705	710	715	720	725	730	735	740	745	750	755	760	765	770	775	780	785	790	795	800	805	810	815	820	825	830	835	840	845	850	855	860	865	870	875	880	885	890	895	900	905	910	915	920	925	930	935	940	945	950	955	960	965	970	975	980	985	990	995	1000										
East India, white	100	105	110	115	120	125	130	135	140	145	150	155	160	165	170	175	180	185	190	195	200	205	210	215	220	225	230	235	240	245	250	255	260	265	270	275	280	285	290	295	300	305	310	315	320	325	330	335	340	345	350	355	360	365	370	375	380	385	390	395	400	405	410	415	420	425	430	435	440	445	450	455	460	465	470	475	480	485	490	495	500	505	510	515	520	525	530	535	540	545	550	555	560	565	570	575	580	585	590	595	600	605	610	615	620	625	630	635	640	645	650	655	660	665	670	675	680	685	690	695	700	705	710	715	720	725	730	735	740	745	750	755	760	765	770	775	780	785	790	795	800	805	810	815	820	825	830	835	840	845	850	855	860	865	870	875	880	885	890	895	900	905	910	915	920	925	930	935	940	945	950	955	960	965	970	975	980	985	990	995	1000										
— yellow	100	105	110	115	120	125	130	135	140	145	150	155	160	165	170	175	180	185	190	195	200	205	210	215	220	225	230	235	240	245	250	255	260	265	270	275	280	285	290	295	300	305	310	315	320	325	330	335	340	345	350	355	360	365	370	375	380	385	390	395	400	405	410	415	420	425	430	435	440	445	450	455	460	465	470	475	480	485	490	495	500	505	510	515	520	525	530	535	540	545	550	555	560	565	570	575	580	585	590	595	600	605	610	615	620	625	630	635	640	645	650	655	660	665	670	675	680	685	690	695	700	705	710	715	720	725	730	735	740	745	750	755	760	765	770	775	780	785	790	795	800	805	810	815	820	825	830	835	840	845	850	855	860	865	870	875	880	885	890	895	900	905	910	915	920	925	930	935	940	945	950	955	960	965	970	975	980	985	990	995	1000										
— brown	100	105	110	115	120	125	130	135	140	145	150	155	160	165	170	175	180	185	190	195	200	205	210	215	220	225	230	235	240	245	250	255	260	265	270	275	280	285	290	295	300	305	310	315	320	325	330	335	340	345	350	355	360	365	370	375	380	385	390	395	400	405	410	415	420	425	430	435	440	445	450	455	460	465	470	475	480	485	490	495	500	505	510	515	520	525	530	535	540	545	550	555	560	565	570	575	580	585	590	595	600	605	610	615	620	625	630	635	640	645	650	655	660	665	670	675	680	685	690	695	700	705	710	715	720	725	730	735	740	745	750	755	760	765	770	775	780	785	790	795	800	805	810	815	820	825	830	835	840	845	850	855	860	865	870	875	880	885	890	895	900	905	910	915	920	925	930	935	940	945	950	955	960	965	970	975	980	985	990	995	1000										
HOLLASSES 415, 60 and 80	100	105	110	115	120	125	130	135	140	145	150	155	160	165	170	175	180	185	190	195	200	205	210	215	220	225	230	235	240	245	250	255	260	265	270	275	280	285	290	295	300	305	310	315	320	325	330	335	340	345	350	355	360	365	370	375	380	385	390	395	400	405	410	415	420	425	430	435	440	445	450	455	460	465	470	475	480	485	490	495	500	505	510	515	520	525	530	535	540	545	550	555	560	565	570	575	580	585	590	595	600	605	610	615	620	625	630	635	640	645	650	655	660	665	670	675	680	685	690	695	700	705	710	715	720	725	730	735	740	745	750	755	760	765	770	775	780	785	790	795	800	805	810	815	820	825	830	835	840	845	850	855	860	865	870	875	880	885	890	895	900	905	910	915	920	925	930	935	940	945	950	955	960	965	970	975	980	985	990	995	1000										
REFINED SUGAR.	100	105	110	115	120	125	130	135	140	145	150	155	160	165	170	175	180	185	190	195	200	205	210	215	220	225	230	235	240	245	250	255	260	265	270	275	280	285	290	295	300	305	310	315	320	325	330	335	340	345	350	355	360	365	370	375	380	385	390	395	400	405	410	415	420	425	430	435	440	445	450	455	460	465	470	475</																																																																																																																			

CORN, &c. per ^{quartier}.

	Wheat.			Barley.			Oats.			Beans.			Peas.		
	J.	L.	S.	J.	L.	S.	J.	L.	S.	J.	L.	S.	J.	L.	S.
Newcastle	10	70	a	120	44	a	52	10	a	45	a	a	90	a	110
Northampton	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
Northampton	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
Leeds	17	124	128	a	a	a	44	a	48	80	a	a	a	a	a
Chesterfield	10	93	a	122	a	a	40	a	64	90	a	89	a	a	a
Ashton	10	110	128	a	a	a	10	a	50	88	a	112	a	a	a
Raoulford	17	a	a	60	a	a	14	a	51	60	98	a	a	a	a
Barbours	13	110	114	38	55	28	a	40	88	90	a	a	a	a	a
Leath	14	100	165	38	45	30	a	36	75	a	80	a	a	a	a
Winton	10	99	a	115	a	a	30	a	42	52	a	60	a	a	a
Newark	14	110	120	a	a	a	40	a	50	60	88	a	a	a	a
Spiby	12	100	112	44	58	35	a	45	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
Wiggle	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
Leeds	15	104	132	46	65	40	a	48	70	a	104	a	a	a	a
Leeds	17	95	141	51	50	53	a	51	79	a	89	a	a	a	a
Leeds	14	121	a	50	a	37	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
Leeds	14	121	a	50	a	37	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
Leeds	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
Leeds	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
Leeds	13	102	124	30	62	32	a	50	80	a	110	a	a	a	a
Leeds	13	102	a	54	a	40	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
Leeds	14	120	130	50	55	38	a	49	76	a	80	a	a	a	a
Leeds	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
Leeds	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
Leeds	17	104	128	44	64	40	a	48	70	a	90	a	a	a	a

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

Bread,	s	d	s	d	s	d
—Swiss,	8	9	a	9	6	
Holland G.n.	5	0	a	9	2	
Rum, Jamaica	4	0	a	9		
—Low, Is.	3	8	a	0		
Vols. Spirits,						s d s d
British,					13	10 a 14 0
Irish -					0	0 a 0 0
Scotch					0	0 a 0 0
Spirits of Wine					24	0 a 0 0

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JUNE, 1813.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1813. JUNE.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	NW 1	30,20	30,14	30,170	73,0°	51,0°	62,00°	brilliant	.160	
2	NE 2	30,20	30,10	30,150	73,0	54,0	63,50	brilliant	.165	
3	E 3	30,38	30,20	30,290	65,0	54,0	59,50	fine	.110	
4	W 2	30,38	30,20	30,290	65,0	52,0	58,50	fine	.105	
5	E 2	30,20	30,00	30,100	61,0	48,0	54,50	fine	.080	
6	NE 2	30,00	29,80	29,900	50,0	47,0	51,50	fine	.084	
7	E 2	29,88	29,80	29,840	67,0	47,0	57,00	brilliant	.130	
8	Var. 1	29,85	29,60	29,725	70,0	49,0	59,50	brilliant	.110	
9	E 2	29,60	29,40	29,500	70,0	52,0	61,00	brilliant	.120	
10	SE 2	29,65	29,40	29,525	72,0	55,0	63,50	brilliant	.110	.010
11	SE 2	29,75	29,65	29,700	72,0	55,0	66,00	brilliant	.190	
12	SW 3	29,85	29,75	29,800	71,0	58,0	64,50	variable	.155	
13	W 3	30,05	29,85	29,950	73,0	50,0	61,50	variable	.165	.250
14	SW 1	30,05	29,07	29,860	70,0	54,0	62,00	rainy	.100	.040
15	SW 1	29,88	29,07	29,775	64,0	53,0	58,50	rainy	.060	.535
16	W 2	30,07	29,88	29,975	63,0	45,0	58,00	gloomy	.050	—
17	Var. 2	30,12	30,07	30,095	59,0	46,0	52,50	rainy	.075	.250
18	N 2	30,30	30,12	30,210	60,0	41,0	50,50	rainy	.070	.215
19	NW 2	30,30	30,30	30,300	62,0	43,0	52,50	cloudy	.071	
20	W 2	30,38	30,38	30,380	62,0	47,0	54,00	brilliant	.070	
21	W 1	30,40	30,38	30,390	63,0	49,0	56,00	variable	.090	
22	NW 1	30,48	30,40	30,440	62,0	52,0	57,00	brilliant	.110	.060
23	W 1	30,40	30,30	30,350	66,0	44,0	55,00	gloomy	.080	
24	Var. 1	30,48	30,40	30,440	62,0	52,0	57,00	gloomy	.065	
25	SE 1	30,48	30,45	30,465	68,0	53,0	60,50	gloomy	.095	
26	S 1	30,45	30,45	30,450	74,0	48,0	61,00	brilliant	.130	
27	SW 1	30,45	30,35	30,350	74,0	53,0	63,50	brilliant	.144	
28	NE 1	30,25	30,00	30,075	71,0	52,0	61,50	brilliant	.156	
29	SE 1	29,90	29,64	29,770	70,0	51,0	60,50	brilliant	.100	.045
30	Var. 1	29,64	29,45	29,545	60,0	53,0	59,50	variable	.070	.530
		Mean 30,060			Mean 58,75				3,285	1,935

RESULTS.

Mean monthly pressure, 30.06—maximum, 30.48, wind var. 1.—Minimum, 29.49, wind E 1.
—Range, 1.08 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .40 of an in. which was on the 14th.

Mean temperature, 58°.75.—Maximum, 77°, wind S. E. 2.—Min. 41°, wind N. 2.—Range 36.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 26°, which was on the 26th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 4.95 inches Number of changes, 12.

Total quantity of water evaporated, 3,285 inches.

Rain, &c. this month, 1.935 inch.—Number of wet days, 9.—Total rain this year, 13.805 inches.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
1	3	4	4	1	4	6	3	4	0

Brisk winds 2—Boisterous ones 0.

The present period commenced with very warm and brilliant weather; the maximum temperature occurred on the 11th, when the force of evaporation became very vigorous, for near two tenths of an inch was raised in twenty four hours. This state soon changed to gloomy and cloudy; and rain fell in frequent showers to the 18th—On the 11th there were sudden and very heavy showers of rain, accompanied with hail from the west; the wind blew strong at the time. From the 18th to the 27th the weather was fine, with a high and settled state of the barometer; when the atmosphere gradually lost nearly an inch of pressure. On the 30th very copious showers of rain fell. Mean temperature four degrees higher than May.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JUNE, 1813.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1813 JUNE.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Eap.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	E	30.09	30.04	30.065	85°	50°	67.5°	fine	—	—
2	N E	30.04	29.98	30.010	84	55	69.5	fine	—	—
3	N W	30.30	30.04	30.120	72	48	60.0	cloudy	—	—
4	N W	30.20	30.00	30.100	65	48	56.5	fine	—	—
5	N W	30.00	29.83	29.940	58	46	52.0	clouds	.59	—
6	N E	29.88	29.80	29.840	56	46	51.0	cloudy	—	—
7	N E	29.85	29.80	29.825	71	40	55.5	fine	—	—
8	N E	29.80	29.67	29.735	75	44	59.5	fine	—	—
9	E	29.65	29.60	29.625	78	54	66.0	showers	—	—
10	N W	29.90	29.65	29.775	71	51	61.0	fine	.58	—
11	W	29.90	29.87	29.885	79	50	64.0	fine	—	—
12	S E	30.07	29.87	29.970	79	49	64.0	fine	.42	—
13	W	30.08	30.07	30.075	69	52	60.5	cloudy	—	—
14	SW	30.07	29.78	29.925	67	52	59.5	cloudy	—	.11
15	SW	29.98	29.78	29.880	67	46	56.5	showers	—	.26
16	N W	30.04	29.98	30.010	63	44	53.5	clouds	.50	—
17	Var.	30.09	30.04	30.065	61	43	52.0	showers	—	.39
18	N	30.15	30.09	30.120	61	39	50.0	cloudy	—	—
19	N	30.10	30.15	30.155	57	37	47.0	clouds	.54	—
20	N E	30.20	30.16	30.180	60	42	51.0	cloudy	—	—
21	N E	30.24	30.20	30.220	61	44	52.5	cloudy	—	—
22	N	30.26	30.24	30.250	62	37	49.5	clouds	.20	—
23	N E	30.24	30.18	30.210	70	48	59.0	fine	—	—
24	N	30.25	30.18	30.215	64	40	55.0	cloudy	—	—
25	E	30.25	30.25	30.250	71	49	59.5	fine	—	—
26	N E	30.25	30.17	30.210	74	45	59.5	fine	.41	—
27	N W	30.17	30.08	30.125	76	44	60.0	fine	—	—
28	N E	30.08	29.90	29.990	70	52	61.0	cloudy	—	—
29	S	29.90	29.78	29.840	75	50	62.5	cloudy	—	—
30	SW	29.78	29.75	29.765	62	51	56.5	rainy	.31	.88
		Mean			Mean			Total	3.31	1.50

RESULTS — Prevailing winds, northerly. — Mean height of barometer, 30.012 inches; highest observation, 30.26 inches; lowest, 29.60 inches — Mean height of thermometer, 57.7° — highest observation, 85° — lowest, 37° — Total of evaporation, 3.31 inch. — Rain 1.50 in. — in another gauge, 1.49 inch.

Notes.—3d Thunder clouds in the N.W. in the afternoon — 9th. Cloudy morning — 28th Frequent lightning in the morning with distant thunder and slight showers.—29th. A thunder storm to the westward about noon.—30th. Very rainy day.

*Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery,
Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for JULY, 1813.*

Albion Fire and Life Assurance	£45 per sh.	Coventry Canal	£800	per sh.
Globe Ditto	103 do.	Kennett and Avon Ditto	20	do.
Eagle Ditto	£2 10s. do. dis.	Ellesmere Ditto	66	do.
London Dock Stock	£101 per ct.	Huddersfield Ditto	12	do.
West India Ditto	145 do.	Croydon Ditto	16	do.
East India Ditto	110 do.	Erewash Ditto	800	do.
East London Waterworks	£63 pr. sh.	Lerds and Liverpool Ditto	204 a 205	do.
Grand Junction Ditto	37 10s. do.	Wilts and Berks Ditto	18	do.
Kent Ditto	56 10s. do.	London Institution	45	do.
West Middlesex Ditto	40 do.	Surry Ditto	13 5s.	do.
Grand Junction Canal	205 a 200 do.	London Commission Sale-Hooms	£41	do.
Birmingham Ditto	545 do.	Covent-Garden Theatre	400	do.

WOLFE & Co. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill,

& FORTUNE & Co. 13, Cornhill

CLES N CKS.

Date.	Bank Stock	3 Pr Ct. 3 pr ct. Consols.	Red.	4 pr ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium	Impt 3 1/2 pr ct. Ann.	Irish 5 1/2 pr ct Stock	S Sea Ann.	India Stock	India Bonds.	Exchgr. St. Lott. Bills 3 1/2.	Tickets	Cons. for ac.
June 21	—	Shut.	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	4 1/2 Pm.	—	—	Shut	Shut	—	3 Pm.	£22. 15.	July 16
22	—	—	50	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	4 Pm.	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 1/2
23	214	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	4 1/2 Pm.	54 1/2	—	—	—	3 Dis.	2 Pm.	—	57 1/2
24	—	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	4 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	2 Pm.	—	57 1/2
25	—	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	4 1/2 Pm.	—	—	50 1/2	—	4 Dis.	2 Pm.	—	57 1/2
26	—	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	4 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	1 Pm.	—	57 1/2
27	—	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	4 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	4 Dis.	1 Pm.	—	57 1/2
28	—	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	4 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	Par.	—	57 1/2
29	—	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	4 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2
30	214 1/2	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 Pm.	54 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	3 Dis.	Par.	—	57 1/2
July 1	215	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	5 1/2	4 1/2	—	—	2 Dis.	1 Pm.	—	57 1/2
2	—	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	3 Pm.	—	57 1/2
3	—	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	4 Pm.	—	57 1/2
4	—	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	57 1/2
5	—	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	50 1/2	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	57 1/2
6	215	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	57 1/2
7	—	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	57 1/2
8	—	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	57 1/2
9	—	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	57 1/2
10	—	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	57 1/2
11	—	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	57 1/2
12	—	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	57 1/2
13	218	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	57 1/2
14	218 1/2	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	57 1/2
15	218 1/2	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	57 1/2
16	219	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	57 1/2
17	—	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	57 1/2
18	—	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	57 1/2
19	—	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	57 1/2
20	—	—	50 1/2	71 1/2	87 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	Par.	5 Pm.	—	57 1/2

August

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THE
Repository
 OF
ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,
 For SEPTEMBER, 1813.

VOL. X.

The Fifty-seventh Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.

The desire of F. C. S. has been duly complied with; but in case of future communications, we must request the postage to be paid.

The correspondent who favoured us with the Olio is referred to our Miscellaneous Fragments and Anecdotes. A continuance of his contributions will be acceptable.

The engraving and account of a newly invented Life-Preserver, intended for the present Number, is unavoidably postponed till our next.

The Description of the French Window-Curtain, the engraving of which was given in No. LV. will be found this month under the head of Fashionable Furniture.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

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 For SEPTEMBER, 1813.

The Fifty-seventh Number.

—————The suffrage of the wise,
 The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
 By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.
 (Continued from p. 70.)

Miss K. Here are some witches
 by John Gilbert Cooper, from his
Tomb of Shakspeare.

Miss Ere. What are Cooper's
 dates?

Miss K. He was son to a gen-
 tleman of family and fortune at
 Thurgarton, in Nottinghamshire.
 He married Miss Wright, daugh-
 ter of the recorder of Leicester,
 settled at his family seat, and died
 of the stone in April 1769.

The scene thus changed from this romantic
 land

To a black waste by boundary unconfin'd,
 Where three swart sisters of the wind band
 Were mutt'ring curses to the troublous wind.

Pale want had wither'd ev'ry furrow'd face,
 Bow'd was each carcase with the weight of
 years,
 And each sunk eye-bull from its hollow case
 Distill'd cold rheum's involuntary tears.

Hors'd on three staves, they posted to the
 bourn

Of a drear island, where the pendant brow
 Of a rough rock, slagg'd horribly with thorn,
 Frown'd on the boist'rous water which
 rag'd below.

No LVII. Vol. X.

Deep in a gloomy grot, remote from day,
 Where smiling Comfort never shew'd her
 face,

Where light ne'er enter'd, save one rueful ray,
 Discovering all the terrors of the place,

They held d—— mysteries with infernal state,
 Whilst ghastly spectres glided slowly by;
 The screech-owl scream'd the dying call of fate,
 And ravens croak'd their baleful augury.

No human footstep cheer'd the dread abode,
 Nor sign of living creature could be seen;
 Save where the reptile snake or sullen toad
 The murky floor had mark'd with venom'd
 green.

Sudden I heard the whirlwind's hollow sound,
 Each wind sister vanish'd into smoke;
 Now a dire yell of spirits under-ground,
 Through troubled earth's wide-yawning sur-
 face broke.

Miss Ere. Shakspeare's witches
 are well known. He observes, or
 rather makes Macbeth say of them,

Whither are they vanish'd?
 Into the air, and what seem'd corporal, melted
 As breath into the wind.

Milton says,

Nor uglier follows than a night-hag, when call'd
 In secret, riding through the air, she comes

Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring
moon
Eclipses at her charms—

I think Boss Breughel (called Hellish Breughel), Fritz, and Fuseli have excelled in painting witches and enchantments.

Miss K. There has been a great deal of superstition in this country, even in the century before last, respecting witches. King James I. wrote a book to prove their existence. Some have been condemned and executed, who were tried on this account, in the 17th century, by the otherwise great Sir Matthew Hale. Not sixty years ago, an old woman, suspected of being a witch, was drowned at Tring, in Hertfordshire, by an ignorant mob, one of whom was hanged for the crime. Here is part of the evidence on the trial of an old woman thus accused, before Sir Matthew Hale:

"Alice Duke, one of the witches of Wincanton, in the county of Somerset, before Robert Hunt, justice of the peace, Jan. 27, 1661, confesses, that when she lived with Ann Bishop, of Wincanton, about eleven or twelve years ago, Ann Bishop persuaded her to go with her into the church-yard in the night-time; and being come thither, to go backwards round the church, which they did three times. In their first round, they met a man in black clothes, who went round the second time with them; and then they met a thing in the shape of a great black toad, which leaped up against the examinant's apron. In the third round they met somewhat in the shape of a rat, which vanished away. After this, the examinant and Ann Bishop went home; but before Ann Bishop went

off, the man in black said somewhat to her softly, which the informant could not hear. A few days after, Ann Bishop, speaking about their going round the church, told the examinant, that now she might have her desire, and what she could wish for; and shortly after the devil appeared to her in the shape of a man, promising that she should want nothing; and that if she cursed any thing with *a pox take it*, she should have her purpose, in case she would give her soul to him, suffer him to suck her blood, keep her secrets, and be his instrument to do such mischief as he should set her about: all which, upon his second appearing to her, she yielded to; and the devil having pricked the fourth finger of her right hand, between the middle and upper joint, where the mark is yet to be seen, gave her a pen, with which she made a cross mark with her blood on paper or parchment, that the devil offered her for the confirmation of the agreement; which was done in the presence of Ann Bishop; and as soon as the examinant had signed it, the devil gave her sixpence, and went away with the paper or parchment."

Suppose I go on with this another time.—As you observe, though we do not believe such accounts, yet there is a romantic fancy in them.

Miss E. About a week ago, I was in Essex, and there came to me a young gypsy-woman, with a child at her back, with dark hair and black sparkling eyes, like many of the descendants of Israel. I was walking near the garden, and considering them with attention, they looked at me. She offered to

tell me my fortune. I smiled, and told her I believed it was beyond her power, saying, "I have gold and silver in my purse; tell me the precise quantity of money, and the pieces, and I will freely give them to you." This she could not do. I talked to her till I brought her to confess, that her art was all deception. She said, that she was driven to the practice by imperious necessity, that her brothers and sisters neglected her, &c. Nature, indeed, seemed to have endowed her with something beyond cunning; she was an interesting young woman. By brothers and sisters, she meant that we were all brothers and sisters from Adam and Eve. The little mumper at her back, as if fearful that I would part with no money, pouted with her lip, and cast such a glance from her dark eyes as pierced my very soul. Something whispered to me,—Make a lady of this child, by way of frolic. I said, "I wish to do you and your child good: I am a Jewess, and mistress of that seat; if ever you come this way, let it be ever so often, my pantry shall always be open to you and your little girl; but never fill the minds of the maids with idle stories:—this is the agreement—and now and then let me see my little sister, and how she comes on."—There is great pleasure in anticipating the good of others: the more we fly from self, the more self follows us.

Miss K. You were more liberal than the Duke of ———

Miss Eze. How was that?

Miss K. A person applied to him for a sum of money. The duke asked on what ground he made this application; and he re-

plied, that he was his relation. The duke enquired what relation; and the man answered, "A brother."—"A brother!" repeated his grace.—"Yes," said the stranger, "we are all brothers and sisters from Adam." "Very true," rejoined the duke smiling, "so we are. Here is a penny-piece for you, and if all our brothers and sisters prove equally liberal, you will be much richer than I am."

Here is a newspaper containing an account of a different sort of fortune-teller:—In consequence of a complaint from a number of respectable people, inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Hampstead, at the Public Office, Bow-street, of their female servants and daughters being defrauded of their money by a woman in the neighbourhood pretending to tell their fortunes; and from a number of ridiculous stories she had told them, their minds being much disturbed, and much mischief likely to ensue from this propheticess, who, as an inducement to believe in her nonsense, caused it to be reported that she dealt in witchcraft; a woman was employed to go and have her fortune told. She did so a few days since, and yesterday the fortune-teller was brought before Sir Richard Ford, in the custody of Sayers, the officer, who stated that he apprehended her in a small house on the Hampstead-road. He described her residence to be of such a frightful and disgusting appearance as he never saw before. She had in the same room with her, two owls, a jackdaw, and a guinea-pig: these were supposed to strengthen the idea that she dealt in witchcraft. The woman who was employed,

said, that she went to the Hampstead-road; when she passed her house, she told her that she wished to have her fortune told. The prisoner replied, that she need not ask any questions, for she knew she was come to enquire after a fair man. The prisoner then presented some cards, and desired her to cut them, which she accordingly did; and the prisoner, after looking for some time at the cards, told her she would marry the fair man; and that, in less than twenty-four hours, she would receive a letter, bringing her some good news. She then presented to her some cards, ornamented in a very uncommon manner, and desired her to draw some of them; the woman accordingly drew three, two of which contained the figures of lions, and the other a globe. The prisoner told her, that these indicated that she should conquer every thing she took in hand; and farther said, that on the 4th, 6th, and 11th of next March, something very particular would happen to her; that if she did not take great care, she would be very much injured; and that she had two sincere friends and three very great enemies. The witness told the old woman, that she was engaged in a law-suit, and wished to know if the prisoner could give her any information as to the event; upon which, pretending to make some calculations, she told her she would be successful. For this she paid the prisoner one shilling. The officer produced a pack of cards, and a number of other cards, ornamented in a very uncommon and frightful manner, some of them representing the devil, hell, &c. The magistrate, on examina-

tion, found that the playing cards always cut the seven of diamonds. This, no doubt, was so contrived as to deceive the ignorant, and to enable her to tell beforehand what card they would cut. The magistrate urged her, but in vain, to inform him where they were bought. A sheet of paper was produced by the officer, which he found in her room: it contained written instructions for practising her deceptions. She was committed to the house of correction as a rogue and vagabond.

Miss *Eve*. She lived in the Hampstead-road. I think it is in Hampstead church-yard that Harrison, who invented the time-keeper for ascertaining the longitude, for which the Parliament of this country offered £20,000, is buried.

Miss *K*. Yes; and here is the inscription on his monument there.—“In memory of Mr. John Harrison, late of Red Lion-square, London, inventor of the time-keeper for ascertaining the longitude at sea. He was born at Foulby, in the county of York, and was the son of a builder of that place, who brought him up to the same profession. Before he attained the age of twenty-one, he, without any instruction, employed himself in cleaning and repairing clocks and watches, and made a few of the former, chiefly of wood. At the age of twenty-five, he employed his whole time in chronometrical improvements: he was the inventor of the gridiron pendulum, and the method of preventing the effects of heat and cold upon time-keepers, by two bars of different metals fixed together: he introduced the secondary spring, to keep them going

while winding up; and was the inventor of most or all of the improvements in clocks and watches during his time. In 1735, his first time-keeper was sent to Lisbon; and, in 1764, his then much improved fourth time-keeper having been sent to Barbadoes, the Commissioners of Longitude certified that he had determined the longitude within one third of half a degree of a great circle, having erred not more than 40 seconds in time. After near 60 years of close application to the above pursuits, he departed this life on the 24th day of March, 1776, aged 83.

"Mrs. Elizabeth Harrison, wife of the above Mr. John Harrison, departed this life March 5, 1777, aged 72."

Miss Eve. There is a pretty epitaph on an elegant monument not far from Hampstead, in Pancras church-yard, on an interesting child drowned in a pond, while at a boarding-school, I think at Hackney.

"Sacred to the memory of Miss Dorothea Dias de Faria, who was unfortunately drowned in the fifth year of her age, June 26, 1772."

Soft as the balm the gentlest gale distils,
Sweet as the fragraney of new mown hills,
Her opening mind a thousand charms reveal'd,
Proofs of those thousands which were yet conceal'd;

The loveliest flow'r in Nature's garden placed,
Permitted just to bloom, and pluck'd in haste.

Miss K. Here is an epitaph in Limehouse church-yard, Nov. 13, 1787.

Youth, wit, and beauty in their sweetest prime,
Cut off by death in unexpected time.
'Tis needless whether he or she to say;
Let's wait on God till that eternal day,
When knowledge to perfection will be grown,
And we shall surely know, as now we're known.

Sleep, tender soul—these lines, though put
for thee,
Shall stand a mournful monument for me.

Here is an inscription and epitaph that were peculiarly interesting for some years, when party-spirit strongly pervaded the minds of the people, and when many were prejudiced against Lord Bute (who had been tutor to the king), and against the Scotch in general. It was written on a young man, son of an innkeeper in the Borough, who was shot by soldiers, said to be natives of Scotland, in his father's stable or cow-house, whither he had fled for protection, at the time the late John Wilkes was confined in the King's Bench prison. Crowds of people went, particularly on a Sunday, to view this monument, for a long time after it was erected in the church-yard of Newington Butts.

"Sacred to the memory of William Allen, an Englishman of unspotted life and unblemished reputation, who was inhumanly murdered near St. George's Fields, on the 10th day of May, 1768, by Scottish detachments from the army.—His disconsolate parents, inhabitants of this parish, caused this monument to be erected to an only son, lost to them and to the world in his 20th year, as a monument of his virtues and their affection."

Oh! disembodied soul, most rudely driven
From this low orb (our sinful seat) to heaven;
While filial piety can please the ear,
Thy name will still occur for ever dear:
This very spot, now humanized, shall crave
From all a tear of pity on thy grave.
O flow'r of flow'rs, which we shall see no more,
No kind returning spring can thee restore!
Thy loss thy hapless countrymen deplore.

O Earth, cover not thou my blood.

JOH. XVI. 19

'Take away the wicked from before the king, and his throne shall be established in righteousness.—PROV. xiv. 5.

Miss *Eve*. Unfortunate youth!—a mob, I understand, was very riotous about the King's Bench at that time. Lord Bute, I believe, married Lady M. W. Montague's daughter, whose birth is mentioned in one of her letters from Turkey, in 1717.—What were the dates of John Wilkes, the celebrated patriot?

Miss *K*. He was the son of a distiller, and was born in St. John's-street, near West Smithfield, Oct. 28, 1727. He died Dec. 26, 1797, aged upwards of 70. I remember a song written some years before he died, and containing mock epitaphs. That on Wilkes I think ran thus:

Here lies Johnny Wilkes, as by many 'tis
hinted,
On ministers' bad ways who oft quaintly hath
squinted;
An alderman once, and once he was lord
mayor;
No more he puns or squints, but now lies
quiet here.

Miss *Eve*. How horribly Hogarth has made him squint in his whole-length portrait of him!

Miss *K*. Yes. Churchill says, that he has

Given to an angel's mind a devil's face.

Miss *Eve*. I have heard, that the city voted his picture to be placed in Guildhall; but Wilkes refused the intended honour, saying, "The case of my soul shall not be thus exposed to posterity with such a continued squint at them." I have read his name on the obelisk at the bottom of Fleet-street and Ludgate-hill, facing

Fleet Market, with the date of the year in which he was lord mayor, I think, 1775.

Churchill was very severe in his portraits. In one of his pieces, he says of some person, that he has

Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face.

There were three Johns, much celebrated as patriots some years ago, Wilkes, Glyn, and Horne, afterwards Horne Tooke. They were even painted on signs, and were the darlings of the multitude, as a certain baronet is at present. Churchill was very severe upon Hogarth, in his epistle to him, for caricaturing his friend Wilkes. He chiefly charged him with vanity, envy, and selfishness. Do you remember some of his lines?

Miss *K*.

Oft have I known thee, Hogarth, weak and
vain,
Thyself the idol of thy awkward strain;
Through the dull measures of a summer's day,
In phrase most vile, prate long, long hours
away;
While friends with friends a-gaping, sit and
gaze
To hear a Hogarth babble Hogarth's praise.

Miss *Eve*. Yes; and when speaking of the ancients, he says,—

If you would have a true perfection shewn,
It must be found in pieces of my own;
I dare to challenge, in one single piece,
Th' united force of Italy and Greece.

The same poet observes, that many writers have said, that Envy attends Merit to the grave, and then leaves it; but that

To such observers Hogarth gives the lie;
Worth may be hears'd, but Envy cannot die.

JUNINUS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE inclosed narrative of a Tour through Derbyshire, was written by an excellent and amiable man with whom I was well acquainted in my boyish years; and who, on his return from exploring the principal natural curiosities of that romantic region, composed this account, in the form of letters, for the entertainment of his friends. When it is considered how little the scenes here described are liable to change, you may possibly think, with me, that, notwithstanding the length of time during which this journal has remained in manuscript, your readers may still derive some amusement, and perhaps information, from the perusal.

I shall merely add, that the writer, whose little compositions and *jeux d'esprit* often enlivened the circles with which he associated, was carried to the grave by a decline in 1792, at the early age of thirty-six; that Mr. von Heithausen, whom he accompanied in this tour, was a German gentleman of fortune, who visited England for the purpose of seeing whatever is remarkable here, and particularly to make him self acquainted with such improvements in agriculture as had not already been introduced into his native country.

I am, &c.

F. S.

LONDON, Aug. 9, 1813.

A TOUR THROUGH DERBYSHIRE AND PART OF STAFFORDSHIRE.

HUDDERSFIELD, Sept. 9, 1788.

Dear Friend,

IF I do not forget, the next time that a glass of Champaign falls in my way, I will drink the health, —I beg pardon, I mean the memory of those who first invented the art of making paper, and placing the thoughts upon its surface by means of letters. We are certainly much indebted to them; for, had it not been for their ingenuity, I should not have had the pleasure of writing the following epistles to you, nor would you have had the pleasure (perhaps I should rather have said the trouble) of perusing them. Exclusive of the advantages which absent friends derive from distant converse with each other by this medium, trade and commerce could never have arrived to their present pitch, had there been no other means of conveying intelligence from one quarter of the globe to the other, than that which was in use before paper was introduced. Were we now oblig-

ed, as formerly, to make use of the bark of trees on the occasion, to what an enormous and inconceivable bulk would not the mails be swelled! How would the merchant contrive an archive in which to deposit his letters, unless he made use of an old deserted cow-house, or built a heap like those piled up at the tan-pits?—You will recollect, that, some time ago, I intimated to you my intention of making a tour through the Peak of Derbyshire, and, at the same time, gave you a promise of communicating my journal: the first I have since accomplished; and the latter I will endeavour to fulfil as much to your satisfaction as my small abilities, together with rather too hasty a transition from one place to another, will admit of. Much time and observation are requisite to form a proper judgment of things, and to collect the necessary information on the spot, of places or countries to be described. Derbyshire, in particular, is a country singular in its

appearances and productions; to explore which, with the degree of attention they claim, would require more time and philosophy than I could command: so that, if in the following pages you do not find such ample information or entertainment as you expected, attribute as much as you please, to my having been too rapidly hurried along, and the remainder to my defect in the requisite talents. But I think it is high time that we set off, for I know you like travelling as well as myself.

Our company from Fulneck, consisted of Mr. von Heithausen, Griffith Williams, and your humble servant. We left home about three o'clock yesterday afternoon, having bidden our friends adieu, and received many good wishes for an agreeable journey and safe return.

We descended Pudsey Hill with cautious steps; the declivity is steep, and riding down, to those unaccustomed to ups and downs in the world, appears a very awkward piece of business. The country from Fulneck to Huddersfield, is too well known to you, to render a description necessary. Nothing occurred on the road worth reciting, except it be a fray in which we were nearly involved with two Yorkshire clowns on Mirfield Moor: they were driving two pack-horses before them, and, on our attempting to pass by, the horses quickened their pace, and seemed determined to be foremost. We were apprehensive that the drivers would resent it, and attribute their speed to us; but they rather seemed pleased with the adventure, and cried out, "Let them run." But, in the middle of the

common, one of the horses attempting to turn off, and take a wrong road, was prevented by Mr. von Heithausen with a lash of his whip: this brought on us a volley of oaths and abuse from one of the drivers, who seemed determined to exhaust his whole store. Our companion Griffith could not patiently bear this, but had his whole mass of Welsh blood thrown into a violent ferment, and, with a warmth of temper peculiar to his country-folks, charged our assaulter with impertinence and ill manners: the man was undoubtedly guilty of both, but to be told of it only made bad worse. I was obliged to interfere, begging him to be quiet, having always found it best to pass over such treatment, which is the result of boorish ignorance, either with silent contempt, or, if I can have sufficient command of my temper at the time, with a return of seeming civility. The latter expedient succeeded with the man, and his abuse of us ended with encomiums on his horse, and his own abilities in horsemanship, declaring, that if the former was not loaded, and he mounted, he would ride as well, and cut as good a figure as the best of us, smart as we looked. I told him, that none of us had the least doubt of his being an extraordinarily clever fellow, which compliment perfectly restored his good humour; and he, with his companion, soon parted with us in a friendly manner, wishing us a good journey.

The road from Mirfield Moor to Huddersfield is very level and pleasant, passing by the seat of Sir George Armitage, a celebrated man on the turf. The house is an

antique mansion, agreeably situated on an eminence in the park; which is well planned, though not very extensive. In it stands the tomb of the once renowned Robin Hood, who, with his colleague, Little John, rendered himself famous in the days of yore. Whether the body of that champion is actually deposited there, or the tomb is erected only as an object in the park, I am not able to ascertain. Should you be desirous of further information on this head, I must refer you to his life and adventures, which have been published; but they have escaped my observation, as my reading has not been the most extensive. The whole way on the left is bordered with hills of considerable height, chequered with low woods, and where the ascent admits of cultivation, with fields. The Calder runs with a winding course at the bottom. Some new mills have lately been erected within three miles of Huddersfield, seemingly upon an extensive scale, calculated for milling cloth, grinding corn, and some other purposes which I do not recollect. Sluices are made for conveying the water to four wheels. The reservoir for supplying them must have been a very expensive work, as it is very extensive, and the banks raised by materials collected for the purpose. When the whole is completed, there will be a prospect of considerable emolument to the proprietors, being advantageously situated in a populous manufacturing country.

We reached Huddersfield about six o'clock in the evening, and put up at the George Inn, which is an elegant stone building. Having

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drunk tea, we took a walk to view the town and suburbs. Some considerable improvements have been lately made. The principal street has been much enlarged by contracting the dimensions of the church-yard, which, with the addition of several new houses, renders it very decent. The contrast between the new and old buildings is striking, and calls for a total demolition of the latter, which now appear to double disadvantage. We were informed, that the owner of the estate intended to pull them all down, and rebuild them as the old leases expire: when this is effected, Huddersfield will be a very neat town. The church is a large Gothic structure, which age and smoke have rendered black; and it now exhibits a representation of monkish gloom, and the barbarous taste in architecture of those ages. Having amused ourselves for some time, we returned to our inn. We spent the evening very agreeably together, and about eleven o'clock retired to the land of nod.

If nothing intervenes that changes our plan, Buxton will be the next place whence you may expect to hear from

Your's, &c.

* * * *

CASTLETOWN, Sept. 10, 1798.

Dear Friend,

You will probably be surprised at seeing my second letter dated from this place; but some unexpected events have changed our route, of which the sequel will inform you.

T

I think my last concluded with the important intelligence of our going to bed at night, so that this may commence with an occurrence of equal moment, namely, that we all rose the next morning, and went before breakfast to see the Cloth-Hall, for which we had made a fruitless application the evening before, for it was too late.

It is a large, convenient, circular building, consisting of two stories, with the windows inside. Suitable stages are erected all round, upon which the cloth is laid. Each person has his own stand, which is numbered, and a fixed price is paid for every piece of cloth carried in. Convenience seems to have been the principal consideration in planning the building, and though it is not altogether destitute of ornament, yet much has not been expended upon unnecessary grandeur. We returned to our quarters, breakfasted, and then set out, very well satisfied with our treatment and accommodations at the inn. The landlord is a man of a very civil and obliging disposition, who pays particular attention to his customers. His domestics appeared the same, and were all equally intent to serve: they have probably been much influenced in their behaviour by their master's example. In such inns the traveller feels himself at home, and though he has as undoubted a claim to civility at an inn, as at any shop where he makes a purchase; yet ~~the~~ many instances that occur to the contrary, render a civil and courteous behaviour the more agreeable, the less it is expected. Having rode out of the town, we parted with our companion Wil-

liams, who took the Marsden road, and we pursued that to Woodhead; passed through several villages, Lockwood, Amly, Haig, and Holmfirth; the latter place seemed populous, and has a very decent church, which has lately been rebuilt. These villages are all very pleasantly situated.

The road from Huddersfield till we passed Holmfirth, led us through an extensive, winding valley; on each side the prospects are rich and much diversified. Woods and cultivated fields on the sides of the hills, with excellent pasturage in the vallies, formed the face of the country, till within three or four miles of Woodhead, when the bleak aspect of the Peak begins to shew itself, with lofty, barren mountains: having reached the summit of one, we descended seemingly into another world, leaving all appearance of civilization behind us. The mind that can view scenes such as then presented themselves, without any sensible or striking emotion, must indeed be callous and unfeeling. In such majestic deformity of nature (if the expression may be allowed), we have a very grand display of our Maker's power.

Thomson, in his solemn address to the God of Seasons, has a beautiful passage, descriptive of the effects which the terrors of winter have upon a contemplative mind, and the ideas which they suggest concerning the omnipotent Creator. They occurred to my mind, having experienced some similar impressions from what I saw; and by supposing myself in those desolate regions in the depth of winter, could appropriate them very aptly:

In winter, awful Thou, with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest
roll'd,

Majestic darkness, on the whirlwind's wing
Ridingsublime; 'Thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Certain it is, that what the poet has here described, corresponds in its effects with such striking scenes in nature, and both occasion a mixed sensation of awe and terror in the mind, which milder seasons and less rugged prospects will never excite. I would not trespass upon your patience, by intruding these remarks, were I not well convinced, that a similar turn of thinking, together with your customary indulgence, would kindly excuse them.

The top of the mountain over which we passed was composed of turf, which in rainy weather is one entire bog. The road is hard and well made, and, on account of its vast elevation, it must have cost much labour to collect the materials. In treating of these mountains, I speak, or rather write, as one that has never been abroad: but as any thing is only great or small by comparison, had I ever visited the immense ridges of mountains that extend themselves through the whole continent of America from north to south; had I ever scaled the Peak of Teneriffe, or the tops of Etna or Vesuvius, or peeped into the gulphs whence they discharge their eruptions; had I been a soldier in the army of Hannibal when he led his troops across the Alps, which were before deemed inaccessible: or, had I even with my friend Weideman, on a hot summer's day, ascended the Scheideck in Switzerland, with many a puff and weary step; I should then look down up-

on the mountains of Derbyshire, and hardly allow, that, in comparison with those before mentioned, they deserve the name of hills. But as I have never travelled farther than the land of potatoes, butter-milk, and hospitality, I hope all those who may ever have made the tour of Europe, will excuse me, if my descriptions of those scenes of Derbyshire may appear to them either extravagant or too highly coloured. We observed, in several places, fissures of considerable depth on the sides of the mountains, occasioned by vast torrents of water that rush down in winter with great violence, particularly when the snow begins to melt. Though the season, for some time before we were there, had been remarkably dry, and a general scarcity of water complained of, yet the streams flowed down in several places, which plainly indicated, that in wet seasons the water collected upon the tops of those mountains must be immense, and its effects, when rolling down the rugged cataracts, very striking. And though we did not observe places of considerable height, where the fall is quite perpendicular, the appearance must, however, be grand, to view such a body of water rolling down from the top to the bottom of the mountain, continually broken and worked into foam by dashing against the rocks which oppose its passage.

I should think, that, to a person possessed of sufficient curiosity, time, and money, a visit to this country, in the depth of winter, would afford much pleasure, when the mountains are covered with snow, and the cataracts exerting all their violence. As you may

probably never view any scenes of this kind, and our poet Thomson has given us the most animated description of a cataract I have ever met with, give me leave to introduce it at present. I should not be much surprised, if, while you read it, imagination should suggest a tremendous roar, and oblige you to stop your ears, or to turn aside from the frightful prospect.

*At first an azure sheet it rushes broad,
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls;
And, from the loud resounding rocks below,
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless show'r
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose;
But, raging still, amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts,
And falling fast, from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.*

And there we will leave it for the present, and pursue our journey; for certain commotions in our stomachs, occasioned by the keen mountain air and long riding, reminded us of the necessity of supplying nature with her usual demands, which were more extravagant than ordinary. Our prospects on every side consisted of dreary mountains, which reared their heads over each other with rugged majesty, sometimes extending in long ridges, and sometimes thrown together in confused masses. The surfaces of the most part consisted of moss and heath, with here and there a heap of small rocks.

After a stage of twenty miles, we at last reached Glossop, and put up at the Bull's Head, to which we had been recommended. This is a small neat village, most delightfully situated; has a decent church, built in the true style of rural sim-

licity, with the church-yard decorated, as those in the country generally are, with a solitary yew-tree. Adjoining the village is Glossop Hall, the residence of — Howard, Esq.: nothing very striking distinguishes the mansion, which is small and as plain as possible. A river runs through the middle of the park, which abounds with wood, and appears to more advantage in that desolate country, than it would any where else. After waiting some time with no small impatience for dinner, which, for an hour and a half, we had been assured was coming immediately, some good English boiled beef and turnips made their appearance, to our no small comfort. We sat down to dinner with two travellers: the one a Mr. Harris from London, a considerable manufacturer of chimney-pieces, monuments, &c. and also a dealer in Derbyshire productions; the other a Mr. Kendal, his acquaintance, who was in the law line, and travelling for the benefit of his health. An acquaintance with these agreeable people soon commenced, and fully compensated for our long delay before dinner, which was upon their account. Mr. Harris had been employed to erect a monument in the church, sacred to the memory of a Squire Haig: it was well executed, and far eclipsed all the other ornaments of the building, which consisted chiefly of an escutcheon fringed with cobwebs, and a few rudely executed monuments, on which was carved something intended to represent a death's head and marrow-bones, but which bore a nearer resemblance to a turnip, with two broomsticks placed transversely beneath

it. The squire before-mentioned had been a man of considerable fortune, consequently of some note in the country: but his memory did not appear to be held in much esteem by the country people, as they expressed much dissatisfaction at the epitaph, which, as usual, exhibited his virtues (if he had any), and was totally silent as to his vices. There was sufficient reason to believe, that if the honest rustics durst have acted agreeably to their inclinations, they would have damaged the nose or the wig of the bust, which, with the head it inclosed, made a very portly appearance, and to have defaced it would certainly have been an act of unjustifiable wantonness. Mr. Harris had just completed the job when we arrived, and, with his companion, had determined to set off the same afternoon for Castletown, by a route across the mountains, which is seldom traversed, on account of the great difficulty attending it, particularly with horses; the usual road being that by Hayfield and Chapel in the Frith. They had furnished themselves with a guide, without which it would be impossible for those unacquainted with the country to find their road. As we found our companions sensible, agreeable, and intelligent, and were besides fond of any adventures that bore the appearance of singularity, we were very easily persuaded to relinquish our first formed project, and change our route, determined altogether to brave the perils attendant on the journey before us, should we even, in those solitary glens, have to encounter "Gorgons, or Hydras, or Chimeras dire." Having made a hearty repast, we set out in good spirits upon our quixotic expedition, entirely at the mercy of our guide. He was one of the hardy race of the mountaineers, and so accustomed to those hilly regions, that he ran almost the whole way, which was about sixteen miles, without discovering the least symptoms of fatigue or want of breath.

It is impossible for any description to convey to your mind an adequate idea of the scenes through which we passed. The path was, for three or four miles, to be distinguished, and was tolerably good, being mostly in the vallies, which were bordered on each side with vast mountains. The road was then for some miles so rugged, that we were frequently obliged to alight and lead our horses, which with much difficulty and danger could pick their steps, particularly in descending the declivity. Our fatigue and apprehensions were, however, amply recompensed by the wonderful prospects that incessantly presented themselves on every side, with continual changes of scenery, and, if possible, more majestic at every variation. We rode upwards of seven miles through a district called the Woodlands, without seeing a living soul, or any appearance of human dwellings; passed near a valley, called the Devil's Ditch; saw about two miles distant the mountain called Kindar Scroud, supposed to be the highest in the Peak. A Mr. Grand, who is steward to the Duke of Devonshire, resides in a most sequestered situation among the mountains, to whose house the access must be very difficult. He is a considerable breeder of sheep, which find ex-

cellent pasturage upon the mountains. At last, after much fatigue, we entered a fine extensive valley, called Hopedale, in which the village of Hope is situated, about a mile from Castletown, at which place we arrived about six in the evening. We made choice of the Castle Inn, which had the most reputable appearance; but it was with some difficulty that we procured admission and accommodations, the whole town and every public-house in it being crowded with people, who had assembled to the waker. The place was all in an uproar, but we fortunately got possession of a little back room, whither we could retire from the noise of bagpipes, fiddling, and dancing, with which we had the prospect of being serenaded the whole night. We drank tea, and then took a walk up to the old castle, which stands upon the verge of the hill, just over the entrance into the cave. The walls are of prodigious thickness, and, on account of its situation, it must formerly have been a place of great strength. Tradition, as well as those who have described the antiquities of Derbyshire, has been silent respecting its origin. Evident traces of Roman architecture are to be met with in it. There are remains of a winding stone staircase, that led to the top of the tower; but time has made such ravages upon the steps, that there is no possibility of ascending; so that the owls and bats which inhabit the summit, live totally unmolested. We had from the castle a beautiful prospect of the town and valley below. The latter forms a plain, nearly flat, the extent of which

is two miles by three. The mountains rise on all sides very abruptly, except towards Sheffield, where they appear more gradual.

We then returned to our inn, where, having refreshed and rested ourselves, we unanimously agreed to a proposal made of visiting the Peak Hole that evening, which would enable us to set off sooner the next morning. Mr. Harris having some acquaintance with one of the guides, we sent for him, bargained about the expence, and settled our plan. He undertook to engage the singers, as also the man who makes the explosion at the extremity of the cave, we being determined to see and hear every thing curious. Having fortified our stomachs with a little brandy against the pernicious effects of damps and vapours, and furnished ourselves with a bottle of the same, for further use, we entered the gloomy regions, each with a lighted candle in his hand. The cave, on the first entrance, forms a regular arch, allowing for several protuberances of the rocks, of 42 feet high and 120 feet wide. Over this the rocks rise quite perpendicular, some to the height of 250 feet. The first entrance is made use of for spinning cord, as it is well sheltered, and admits a sufficiency of light for that purpose. At the distance of about fifty yards from the first entrance, you come to a small door, which opens to what may properly be called the commencement of the cavern. We found the waters remarkably low, and the place very clean and dry. On first entering, we were obliged to stoop for some yards, but were presently eased of that trouble on arriving at

what is called the Bell-House; a mark is then shewn you on the side, about five feet high, to which the waters frequently rise in winter, and totally prevent any access. The river soon appeared over which we were to be ferried. Our companion, Harris, who is an acute observer, discovered, the last time he was here, that the bank which supports the water, is artificial, and contrived purposely to render the subterranean excursion of more importance and expence to the traveller. He humorously hinted his discovery to his conductor at the time, who did not deny it, but requested he might be silent on the subject, as it put a little money in their pockets. I examined the place particularly, and was well convinced that the bank was the work of art. However, as I look upon the boat-adventure to be the most agreeable part of the whole business, I would by no means wish that it might be demolished, nor grudge the guide a reasonable recompence for his trouble. The boat in which you make this eccentric voyage is flat-bottomed and about a foot deep, so that some precaution is necessary at stepping in, and afterwards placing yourself to preserve a proper equilibrium. The passengers must lie flat upon their backs, or if they prefer it, on their faces. Any person having the misfortune of a nose eighteen or twenty inches long, would run much risk of receiving some damage at the extremity, as the rocks hang over at nearly that distance from the boat. The bottom is covered with clean dry straw, so that you may lie down very comfortably, and were the passage of sufficient

length, might enjoy a refreshing nap. As we approached the opposite shore, the appearance of our companions standing there with candles in their hands, awaiting our arrival, naturally suggested the idea of being ferried over the Styx by Charon into the doleful regions of Pluto, of which, according to the description given us, this place exhibits a tolerable resemblance.

Well, after congratulating each other on our safe landing, we marched on, and arrived at Roger Rain's house, so called from a regular and continued shower of rain that filtrates through the rocks, and falls without any intermission in summer and winter. The next place that interests the attention of the visitor is the Chancel, an opening of very considerable height and dimensions. In this, at an elevation of 57 feet, is the Orchestra, the ascent to which is steep and slippery: here the singers place themselves, and the echo of the voices is truly astonishing. We had three or four young geniuses who hawled for us, for singing it could hardly be called with propriety. We afterwards understood the reason of their performances being so indifferent: having made use of a bottle of rum, the cost of which they thought to impose upon us, and having drunk more than sufficient before, the effects of that totally deprived them of the small powers of execution that were left. What we heard gave us, however, an idea of what must be the effect of good singing, considerably improved by the wonderful echo. One of our company having a German flute with him, played several tunes, among others, *God save the King.*

&c. and finding ourselves full of good-will and loyalty to our sovereign, we accompanied it with our voices. This made some recompence for the disappointment we had met with in the performance of our young choristers, who were better suited for bed at the time, than for the task they had undertaken.

Having fully satisfied our curiosity by the surprising echoes of every possible noise we were able to invent, among the rest, the mew-ing of cats, &c. we went on to the Devil's Cellar. I do not intend to inform you how it obtained its name, because I really do not know. It may perhaps have originated from a visit paid by the old gentleman with his cloven feet. Indeed, I have never seen a spot more suitable, if ever he wants to place himself so as to listen unobserved to what is going forward in our world, but more particularly at Castletown. I think we must here introduce part of the Scotchman's prayer: "Frae the pope's laws and the deel's claws, gued Loord, delier us." Amen.—As we had taken a bottle of brandy and a glass tumbler with us, we made a most refreshing draught with that and some excellent water, which runs through the cavern as clear as crystal, and accompanied it with a pipe of tobacco, which is undoubtedly a good antidote against the effects of foul air. After a gradual descent of 150 feet further, the path being by the side of the stream, we arrived at the Half-way House; and at some small distance were shewn three regularly formed arches, at a considerable distance from each other, that ex-

tended across the cavern, and seemed to support the roof. An injunction of total silence is generally laid upon the company here, and by listening attentively, you hear very distinctly a noise resembling that occasioned by a distant cascade.

The next adventure that occurs, is your being carried over the river, which crosses the cavern, on the shoulders of your guide. Those who do not choose to run the hazard of cold-bathing by being thrown off, may at some small distance pick their steps over the water, with no more risk than that of wet feet. When I was there some years ago, my guide informed me, that, not long before, Lord North, with a company of other gentlemen, had visited the place. His lordship is well known to be a person of very considerable weight and dimensions, and could not by any means be persuaded to venture himself over on a man's shoulders, choosing rather to stay behind, and wait the return of his company. There is, however, no hazard, for those who carry you over are sure-footed, and so well accustomed to the business, that notwithstanding there is an uneven bottom, they seldom, if ever, set down their load before the time. Going on a little farther, we were shewn the hanging rock, which is of a considerable size and suspended from the roof. This, as well as many other of the same composition, are petrefactions, which in process of time have been increased to their present bulk. Soon after this you arrive at the Tom of Lincoln, a circular cavity resembling a large bell in shape. At last we reach the ex-

tremity, as far as we could walk on dry ground, for the rock has been blown away about twenty yards farther, in hopes of finding the supposed communication between this and another hole at a considerable distance, where the river that runs through the cavern falls into the ground above and is lost. An expedient tried some years ago with a sack of chaff, has confirmed the supposition, for it found its way into the Peak Hole; so that there is undoubtedly a channel, if not another cave, through which the water runs. The last curiosity which remained was the explosion with gunpowder: the rock had been bored and charged before our arrival: we were desired to retire about twenty yards from the spot, when it was let off with a report that almost stunned our ears; the sound was reverberated from different parts of the cavern with increased violence, and seemed like a long and continued clap of thunder. Staying till all had subsided, we turned about, hoping to revisit our fellow-creatures upon earth.

Having determined to leave no part unexplored, we went on our return up to the Orchestra, whence it is frightful to look down into the gulph below. Near to this, a small cave branches out to the extent of about twenty yards. Some of our company went in to the end, but as one is obliged to stoop almost double, I declined it, having already had sufficient fatigue. There are many of those smaller caves in the lower part, but they are generally filled with mud, which is brought in by the waters every season in great abundance. Our guide related a circumstance to us,

that happened when his wife was a child. She with some companions straggled into the cavern, and it being quite dark, they lost themselves and could not find their way out again. They were soon missing, and, after thirteen hours search, were found up to their necks in mud, and almost dead, but were happily restored.

About half-past ten we finished our expedition, and on coming out received a salute from the owls, who have their haunts in the old castle and rocks above. A comfortable supper waited for us at the inn, for which we were well prepared. We then retired to rest, which was rendered very sweet by the fatigue of the day.

I think, my dear friend, I have given you enough to ruminate upon till you hear from me again, which will probably be by the next post. It is very customary for correspondents to make apologies for the length of very short letters, which they seem to be very apprehensive will exhaust the patience of the reader. This is supposing them to possess but a very small stock indeed of that valuable commodity. They are in general, however, but empty, unmeaning compliments, and may as well be omitted. Dr. Johnson said, that a short letter to a friend at a distance is an affront. Now you know the doctor was a man of the most profound learning, and has said many curious things in his life-time. The natural conclusion to be drawn from these premises, is, that one ought to write a long one, supposing that it is only about a cock and a bull. Now this I have done, but should my epistle seem rather tedious to you,

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let the apology which an Irishman (a countryman of mine) made on a similar occasion, suffice, namely, "If I had time, my dear honey, I would have made it shorter;" and

so, my dear honey, farewell, till you will be after hearing again from
Your's, &c.

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THOUGHTS ON FEMALE EDUCATION, MARRIAGE, AND DOWRY.

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZLBUE.

MANY years ago an honest Frenchman wrote a book on *Marriage* and the *Dowry* of the bride, where, among other things, he draws the following picture, to which we shall find among ourselves abundance of originals.

"What a wretched education do the daughters of the rich in general receive! *Money makes amends for every thing!* is the maxim instilled into them from their tenderest years, if not by words, at least by deeds. If teachers are provided for such a female, the music-master, and above all the dancing-master, are sure of a kind reception; but those who should form her heart and understanding only tire and disgust. What need has she of instruction? has she not plenty of money? is not this often enough repeated to her by her maid, and not rarely even by her mother? and has not Nature herself sufficiently endowed her with genius?—If a malicious sally escapes her, all about her laugh till they are ready to split their sides at her wit. Does she say something absurd, it is termed *natural*, *unaffected*.—Dressing, dancing, throwing a musical instrument, and *novel*-reading, are her only occupations; for, thanks to those charming productions, she has at least learned to read. Thus accomplished, she enters into the

married state. Her house becomes a temple of luxury and fashion. She pours forth gold in a hundred streams. If her husband presumes to make the slightest remark, she laughs outright in his face. 'What are you thinking of, my dear? why disturb yourself about such trifles? This shawl cost only a hundred guineas; the little countess gave two hundred for one, but I am economical.'

"To prove to her husband that she possesses talents, she spends all her nights at balls. Woe betide him, if he entreats her to give up dancing for half an hour, for the sake of her health, or to return home before it is broad day-light! For a game at quadrille she would risk her life. Does he shew that he is in earnest, she has tears and convulsions at her command. If he cares not for these, he is a tyrant. She sits weeping in the boudoir. A young coxcomb enters, and throws himself at her feet:—'Heavens! Madam, you weep! what monster can have given pain to such an angel?'—'My husband,' she replies, and is long unable to articulate another word for sobbing. The coxcomb mingles his tears with hers; her heart opens; the cruel, the atrocious husband is abused, condemned; the coxcomb administers comfort; her face brightens

up. The husband suffers awhile in silence; at length he too seeks consolation in the arms of some kind female. The frail ties of decorum (for modesty she never knew) are completely broken, and appearances are disregarded in despite of the opinion of the world.

"The winged years are at length succeeded by those on crutches. Youth is gone, and beauty along with it. The large fortune is dissipated. It is absolutely necessary to retrench, to stay at home, and that *alone!* What is to be done? Dance and dress, for what else has she learned? The wretched couple now sit opposite to one another in sullen silence, or if they open their lips, it is for the purpose of mutual reproach. This produces aversion and hatred in addition to the contempt which they have long reciprocally cherished. Depraved children, who perhaps have nothing of the father about them but the name, lead him not back to their mother. They are well aware of the wretched footing on which their parents live, or if they have not perceived it, there are servants officious enough to direct their attention to the subject. Thus their hearts are early poisoned. They grow up, pity their father, despise their mother, or if they are more attached to the latter, they look upon the former as a tyrant. An aversion to matrimony springs up in their youthful hearts; they become selfish bachelors or bad husbands."

This picture is delineated with strong, perhaps too harsh colours; it is, nevertheless, true, that the education of the daughters of the rich in general resembles a scaffold

run up of wood, and gaudily painted, for the show of a single day. It stands perhaps a whole summer. The first storm, the first shower overthrow and wash it bare. Of all the rich young women with whom I had ever more than a slight acquaintance, there was but one who had so richly adorned her mind; and so carefully cultivated the tender affections, that, even without beauty and without wealth, she would have been the joy of the poorest parents, the felicity of the most indigent husband.

In order then to banish all these terrible evils for ever from the world and the married state, the author proposes an expedient, which he considers as the only and likewise an infallible remedy. He calls the attention of legislators to the subject, and recommends the following laws:—

1. Upon no pretext whatever shall it henceforth be permitted to assign any portion to daughters. The bridegroom shall give the bride every thing, even the dress in which he receives her hand.

2. Daughters shall be incapable of inheriting property. At most, those who remain unmarried may be allowed an annuity.

3. It shall not be lawful for them to accept either presents or bequests; or at least they shall return them when they marry.

4. Widows also shall enjoy nothing more than an annuity, which shall drop when they contract a second marriage.

In the writer's opinion the natural result of these regulations would be, that young females would endeavour to heighten their personal charms with those of the soul alone;

and that men would never be so base as to marry for money. Happy marriages he considers as the infallible consequence of these laws; at least, many such could not fail to be produced by them. Perhaps it would even be still better if we adopted the practice of many nations, among whom the bridegroom is obliged to purchase his bride of her parents. Many a youth, who but for this would be indolent and prodigal, would become industrious and careful, that he might save enough to buy the object of his choice.

It should be observed, that in Esthonia the writer's wishes have long been, at least in part, fulfilled; and he would rejoice to find in the many happy marriages there a confirmation of his principle. In that country the sisters can inherit only half as much as their brothers, and even the worth of that half is in general very much reduced by the low value set upon the property which is kept by the brothers. The parents, nevertheless, imagine that they love their daughters with the same affection as their sons.

THE INCOGNITA.

(A TRUE STORY).

I love a story in print, or a life, for then we are sure they are true.—SHAKESPEARE.

As Sir George Wildair was footing down "*I'll go no more to your Town,*" with a sprightly step, to which he was excited by the alacrity of his lovely partner, and the last bottle of Escudier's best Champagne, his eyes frequently wandered from the searching looks of Lady Caroline, which darted through a gipsy mask, to a distant form of symmetry itself, of which he, ever and anon, caught a glimpse as the figure occasionally set to him, and vanished in *lead outsides* or *chain poussette*: at length he approached nearer to the stranger; he was fortunate enough, at *hands three* round, to touch the finger of his fair innamorata, which he involuntarily pressed: but he soon lost her in the finishing of the figure, and saw her, it is true, but it was at the bottom of twenty couple. It was impossible, as yet, to quit his partner, to whom, of a

sudden, he became totally inattentive, and, had she not clapped her hand for a *quicker time*, he would probably have forgotten Lady Caroline, to whose plenitude of charms he had not long before been a most humble adorer.

The dance being concluded, he was relieved from a task that was now irksome to him, and, under pretence of seeking for an ice to cool that bosom which no small portion of jealousy inflamed, he left Lady Caroline for the requested purpose, but really to seek the fair unknown. He wandered from room to room, but in vain; he saw her not. The fumes of Champagne had evaporated, the sensation of violent joy had subsided in depression, but still the fair incognita's image swam before him, and vexation was visible in his countenance, because he could not behold her once more:—"Cursed

foolery!" he exclaimed. As he was returning disappointed to the company, he heard the tuning of instruments, preparatory to another dance. He saw the glare of lights through the intervening loggias; and hastening forward, he struck to the right, instead of his left hand: he found himself in a fantastic *boudoir*, fitted up in what is termed the Gothic style, and Gothic indeed was its design. At the end of this apartment was a large window of stained glass; it was the only opening at which the rays of the moon were allowed to penetrate, unobstructed by artificial light. She seemed to avail herself most powerfully of this licence, for her full orb illumined the whole oratory. One or two tired or half inebriated sons of pleasure were lounging on the *councillors*; and he was cursorily regarding the place, when his eyes struck on a recess, where he beheld seated, and apparently overcome with heat, the object of his search. A man who sat behind her, was fanning her with her mask; and the smile which played on her face, shewed, that this humble attempt at refreshing her was gratefully accepted. Her companion rose at her request; he opened the painted lattice; she threw herself backward, and displayed her face, her shoulders, and the finest of necks, as if to enjoy the full influence of the reviving power of the air. Sir George wrapped his domino round him, and concealing his face with his vizard, contemplated her person unobserved: he ran over one of the finest countenances ever formed by nature; her forehead, visible to his sight as the zephyrs parted her

flaxen curls, was of dazzling whiteness; an eye of heavenly blue lighted up a countenance of angelic sweetness; while her lips never parted; except to shew teeth of ivory, or never closed, but to display a smile of unaffected fascination.—"Angel-goddess! or by what other name shall I call thee?" aspirated Sir George to himself. He then cursed the intruder who sat by, and whose officious services she seemed to accept with delight. Her judgment, he thought, might have taught her to have selected him in preference for her *cicisbeo*. He was devising some expedient to accost her, but while making an essay to compliment her face, she covered it with her mask; and he was about to address her on her figure, when some one struck him on the shoulder, and, in the imitative tone of a Brahm, sung,

"Is it for love? is it for woe?"

"Love is not joy, sweet maid."

"Why, Sir George," continued the familiar, "what part art studying now?—If the Apollo of Belvidere, I approve of the arrangement of your drapery; but, by the bend in your head, and the projection of your knee, I should rather suppose you were enacting the Venus de Medici; you look the character wonderfully!!!" Sir George affected to join in his friend's laugh; and, assuming a careless air, enquired of Dorimant the name of the lovely creature who was sitting in the niche with the fellow in the scarlet domino. But Dorimant might be hung if he knew; and winding round his face while telling some uncommonly good joke that happened to a friend

of his, he prevented Sir George, at every turn, from seeing the only object he was then desirous of beholding. When the story was finished, Sir George's eyes returned to the niche, to view his charmer once more; but the lady had withdrawn, and left him to pursue his cogitations. In vain he enquired of the Marchioness of I—k, who gave the entertainment; in vain he solicited the servants to acquaint him to whose party she belonged; he could gain no information;—she had fled, and Sir George left the party, to use his own phrase, in “a cursed ill humour.” He threw himself into a chair; he submitted to be undressed by his valet without resisting; he retired mechanically to bed, and determined, in sleep, to lose all traces of his vexation. But the fair incognita was present to his waking thoughts: with his eyes and head burning from want of repose, he would think on her no longer. But even while he was making this resolve, some recollected grace became indelibly fixed in his imagination, or some musical sentence of her voice was treasured up in his mind. At length he sunk into a doze; still she was present: a form of loveliness itself flitted before him; an angelic smile invited him to salute her. But he awoke; disappointed and unrefreshed, and rose from his bed with a determination to prosecute his enquiries.

Months glided away; but still the form of the fair unknown was indelibly impressed on his heart. He flew to wine, to procure oblivion: but wine proved no lethean draught for him; it only begat greater impatience to view her,

and despair lest he should never again enjoy the gratification. He frequented more evening parties than ever; he strolled whole mornings in the parks; he besieged dress-makers and milliners, and all lounges where females are in the habit of appearing, but to no purpose; and at the theatres and the opera he often imagined that he had attained the accomplishment of his wishes, when a nearer approach dissolved the resemblance, and he would leave the innocent fair with maledictions for raising false hopes, and causing him to scrutinize charms which suffered so much by comparison. Every lady had left town, and Sir George had not found his bird. He flew, with the migratory hosts of fashion, to watering-places, hotter and more dissipated than the London they had just removed from. He visited the *déjeunés*, which Pan laughed to scorn; he danced with shepherdesses in rouge and white lead, and walked with peasants as fine as those in a *ballet*, yet no incognita blessed his sight. He flew to Brighton and Cheltenham, to Harrowgate and Tunbridge, but still the phantom fled him. He then returned to town; and, at length, tired of his fruitless search, wrote to his old college chum, Ned Delmore—“I accept, my dear Ned, thy invitation to Norfolk, and will try whether I shall have better luck among the birds in your turnip pieces, than among the *tits* of London.”

Martin was ordered to fetch his gun from Nock's, and, on August 28, 1812, Sir George's *Tilbury* started from Bury-street, St. James's, drawn by Peggy and Belisario, *à la tandem*; while Pero was suspend-

ed sulkily in a basket beneath. Nothing of an adventure occurred till nearly arrived at Thetford: while Sir George was practising the hugh, Martin drove against a waggon, and *spilt* his master. The fellow swore he was on his own side. Johnny Raw was eloquent. Martin was warm. Sir George insisted on his servant *serving him out*. Martin had been at school; he put in a hit that *doubled* the countryman and *drove the conceit out of him*, and on they proceeded.

At his friend's house, Sir George drank much wine, and killed few birds: he was obliged always to drink the health of his incognita in a bumper, and Delmore, out of politeness, could not but do the same.

One evening, after the bottle had circulated, as usual, very freely, they joined the ladies: on entering the drawing-room, Sir George saw, as well as two bottles of wine out of the *right bin* would let him, as he conceived, the object of his long search: he rubbed his eyes, his heart beat violently, and, to use his own expression, the phantom completely sobered him.—Let me make an end of a long story. Sir George was convinced it was the lady he was so long in search of: but he found she was only the rector's daughter; he was certain he loved her before he knew who she was, why should he not now?—Philosophers have said, that man is a perverse animal: now Sir George had met with the lady, he felt what he called a *dumper*. But Lavinia Lavenbrook was a charming girl; and Sir George, seemingly stimulated more by the love he had borne for her, than what he now felt, of-

ferred her marriage. He acknowledged that she was an uncommonly fine creature; and Sir George Wildair was handsome and well-bred, with a fortune of £10,000 per annum. The happy day was fixed, and the bridemaids written to.—“Come, my love,” wrote Lavinia to her sister, “and aid me with your counsel, your spirits, and your presence, and teach me ~~to~~ lose my liberty without regret.” Sir George was in high spirits all the morning of the day appointed for this union. The breakfast was, however, delayed some time, for Ellen Lavenbrook had not yet arrived. She entered the room, and ran to embrace her friends, while Sir George reeled against a chair, and sunk senseless on the floor. The *finale* became serious; the bride was, very properly, wringing her hands; when, at length, Sir George sufficiently recovered to speak to the following effect:—“You see before you the most wretched of men. Some time since, at a masquerade, my heart owned a passion for the most lovely of women, who ever since that night had absented herself from my sight for near a twelvemonth; during which time, until now, her resemblance never visited me. At length in you, dearest Lavinia, I imagined that I recognized those charms which I had never forgotten. Had your sister never appeared, you might have possessed the whole of my affections; but I have been mistaken, and the arrival of Miss Lavenbrook has convinced me, that she, and she only, is the syren that enchanted me at the Marchioness of Itk's masquerade.”—Ellen nodded an assent.—“Do with me, how-

ever," continued Sir George, "as you please; if you, Lavinia, can accept a man without those affections which he cannot controul, I am your's." He bowed, and was silent: the pride of Lavinia forbade such an union. Time performed wonders for her; and Sir George left Norfolk for London, where soon after he was rejoined by Ellen Lavenbrook, who is now his wife: while the mother of Lavinia, in boasting of such beautiful twins, has the misfortune to regret, that one child, by this beautiful resemblance, has been to the other the cause of no small disappointment.

JOHN.

LITERARY POLICE OF CHINA.

OUR writers sometimes complain of restraints on the press, obstructions to the circulation of ideas, the severity of *ex-officio* informations and of proceedings in cases of libel; but what would they say if they lived in China? The following circumstance, related by a missionary, will suffice to convince them, how thankful they ought to feel, that it was their lot to be born in Europe.

A man of letters, sixty years of age, lived in retirement in the province of Kjongsi, where he was engaged, merely for his private amusement, in literary pursuits; for he never printed any of his performances. He shewed them, to be sure, to this or the other friend; and in this manner they were seen by one of his enemies, or rather one of those by whom he was envied (for a good writer has, properly speaking, no enemies), and the latter seized the opportunity of ruining the man, whose merit probably eclipsed his own. He gave evidence that the man of letters had presumed to cast reflections on the great dictionary of the Emperor Kanghi; for he had made an extract from it, and even endeavoured to improve some parts of

the performance of his imperial majesty: he had finally carried his insolence to the highest pitch, since he had, in defiance of the laws, introduced into a preface the sacred names of Confucius, the emperor and his ancestors.

On this heavy charge the old man was summoned before the tribunal, where he boldly defended himself. He was, nevertheless, found guilty of high treason, especially as, being a scholar, he could not help knowing the laws and customs of the country, so that he had not transgressed from ignorance. In vain he represented, that his writings were not intended for the press: the following sentence was passed upon him:—

"The criminal shall be torn in pieces, and his property confiscated. All his relations above the age of sixteen years shall die. His wives, concubines, and children under sixteen, shall be delivered over as slaves to one of the grandees."

This sentence, which cannot but appear most unreasonable to an European, was as usual sent for confirmation to the emperor, and the monarch decreed as follows:—"I will have mercy on the cul-

prize in regard to the manner of his death: he shall not be torn in pieces, but only beheaded. I pardon his distant relations. His sons shall be reserved for the great executions next autumn. For the rest, let the law take its course."

Thus not only one single inconsiderate word against the government is punished with death in China; not only is it a capital crime to have merely read a book in which any such thing occurs; but even the most insignificant innovations in literature are dragged into the courts of justice, and before the tribunal of the emperor, where they are not only severely reviewed, as in London and Edinburgh, but must be atoned for by the blood of their authors. The emperor mentioned above was, nevertheless, one of the mildest and

most enlightened of monarchs, who, according to the report of the missionary, planned a literary monument which would have conferred honour on the greatest princes of any age. He conceived the design of collecting all the good books in China, either in print or manuscript, and publishing them in one uniform series. On this subject, however, the honest missionary appears to have been rather credulous; for he assures us, that the collection amounted to no fewer than *six hundred thousand* volumes, all of which were to be printed in the presses of the imperial palace. What an establishment must that be! Supposing it could accomplish six volumes a day, still there would be work sufficient for near three hundred years!

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXX.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

It must have been observed by my readers, that I studiously avoid, in my own lucubrations, all subjects of a political tendency; nor do I suffer any communications on topics of public discussion, to find a place in my columns. Indeed, I have reason to believe, from certain little angry notes which I occasionally find upon my table, that much offence has been given to my political correspondents, by the decided inattention I have discovered to their disquisitions. But they do not come within my plan, which is merely to improve the mind and mend the heart; in which I have

sure, safe, and unerring guides, in the unalterable rules of right and wrong, in the known principles of justice, the relative duties of social life, and the general and universally acknowledged injunctions of religion. These are matters which all understand, and in which all possess a coincidence of opinion and sentiment. Without observing upon those crimes whose character appears to be stamped with their due enormity by the laws of every civilized society, I shall just remark, that fraud and falsehood, however employed, or under whatever covering they may

be exercised, bear but one denomination; while truth and integrity can have but one definition as to their genuine operations and tendencies. Here then are standards which cannot fail, and whereby the moral duties and decorums of life may be ascertained. The moralist, therefore, has nothing to do but to state them clearly; to support them forcibly; to contrast them with opposing propensities and inclinations; and, as circumstances may require, to enliven them with figure and with fancy, to invigorate opinion and animate illustration.

Thus the moral instructor may proceed in the noiseless path of his duty with the certainty of having acted right, and without encountering the annoyances of angry disputation or surly contest, which too often disgrace and trouble the society of politicians.

After these observations, it may appear very inconsistent, were I to introduce a political correspondent to my readers: this, however, I shall take the liberty of doing, from the following motives:—First, as it will strengthen my sentiments as to the difficulty of forming an union of political opinions;—secondly, as the proposition of Mr. Meanwell, though not entirely original, is of a curious character;—and, thirdly, as he appears to be a very loyal subject, and coolly and calmly bent on employing his understanding and leisure hours, actively and laudably, if not always successfully, in the service of his country.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

Sir,

Having had a tolerable education, possessing a comfortable,

independent fortune, and being blessed with a quiet, amiable, submissive wife, who has not brought me any children, it is almost unnecessary for me to add, that I lead the kind of life which suits my fancy, and have no justifiable cause of complaint in the situation in which it has pleased Providence to place me. I am not of a very active disposition, nor shall I accuse myself of indolent habits. I am far from being unacquainted with the general grounds of common knowledge; at the same time, I do not feel myself equal to associate with men of learning or of science: I have, therefore, turned my thoughts to politics; and as it appears that so many very ignorant people have made a figure in that branch of knowledge, my vanity induced me to hope, that, with such qualifications as I possessed, I might acquire, in the circle of my society, and perhaps to a still more enlarged extent, some degree of eminence as a politician. I accordingly hung my room with maps, collected the best geographical dictionaries, read pamphlets, took in the most popular reviews, perused the *Morning Post* and *Morning Chronicle* daily, frequented some of the first booksellers' shops, and occasionally obtained admission to hear a debate in one or other of the Houses of Parliament.

Thus I bore my part respectably enough in the general societies which I frequented; but my principal ambition was, to take the lead at a meeting which has been instituted by several gentlemen politicians, who meet weekly, not at a public-house, but at each other's houses, and have denominated themselves the *Domestic In-*

stitute. It consists of a dinner, and eleven o'clock is the latest hour allowed to its continuance. We are in a rank of life which commands the most perfect urbanity; and though we are of different parties, and consequently influenced by different principles, our differences produce nothing more than an occasional increase of vociferation; they never rise into a breach of decorum. The master of the house where the meeting is held, and who of course provides the entertainment, is the president of the day, with all the rights, powers, and privileges usually attached to that office.

As I happen to be rather better acquainted with the Greek and Roman history than the rest of the party, I sometimes obtain a decided advantage by the readiness of my quotations. A few weeks ago, my superiority was not only evident, but acknowledged by them all, from a comparison I drew between General Wolfe and Epaminondas, who were both illustrious for their talents and their virtues; who both fell on the field of battle and in the arms of victory; the one at Quebec, in Canada, and the other near Mantinea, a town in the southern part of Arcadia, on the confines of Laconia.

But to come to the particular object of this letter. In the present situation of Europe, of which Great Britain forms such a distinguished and preponderating part, the nature of her conduct, the points to which she should direct her views, and the means she possesses of effecting her objects, occasion no small difference of opinion, in our society: but there is

one thing in which we all entertain a perfect agreement—it is this:—that whatever arrangements are made, or plans devised, for the general purpose of maintaining our national character, or forwarding the important object of a general settlement between the European powers, our resources must be applied to, in order that we may be enabled to keep our energies in such a state of activity as to preserve our preponderance, in whatever way the wisdom of government may think the best to enforce it. Why we want ways and means, is well known to us all. That question, as the Politician in the *Rehearsal* says, answers itself: but the *quomodo*, the how they are to be raised with the least possible inconvenience to the people at large, is a subject well worthy the consideration of every lover of his country.

The difficulty of devising new taxes has been acknowledged from the highest authority: the Chancellor of the Exchequer appears to have had that unwelcome truth wrung from him in his ministerial capacity, when addressing Parliament on the financial state of the nation. I cannot, therefore, refuse to our society the praise due to good intentions, when I make known a mode of raising money, which, though it may not have escaped the researches of financial projectors, has not, to my knowledge, ever found its way to the cabinet of a First Lord of the Treasury. The object of taxation which I have to propose is an article in which every body deals, from the highest to the lowest ranks of society, according to their

modes, habits, and education. Besides, it is a commodity that can never fail, as it arises out of the daily and ever flowing current of conversation. I mean, Mr. Spectator, a tax upon *wit*; including, of course, every kind of humorous expression, lively sally, brilliant allusion, or ridiculous fancy, which creates mirth, good humour, and laughter in the social circles.

I am well aware, that very weighty objections will be made, as to the practicability of levying this duty: and the difficulties which may be suggested on that point have not escaped the observation of our society, nor been passed by without becoming the topics of very grave, acute, and successive deliberations. I shall, therefore, state some general ideas of the plan I propose, to render this tax productive, certain, and of easy collection; and if I should find that it is fairly and candidly received by the public, I will then submit the whole of the scheme, with its classifications, definitions, rates, and arrangements, for the consideration and improvement of the financial department of the state.

In the first place, an office must be established for the reception of this tax, where all monies arising from it are to be paid, and where proper receipts will be issued for the same.—2. All presidents of societies; chairmen at public meetings of every kind, convivial, political, or literary; stewards at the dinners of public charities, horse-races, returning officers at elections, &c. &c. shall be obliged, under a certain penalty, and within a specified time, to certify the number of *good things* that have been

uttered and by whom at every meeting where they have presided; in person, if these meetings are held in the metropolis or within ten miles thereof; and beyond that distance, by the post. In companies consisting of more than twelve persons, the president, chairman, &c. may appoint one or more persons to collect and communicate the wit to the presiding person. The lord mayor, for example, may always name his chaplain to this office.

But as wit is continually flowing in private society, in the public walks, and in flying ebullitions among passengers in the streets, when those who utter it are more conscious of its reality than those who hear it, every person who thinks and believes that he has said a clever thing, may, if he is patriotically disposed, deliver it into the office, and pay the tax without any further trouble. But as many, through modesty, may not chuse to appear as sounding their own praises, all informations should be received against such as are ashamed of being thought witty; and, for the first time, the character of an informer, who thus assists the finances of his country, and adds to the reputation of his friends and acquaintance, will be considered with regard and respect. If, however, it should be objected by certain persons of very brilliant fancies, and who enliven every society to which they are admitted, that they must be silent, or otherwise overwhelmed with taxation, it is proposed, that they should, at a regulated payment, be permitted to obtain a qualification to be witty, without being subject to any further demands. Thus, on every

quarter day, they may purchase the permission to dispense mirth and merriment, as the attorneys take out licences every term to disseminate misery and mischief.

I should also propose a court of appeal, to determine on the various clever things, witticisms, &c. which have been presented at the inferior office of taxation: so that no one may be obliged to pay for words he never uttered, meanings he never had, or thoughts he never expressed; and that if he said a foolish thing, he is not to be made to pay as if he had uttered a wise one. Besides, if a man should say a good thing by accident, he ought not to become amenable for it, if he chuses to set up that plea, any more than the being liable to punishment for an injury to another, which was done without design or malicious intention. Besides, a court of this kind will determine what is wit and what is not. Oaths are thought wit by some, and indecency by others; nay, I am afraid that there are meetings where blasphemy may be thought to claim that character. The clever thing said at a country corporation dinner, a contested election, the Jockey Club, the Society of Antiquaries, a parish meeting, or a four-in-hand club, the Green Rooms at the theatres, or a royal academical council, &c. would be of so many distinct species, and their qualities could be determined by referring to the persons by whom, and the places where, they were uttered.

By way of example, I was informed by one of our society, who had been lately present at a grand dinner of the Fishmongers' Company, that one of the members

of it expressed his hopes that the health of the *Dutch Peer* would be drunk with *three times three*. This expression of the gentleman, it seems, occasioned something of a more than common titter all around him: but as others did not exactly understand what he meant by a *Dutch Peer*, he replied, with a look of surprise and a tone of some displeasure, the noble lord who had that day honoured the Fishmongers' Company with his presence. In short, by the *Dutch Peer* he meant Lord *Holland*. The laugh was now universal at the lower end of the table; which, on the joke being handed up, was echoed at the upper end of it: the noble lord himself also joined heartily in the laugh, and Mr. Prime Warden's chair shook under him, from the convulsions into which this merry idea had thrown him.

If we are to judge by its effects, this curious play upon words, which proceeded from the lively imagination of a hatter on Fishstreet-hill, may be considered as an ebullition of wit; but, if examined by classical principles, would, I think, be exempted from paying the tax.

I cannot, however, help thinking, that such a financial operation would be attended with the following beneficial effects:—It would indulge innocent vanity, check affectation and impertinence, promote the cultivation of genuine wit, and assist the funds of the Exchequer.

It is said, that a certain emperor (you must perceive, Mr. Spectator, that I have some small share of reading,) offered a reward to any one who would employ his imagination to invent a new pleasure: how much then is due to him who

discovers a new, easy, and practicable tax, which, so far from applying to the necessaries of life, is made to spring from and augment the hilarities of it. But I look for no other reward than the consciousness of having rendered my thoughts and leisure hours, as well as my very amusements, subservient to the good of my country.

By the bye, I must beg leave to inform you, that, though our society has been of one mind as to the general notion of the scheme which I have unfolded to you, we have had a very active and rather impetuous debate, which lasted to

the allotted time of our departure, and may probably be renewed at our next meeting, on the very important question, whether a *pun* can be allowably considered, in any of its shapes, modifications, or applications, as a witticism; and, of course, whether it would be taxable: for, if so, the impost upon them must be by the gross. Perhaps you will be so good as to favour us with your opinion, which we shall all consider as an obligation, and particularly your obedient, humble servant,

ALEXANDER MEANWELL.

CAMDEN-TOWN, Aug. 20, 1819.

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXXIV.

THE Abbé Raynal, speaking of some persons who were for abandoning the Islands of France and Bourbon, on account of the annual expence to the mother country in supporting them, says, "This indeed would be the scheme most expedient to be adopted, if we considered only the languishing trade now carried on by the French in India: but political speculations reach beyond this object; it is foreseen, that if this resolution was adopted, the English would drive all foreign nations from the Asiatic seas; that they would appropriate to themselves all the riches of these extensive regions; and that so many powerful resources united in their hands, would give them a dangerous influence in Europe." We have made a longer extract from the work of this sagacious and learned Frenchman, than we at first intended; but his observa-

tions on the importance of these islands to France, were so much in unison with our own, that we could not forbear; but those that follow we shall shorten in proportion.

Mons. Cossigny, who was governor here in 1701, says, "The Isle of France, from its two ports, the one to windward and the other to leeward of the island, will become the mother of the colonies which France ought to establish in the East Indies, if she is anxious to increase her commerce and her power." Further on he continues, by saying, "Mons. Bourdonnais, that great man, that great general, mariner, administrator, merchant, and agriculturist, whose knowledge of it was the result of several years passed in the government of it, considered the Isle of France as the key of the Indian commerce of his nation, as the bulwark of its settlements in Asia, and as the

means of future conquests. His object was to make it the entrepôt of the Indian commerce, and a place of arms for its land and sea forces." He cites the author of *The Philosophical History*, who says, "Were it not for the Isle of France, the French settlements in India could not be protected."

Captain Munroe, in his observations on this island, says, "The French have judiciously chosen this settlement as the chief residence of their Eastern government; for it is to them what Batavia is to the Dutch."—Admiral Kempenfelt says of it, "Mons. Bourdonnais has transformed a desert island into a flourishing colony; and I have every reason to believe, that this port will give the French a decided advantage over us in India."

Thus we see the estimation in which this island was held, not only by the nation which possessed it, but by two of our own countrymen, who speak from having been there in person, and not

from hearsay. Its importance being thus established, it remains for us to enquire, why it was permitted to annoy us so materially, as it hath done, in every war in which we have been engaged with the French nation? Be it remembered, and that seriously, that it was in this very island that the justly celebrated Mons. Bourdonnais, their governor, fitted out that squadron, with which he may be said to have driven our fleet from the coast of Coromandel, and captured Madras, in 1746. Suffrein also derived all his strength from this place, after his contest with Commodore Johnstone at Port Praya; and which afterwards enabled him to cope with Sir Edward Hughes in 1782. The mischief that has been done to our trade in the Indian seas by the privateers and cruizers from this quarter, since the last-mentioned period, and more especially during the present war, must be fresh in every one's memory.

MERCATOR & CO.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

FRENCH VANITY.

In the dedication to Mr. Foote of the *Frenchman in London*, the translator says to him, "You remember, when walking once in the Thuilleries, you (by that art peculiar to your own genius) represented a Frenchman to himself. The coxcomb, far from being struck with the ridicule, declared you the only well-bred Englishman he had seen."

HENRY AND ALMERIA.

Henry and Almeria, a tragedy, 1802, certainly smacks of novelty,

however execrable the play may be, as the author has made his heroine *break her neck!*

THE JEWESS AND THE CHRISTIAN.

The wife of Mr. Goldsmid, the celebrated Jew, was one day engaging a Christian female servant for her household: the girl appearing to suit her, was engaged; but on her departure, Mrs. G. exclaimed, "But mind, young woman, we don't eat like Christians."—"I am sorry for that, ma'am," said the wench, "then your place won't suit me."

NECESSARIES OF LIFE.

Herminius and Aspasia, a tragedy, was written in 1751. The author makes a lady say, that friendship is the *wine* of life. Mr. Dennis, long before, assured us, that liberty was the *salt* of life; and the author of the *Tragedy of Tragedies*, says, love is the most poignant *mustard*. Thus, by degrees, we might discover all the articles necessary to the feast of existence, were not poets too little versed in the doctrine of banquets, and therefore liable to mistake in the adoption of sauces.

CHAPELLE.

When the great retire in summer to their country-seats, because it is the fashion, they cannot but frequently be at a loss how to pass their time. The Duke de Brissac, well aware of this, was desirous, on such an occasion, of taking Chapelle, the poet, along with him, and actually prevailed upon him to go. They proceeded together to Angers, where they intended to sleep. It was yet rather early; Chapelle had, in that city, a friend, whom he went to see, and staid with him to supper. Next morning, when the duke was about to pursue his journey, the poet drily declared, that he could not have the honour to accompany him any farther. The duke enquired the reason. Chapelle had found a volume of Plutarch lying on his friend's table, and had accidentally stumbled on the words—*Whoever follows the great, is sure to become a slave*.—"But, good God," rejoined the duke, "do I not treat you as my friend? With me you will be at home." Persuasions were un-

plied, "It is not my fault; Plutarch says so."

The same poet one day dined with a duke and marshal of France. After they had pushed the glass about pretty freely, they began to make some very serious observations on the miseries of mankind in the present life, and the uncertainty of a future state. They both agreed that it was best to lead a pious life, only they thought it rather hard to be obliged to be good Christians for many successive years, and praised the lot of martyrs, who, by their short sufferings, had secured a place in heaven. Chapelle was suddenly struck with the idea, that they would both do well to go to Turkey, and there preach the Christian religion. "We shall then be seized," said he, "and dragged before the pacha; I will give him a taunting answer, and so will you; I shall be impaled, so shall you, and thus we shall get at once into Paradise."—The marshal was offended at Chapelle because he always mentioned himself first.—"Such a fellow as you," said he, "ought not to forget that I am a duke and marshal of France. I shall speak to the pacha, and I shall be first impaled."—"What the d—l care I for your dukeship?" stammered Chapelle. The duke instantly sent a plate plump in his face. Chapelle returned the salute by hurling a dish at the head of his illustrious host. The glasses and bottles next flew about the room. They had both already seized their chairs, when some persons entered, and parted the combatants. Every one was curious to learn the cause of the quarrel, and their astonishment was converted into laughter, when they were

informed, that the point in dispute was the honour of being first impaled.

THE CORNEILLES.

The brothers Peter and Thomas Corneille were natives of Normandy. There they married two sisters, between whom there was the same difference of age as between their husbands. By these matches each had the same number of children. Both families lived in the same house, ate at the same table, and had the same servants. In this manner they passed twenty-five years, during which the brothers never once thought of dividing the fortune of their wives. At length Peter died, which rendered a division of the property unavoidable.

WITCHES.

When witchcraft was yet in fashion, a Latin treatise appeared in Germany, on the ordeal by water, to which it was common to expose unfortunate wretches suspected of the crime; and the learned author very gravely defended it, on this ground, among others, that it was impossible to ascertain in any other way whether the accused had actually been at the Blocksberg (a mountain in Lower Saxony, the supposed place of rendezvous), as the principal witches never appeared there but in masks. He moreover asserted, that a witch, let her be ever so corpulent, could not weigh more than fifteen pounds.

O'FLAHARTY.

Never was there such a well-informed historian as O'Flaherty, who has published a chronology of Ireland. He knows for certain, that just forty days before the Deluge, on the 15th of the month,

which happened to be Saturday, three men came, with fifty women, to Ireland, to people the country, but the flood disappointed their intentions. Again, 312 years after the Deluge, on the 14th of the month, which was a Tuesday, a man and his wife, with three sons and their wives, arrived to found a new colony. The man's name was Partholan. The author probably had access to his archives.

The same acute and cautious historian has drawn up a genealogy of Charles II. in which there are no fewer than 76 royal generations, and then 48 more up to Adam, all patriarchs and leaders of colonies: so that Seneca must, in this case, be quite wrong, where he says, that there is no king among whose ancestors some slaves are not to be found.

A Spanish bishop, Fendoval, has compiled a pedigree of the House of Austria, of 118 generations, from Adam to Philip II.: and another Spanish writer, Pegeasiel Contre-ras, a pedigree of the House of Lorraine, of 121 generations: but both are outdone by Mr. O'Flaherty, for neither of them has ventured to bring down from Adam a line composed entirely of kings and princes.

SINGULAR WILL.

Upwards of a century ago, a peasant in the neighbourhood of Toulouse, made the following will:—“As my bay horse has always served me cheerfully, and never played me any slippery tricks, but evinced his joy whenever I went into the stable; I have loved the said bay horse with all my heart, and better than any other persons or horses: I therefore declare him my heir,

Y

and he shall henceforth be the property of Jacob, my brother's son." This will was, of course, contested. "The testator was evidently out of his senses," observed one. The horse replied, namely, by his counsel, that a man who made a provision, after his death, for what had been dearest to him in the world, certainly shewed more sense than another who should bequeath his property for the building of a church. Another maintained, that an irrational animal could not inherit. The bay horse magnanimously disdaining to reply to the charge of irrationality, answered, that he was only rather inconsiderate, and addicted to profusion, two qualities which likewise characterized the fair sex, who were not on that account excluded from the right of inheriting; it was only customary to appoint trustees for them, and this precaution his deceased benefactor had duly observed, in giving him a trustee in the person of his nephew. He could not have acted with greater judgment and prudence for his own daughter, if he had had one; consequently the will ought by all means to be confirmed. The parliament of Toulouse did actually confirm it, but on different grounds. It presumed, that the peasant, in reality, designed to appoint his nephew Jacob his heir, and had, in his simplicity, merely expressed himself wrong. The wisdom of the parliament was extolled, for the deceased never opened his mouth to contradict its decision.

ROTROU.

Rotrou, the poet, held a civil office at Dreux, at a time when that town was visited by a contagious

disease. His friends at Paris entreated him to consult his safety, by removing to some other place; but he replied, that he could not, in conscience, follow their advice, as his presence was necessary for the preservation of order. He concluded his letter with these words:—"The danger indeed is great, for at the moment that I am writing, the bells are tolling for the twenty-second person that death has this day swept away. They will toll for me too, if it pleases God."

LA MOTTE.

A nephew of La Motte, the French dramatic writer, examining the papers of his deceased uncle, found the following memorandum:—"To-day I read an English tragedy, in which two young children excite a very lively interest. I will occasionally *invent* something of the kind for the French stage." Soon afterwards he produced his *Ines de Castro*.—How much has in this manner been *invented* by the French!

RABELAIS.

The Chancellor Duprat caused the privileges of the medical faculty at Montpellier to be abolished by an ordinance of the parliament. Rabelais determined to try whether he could not, by his eloquence, prevail upon the chancellor to repeal the decree. The question was, how to gain access to him; for it was not easy to obtain an interview, and still less on this business. Rabelais hit upon an expedient, which few applicants, indeed, would have been capable of employing. He addressed the porter at the gate of the chancellor's palace in Latin. The man immediately sent for a secretary who un-

derstood Latin, but to him Rabelais spoke Greek; and when a third person, conversant in the Greek language, was fetched, he accosted him in Hebrew. In this manner he went through several other ancient languages. The whole house was soon in motion. The chancellor was told that there was a man at the gate who had the gift of tongues, like the Apostles on the day of Pentecost. He ordered him to be

admitted, and Rabelais addressed him with such masculine eloquence in behalf of the rights of his faculty, that he won the chancellor, and gained his point. In memory of this event, his doctor's gown was long held in great honour at Montpellier; and it was worn by every one on the day on which he was admitted to the degree of doctor.

HIGHGATE ARCHWAY.

THE inconveniences and dangers which have, for several centuries, presented themselves to persons travelling the northern road, in ascending the Hill of Highgate, and occasioned the loss of many lives, both of men and cattle, are now likely to be removed by the opening of a new road bearing the above name.

The ancient highway from London to Barnet was from Gray's Inn-lane, by Battle Bridge, through a part of Maiden-lane, and an old Green-lane lying between the latter and the village of Islington, continuing thence in a devious line through Du Val's-lane to Crouch-end, Colney-Hatch, and Whetstone. This road being rendered almost impassable in the winter season, and a great hindrance being thereby occasioned to travellers, a compact was, some five centuries ago, entered into between the county and the Bishop of London, possessor of the land in that neighbourhood, for making a new road over the hill, through the bishop's park, to avoid the miriness of the valley through which the

above-mentioned old road had its course. For this indulgence the bishop was permitted to receive a toll at the top of the hill, for which purpose a gate was erected; and this gave rise both to the village of *High-gate* and its name. This toll continues to be received by the Bishop of London and his successors, and is charged only upon waggons, carts, and droves of cattle*.

However accommodating the road over this acclivity might have been at the remote period above-mentioned, when there were neither coaches nor waggons, and comparatively but very few travellers, and when pack-horses formed the usual conveyance of wares to and from the metropolis, it has been found, in later times, to be no less an evil, than it was before considered an advantage: wherefore various plans have been suggested at different times, either to lessen the inconvenience, or to remove it altogether.

This desirable object has at

* Nelson's *History and Antiquities of Islington*, p. 18.

length been effected, to its fullest extent, by the exertions of a set of gentlemen, who associated together for that purpose in the year 1810. To enable them to proceed in their undertaking, an act of Parliament was procured (50th Geo. III.), intitled "An act for making and maintaining a road, partly by an archway, through the east side of Highgate Hill, communicating with the present turnpike-road from London to Barnet, at Upper Holloway, in the parish of St. Mary Islington, and near the brook below the fifth mile-stone in the parish of Hornsey, in the county of Middlesex." By this act the proprietors are constituted a body politic and corporate by the name and style of *The Highgate Archway Company*, with power to purchase lands, &c. and to raise the sum of £40,000, for making and maintaining the said road and archway, by transferable shares of £50 each; and they are further empowered to raise an additional £20,000, should the above sum be found insufficient.

It was the original intention of the company to perforate the hill, and make a road through it by means of a subterraneous tunnel; but this work, after having been proceeded in to the extent of more than a hundred yards, suddenly fell in and destroyed the labour of several months. This obliged them to alter their plan, and have recourse to the only alternative, that of cutting away the hill and making an open road.

The several works attending this

undertaking being now nearly finished, the road is intended to be opened for the accommodation of the public in the course of the present month; and will, when complete, present one of the most interesting and agreeable objects in the vicinity of the metropolis. The road, flanked on either side by an immense mound of earth, thrown up from the necessary excavation below, together with the handsome and massive structure forming the archway, and which terminates the view to the passenger either in going from or coming to the metropolis, exhibits a most striking and agreeable *coup d'œil*. The spacious and lofty archway through which the road passes, is formed of stone, flanked with substantial brick-work, and is surmounted by three semi-arches, carrying a bridge wide enough for two carriages. Hornsey-lane, leading from Highgate Hill to Crouch-end and the village of Hornsey, is carried over this bridge, which is formed with an elegant stone balustrade, and embraces a most delightful view of the surrounding country and the city of London; the cathedral of St. Paul forming a very grand and striking object in the landscape*.

The toll intended to be taken on passing through the archway, is four-pence for every horse, whether in saddle or harness, and one-penny for every foot passenger.

* Mr. Ackermann, of the Strand, has published a most interesting and striking print of this view.



PLATE 15.—BERKELEY-SQUARE.

THIS square is distinguished from all the others in the British metropolis by its situation on the side of a hill, which gently slopes from north to south. The houses on the north side are, upon the whole, rather mean; those which form the east and west sides, though many of them, individually, very good buildings, do not, from the want of regularity, appear altogether to such advantage as where greater attention is paid to that point, and where the site is more favourable to it. The fourth side, on the south, is wholly occupied by the stately mansion and gardens of the Marquis of Lansdowne, of which a view and description have already been given in the *Repository*.*

The area, which forms an oblong square, containing about three acres, is inclosed by an iron balustrade; and the inhabitants, after the example of their neighbours, have, of late years, caused it to be planted with trees and shrubs, which have thriven very rapidly, and give a rural air to the whole. In the center, on an elevated pedestal, is

an equestrian statue of his present Majesty, by Wilton.

Berkeley-square received its appellation from an ancient mansion belonging to the noble family of that name, which stood on the site of Berkeley-street, the avenue leading from the south-east corner of the square to Piccadilly. Here are the town residences of many families of rank and opulence. Among its present inhabitants, it numbers, Lord Cawdor and Thomas Palmer, Esq. both liberal patrons of the fine arts, and both possessing superb collections of pictures; Sir Humphrey Davy, whose researches and discoveries have extended the limits of the science of chemistry, and reflected credit on himself and his country; Lady Anne Barnard, honourably distinguished for her attachment to botanical pursuits, and who, having accompanied her husband to the Cape of Good Hope, whither he went as governor, brought home a fine collection of exotics, many of which now embellish the royal gardens of Kew; and General Tarleton, well known to the public, from an early period of life, as a soldier and a senator.

* See vol. V. p. 294.

 INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. SHOBERL is engaged in translating from the German, the recent *Travels of M. von Klaproth in the Caucasus and Georgia*, performed by order of the Russian government. This work will form two quarto volumes, the first of which will speedily be published.

Captain Reissig, of the Imperial Austrian army, has printed in London a small volume of original poems in German, under the title of *Blümchen der Einsamkeit*, Flow-ers of Solitude. It consists, as this title implies, of short pieces, chiefly of the sentimental kind;

which prove, that the author has not courted the Muses without success, and will be relished by every lover of poetry who understands the language in which they are written.

Mr. Taylor has circulated proposals for publishing by subscription, *An Investigation of the Mechanical Science and Historical Descent of Architecture in England during the Middle Ages*; ascertaining the derivation of the distinct species of building in which the circular and pointed arch were successively prevalent, by C. Clark, Esq. F. R. S. The work will make a handsome volume in quarto, including about thirty engravings, explanatory of the mechanical properties of Gothic building and historical descent of those elementary particles of which it consists in its finished state.

Northern Antiquities, or Tracts designed to illustrate the early History, Poetry, and Romance of the Nations of the North of Europe, are printing in a royal quarto volume.

A selection from the Correspondence of Baron de Grimm, will shortly be published, under the title of *Memoires Historiques, Littéraires, et Anecdotiques, tirés de la Correspondance Philosophique et Critique, adressée au Duc de Saxe-Gotha depuis 1770 jusqu'en 1792, par le Baron de Grimm et par Diderot, formant un Tableau piquant de la bonne Société de Paris, sous les Règnes de Louis XV. et Louis XVI.*

Mr. Meadley, the biographer of Dr. Paley, has in the press *Memoirs of Algernon Sydney*, collected from various and scattered sources of information; with an Appendix

of curious and important documents.

Mr. Luders will shortly give the readers of Shakspeare a *Tract on the Character of Henry the Fifth.*

Mr. G. Riley has in the press *A new Practical Treatise on the Art of Flower-Painting and Drawing with Water Colours*, for the instruction and amusement of young ladies abroad, or those who have not the advantage of a skilful master, embellished with upwards of twenty plates, engraved from original drawings, mostly coloured from real flowers.

Dr. John Moodie, of Bath, has a work nearly ready for publication, on the *Modern Geography of Asia*, in two quarto volumes, with an atlas.

Mr. Thos. Downes will speedily publish, in a quarto volume, *A copious Index to Pennant's Account of London*, containing the names of every person and place mentioned, with references to every circumstance of note.

A Picturesque Journey to the North Cape, by A. K. Skioldebrand, translated from the French, will shortly appear, in an octavo volume.

A lady at Parma, named Madame Barret, has, it is said, discovered a very ingenious process for taking off paintings *in fresco* on walls, and transferring them to canvas. The only method before known, was, to cut the painting from the wall by an operation which took considerable time and expence, and, besides, did not always succeed but the new process does no injury to the wall, as it is by breath alone that the paintings are detached and removed to the canvas in the manner of a coating. Madame

Barret has already made at Rome several very successful trials of her process, which may save from destruction some of the finest paintings of the early Italian masters.

The French navigator, Peyrouse, describes, in his voyage, a reef of shoal banks a few degrees north of Owhyhee, where he suggested that a pearl-fishery might be established to advantage; and he states that the French frigates sailed over them. Some commercial persons, in consequence, lately engaged divers, and visited the spot; but were astonished to find, not only that no vessel can now sail over these banks, but that, though of large extent, they afford but two or three feet water, and in many places exhibit verdant spots above water. This change has been ascribed solely to the unremitting labours of polypi and coral insects; and confirms the hypothesis, that many other of the groups of islands in this wide ocean derive their original from similar causes.

The following affidavit, which has appeared in the American papers, contains in its statement somewhat of the marvellous, though the monster which it describes by no means equals the Norwegian kraken. It must rest on the credit of the American seamen. At the same time, it is but fair to acknowledge, that, as the reports of the immense sea-serpent, though formerly obscure and almost incredible, have been lately verified; so the stories of the kraken may prove to have been founded in truth, and may also be verified to the satisfaction of naturalists:—"G. Bailey, late master of the ship *Amsterdam Packet*, Wm. R. Handy, late mas-

ter of the ship *Lydia*, and Adam Knox, late master of the schooner *Augusta*, all belonging to New-York, have deposed before me, William Bleecker, notary-public, that they were passengers on board the ship *Niagara*, which arrived at New-York from Lisbon on the 26th April;—that, on the 8th, being in lat. 43. 49. long. 48. at meridian, saw a large lump on the horizon, bearing N. W. distant six or eight miles, which they supposed to be the hull of a large ship, bottom upwards; when within gunshot of it, discovered that it had motion, and, on nearer approach, found it to be a fish, apparently 200 feet in length, about 30 broad, and from 17 to 18 feet in the center: its back appeared covered with a shell, formed similar to the planks of a clinker-built vessel; near the head, on the right side, was a large hole or archway, covered occasionally with a fin, which was at times eight or ten feet out of water. These deponents intended to have sent the boat to make further discoveries, but were deterred by perceiving that the monster was moving, and that he occasioned a great rippling and current in the sea, which would, had it approached much nearer, have endangered the boat and vessel. At one time they approached within 30 yards of it.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Musical Illustrations of WALTER SCOTT'S ROBEY, by William Russell, Mus. Bac. Oxon. viz.
The Harp. Pr. 1s. 6d.
The Cypress Breath. Pr. 2s.
A weary Lot is thine, fair Maid. Pr. 1s. + 1.

EXCEPTING the harsh effect of

the too early introduction of dissonance (in the first bar of the symphony and of the melody), "*The Harp*" is a very good composition. The melody is soft, and conceived with much taste and sentiment; the ideas are ably linked together, and unite into a complete whole with great effect. The words, "My harp alone," are very impressively set.

As to the "*Cypress Wreath*," we compliment the author on his eminent success in fitting his music to the text. The various feelings excited by the poetry, are, throughout, infused into the harmony, not without the adhibition of a considerable portion of that science which distinguishes Mr. R.'s works generally. Change of key, and of time, are judiciously employed with the above view, and the occasional introduction of minor strains, as well as of appropriate dissonances, depict admirably those parts of the poem which partake of the gloom of deep melancholy.

The air, "*A weary Lot is thine, fair Maid*," although like its text, of a lighter fabric, and exhibiting less musical originality, possesses, nevertheless, sufficient interest not to detract from the opinion we have formed of Mr. R.'s abilities. The symphonies are very commendable.

It is with pleasure we feel warranted in giving, here, our opinion generally, that among the many musical illustrators of Walter Scott who have come under our notice, we have found none to whose works we could assign the least pre-eminence over Mr. R.'s classic labour. *Marie, a Tyrolese Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed by P. Knapton.* Pr. 2s. 6d.

The andantino chosen for the

theme is, in fact, a waltz in slow motion. With the variations, nine in number, we have every reason to be well satisfied; they form creditable testimonials of Mr. K.'s taste and skill. Among those which preferably claimed our interest, is No. 4, highly set off with ornamental figures, neat in the extreme, but somewhat nice in the apportionment of time. Good bass evolutions occur in No. 3, and above all in the first part of No. 7. No. 6 presents some clever harmonic touches. The minore (No. 8) is attractive; and No. 9, with proper attention to its arrangement of time between both hands, will be found highly interesting. The coda appended to it, which sets out with G 7, is very good: in no part of this publication has the author given stronger specimens of fanciful expression, cultivated taste, and chaste feeling.

No. XIV. *Irish Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, Harp, and Flute, composed, and inscribed to the Right Hon. Lady Jane Paget, by J. Mazzinghi.* Pr. 5s.; single, 3s.

How such a theme could find favour with a Mazzinghi, is a question of some difficulty on this side of St. George's Channel; while, on the other hand, it accounts for the less frequent display of that taste in the superstructure which we are accustomed to look for in this author's works. A Vestris in wooden clogs will stun the ear with a clown's dance. This comparison, more or less obtruding itself throughout the work, is particularly applicable to the minor in three flats, the beginning of which offends the ear with fifths, al-

though not absolutely in sight; C 3—B b 3.

No. XV. *Mozart's celebrated "Ah perdon," with Variations for the Piano-Forte, Harp, and Flute, composed, and inscribed to the Right Hon. Lady Mary Gordon, by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 5s.; single, 3s.*

The materials being good in this instance, and the architect skilful, the edifice raised answers our expectations: classic taste reigns throughout. Among the variety of neat devices elicited from the theme, we will notice the pleasing variations *p. 4* (P. F.), particularly at "*sotto voce*;" the evolutions of thirds (*p. 5*), and the fluent and well-linked portion at "*animato*." A good bass presents itself, *p. 6*, at "*moderato*;" and the cantabile variation, *p. 7*, possesses a chaste cast of melody. The whole is brilliantly wound up by the last variation, where the alternate bars of the harp and piano-forte act with the best effect.

Le Retour de l'Année, Andante et Rondo, for the Piano-Forte, composed, and respectfully dedicated to the Misses Carnac, by Richard Light. Pr. 2s.

The introductory andante claims our warmest commendation; in the few staves it contains the author has displayed much good taste, skill, and science. In the first bar, *l. 3*, the four first quavers should probably have been semiquavers. Another error occurs in the 4th bar (counting backwards from the end) of the last line, which we hope is a typographical one likewise: the E, F, G in the bass is bad; the whole a third lower (C, D, E) would

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have done. The theme of the rondo reminds us of the finale in the *Cabinet* (which, by the bye, is an almost literal copy of a movement of Winter's). But supposing the theme borrowed, great merit is due to the author for his manner of treating the subject. The ideas he has engrafted upon it are classic; indeed, the whole bears a stamp of finished and elegant elaboration. The modulations, *p. 4*, are of a superior order, although in one instance (*l. 2, b. 3*), the entrance into A b from C minor appears to us too sudden and unprepared. To students we can recommend this publication, both on the score of its intrinsic value and for the digital facility with which it is set.

The Hero's Address and Exultation of the Army previous to the memorable Battle of Vittoria, adapted to Mozart's celebrated March, by Richard Campbell. Pr. 1s. 6d.

To those who may be desirous of possessing, in substance, and in an English garb, the whole of Mozart's inimitable air, "*Non più anarai far fallone amoroso*," this loyal and patriotic publication will be welcome.

Lilla of Leamington, a Ballad, inscribed (by permission) to the Right Hon. Lady Viscountess Anson, by her Ladyship's most obedient and obliged Servant, James Bisset; the Music and Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, by W. G. Perry. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A poetic trifle, apparently of local interest. The air, however simple and plainly bassed, evinces taste and some familiarity with lyric composition; the periods, too, follow each other in unlaboured con-

nection. The latter half of the melody possesses peculiar animation, and its burden is very appropriately expressed.

A Romance, with Variations for the Harp, composed, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Young, by John Parry. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The simple theme is very apt for variation; only the circumstance of drawing the second part into six bars instead of four or eight, destroys the harmonic symmetry. The 1st bass note, too (in the theme), should, as in the variations, be C, instead of B b. The variations are proper, agreeable, and perfectly characteristic for the harp. Var. 6, in particular with crossed-hand passages, has our unqualified approbation. The minor too is respectable.

"Quand le bien-aimé reviendra," a favorite French Air, with a Pastoral Introduction and ten Variations, arranged for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for a Flute (ad lib.), and respectfully inscribed to Lady Blackett, by J. Mugnié. Pr. 5s.

Mr. M.'s talents and skill as a writer for the piano-forte, have so repeatedly stood upon honourable record in our musical catalogue, that any amplification in the expression of our high sense of his eminent qualifications, must be as superfluous in this place as it would be needless to his well established fame in the musical world; and what enhances our estimation of this professor, is, his constant aim at excellence. Unallured by the prevailing taste for harmonic frivolity, or by motives of interest, Mr. M. steadfastly adheres to that path although probably less pro-

fitable, is the only one that leads to lasting celebrity. The variations before us form an additional voucher of the truth of this assertion. Even in the theme we discover novelty of harmonic arrangement; but the variations themselves exhibit a fund of such rare geniality as to excite our admiration. No. 5, for instance, throughout cast into responsive alternations, is eminently beautiful. No. 9, however, is the pride of the whole work; a classic feeling, expressed with the most exquisite delicacy, reigns from beginning to end. It is impossible to speak more intelligibly to the heart than Mr. M. has done in this variation. No. 10, representing the theme under a waltz, although not amiss, will certainly not admit of a comparison with the rest of the publication.

Three grand Sonatas for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment (obligato) for the Violoncello, composed, and dedicated to Hugh Hammerley, Esq. by T. Powell. Pr. 12s.

It will scarcely be expected that we should enter into a detailed analysis of this voluminous publication, comprised within seventy or eighty well filled pages. Our notice must be confined to the character and merits of the *tout-ensemble*. If we had not known this folio to be the offspring of laborious care and matured study, its complexion would have informed us of it, with the addition, withal, that the industrious author's pains have not been bestowed in vain; nor is it less perceptible, that the study of classic models has enlarged the field of Mr. P.'s conception, and infused a strong tinge of real good taste into his labour. His slow movements

in this work yield the most pointed evidence of this assertion; they afford numerous instances of chaste melody, as well as of scientific combinations: we have met with many counterpoints which do honour to the inventor. In his modulations, too, Mr. P. has aimed at selectness, and not unfrequently at justifiable boldness. The accompaniment of the violoncello, as might be expected from such a master on that instrument, is any thing but a mere fundamental support. It is highly coloured, and often fraught with passages that require, if not a very proficient, yet a clean and attentive performer. *The Villagers, a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Montague, by Joseph Sharpe.* Pr. 2s.

Knowing this to be a maiden essay, we can state with the strictest truth, that few first efforts have come under our cognizance with a better claim to a good reception. The whole, it is true, is but a trifle: but trifles may be neat and

pleasing; and this merit is due to Mr. S.'s *Villagers*, besides the advantage of peculiar facility for execution. We therefore anticipate encouraging success for this publication, and feel ourselves justified in exhorting the author to further efforts of a higher cast.

Un (?) soirée d'Été, the favourite Divertissement, composed by Mr. Didelot, performed at the King's Theatre; the Music composed, and arranged for the Piano-Forte, by F. Venua. Pr. 5s.

A collection of a number of short agreeable pieces, lightly conceived and easily performed. Nos. 1, 4, 8, are among the most interesting. Without any peculiar novelty, they bear the character of easy simplicity, inherent in the dramatic performance for which they were intended. Here and there, as in Nos. 6 and 7, the passages partake too much of violin evolutions, and in one or two instances the rules of harmony are not strictly attended to. Thus the last line but one, p. 6, is liable to very pointed censure.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

NORTH OF SPAIN.

REFERRING to our last report, which stated the separation of the corps under General Clausel from the main body of the French army, in consequence of their defeat at Vittoria, and his retreat in the direction of the Ebro; we have now to add, that, upon the intelligence of that general's lingering near Logrono as late as the 25th June, Lord Wellington conceived it possible to intercept his retreat into France, and, with that view, detached several divisions of his army,

partly towards Tudela, and partly towards Logrono. But when it was known that the French general had moved upon Tudela, and from thence for Saragossa, all hopes of overtaking him ceased, and the British divisions returned into Navarre. From Saragossa, Clausel turned northwards, and, although, harassed by the Spanish partisan corps, especially in his rear-guard under General Paris, he made good his way into France by the road of Jaca.

Meanwhile Pampluna was com-

pletely blockaded by Sir Rowland Hill, who pushed some of his troops as far as the head of the Bidassoa; while Sir Thomas Graham, continuing to advance from Tolosa, drove the enemy across the lower Bidassoa into France. The forts of Castro and Guetaria were found evacuated, the garrison of Passages surrendered on the 30th June to Colonel Longa, and the fortress of San Sebastian was blockaded forthwith. In the rear, too, the castle of Pancorvo, garrisoned by 700 French, surrendered on the 1st July to the Conde de Abisbal (O'Donnell), who with the Andalusian army of reserve had followed close after Lord Wellington, and had on the 29th June carried by assault the town and lower fort. He joined immediately afterwards the main army, and was charged with the blockade of Pampluna.

Although the right and left wings of the great French army had thus been chased from the Spanish territory, the center, under General Gazan, still tarried in the fertile valley of Bastan, with the seeming determination of remaining in it. To expel him from so advantageous a station, General Hill was detached with several brigades; and by a series of operations from the 4th to the 7th July, in which our loss was trifling, Sir Rowland accomplished that object; so that on the latter day Spain, on the western side of the Pyrennees, was completely free from its Gallic oppressors, with the exception of Pampluna and St. Sebastian.

To commence the siege of the latter fortress, the greatest exertions were now making; and such was the activity of General Gra-

ham, to whom that important operation was entrusted, that on the 12th July ground was broken before the place. The convent of San Bartholom', a strongly fortified post without the outworks of the place, was first assailed, and, after being breached, carried by storm on the 17th July. After this success, the attack on the body of the place was carried on with such vigour, that on the 24th two wide and practicable breaches were effected in the line wall of the left flank; and early in the morning of the 25th the assault was undertaken, but unfortunately failed entirely. Our loss, owing to the determined courage of the troops who made the most strenuous efforts to brave the murderous resistance of the enemy, was very severe on this occasion, viz.

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.	
	Offrs.	Men.	Offrs.	Men.	Offrs.	Men.
British	10	103	32	401	5	151
Portuguese	1	90	11	329	1	143
	11	193	43	730	6	294

Total *hors de combat*, 60 officers, 1217 men.

Unfortunate as this result has proved, the attempt was justifiable, not only from the importance of the possession of the place with a view to ulterior operations against the enemy, but much more so by the critical situation of affairs in Navarre at that very moment.

The character of Bonaparte, his stupendous efforts in spring to meet and to defeat the Russian and Prussian corps (would to God they had been armies!) long before they could reach the French boundary, left no doubt that at a moment of the most pressing danger in an opposite direction, when the rapid ad-

rance of Lord Wellington had brought a much more numerous army than that of the Northern powers, not only to the very frontier of southern France, but partly even into the usurped empire of Napoleon; at such a crisis, we say, no doubt could be entertained but his comprehensive and resolute mind would instantaneously adopt the most prompt and vigorous measures, not only to stop the progress of his lordship, but, if possible, even to turn the fortune of war against the British hero.

On the 21st June the whole French army was overthrown at Vittoria; on the 1st July, by an imperial decree on the Elbe, Marshal Soult, then in Germany, is nominated the *emperor's lieutenant* and commander in chief of the French armies in Spain and in the southern provinces of France; on the 12th July Soult takes that command in Bayonne; in twelve days more the discomfited, baggage and cannonless French army is new-modelled, newly organized, newly equipped, reinforced by almost one half of its former amount, and marched as assailant, according to a most comprehensive plan, and with a most imposing front, through the Pyrennees back into Spain. What fearful promptitude in resources! The choice of Soult for such an enterprize was admirable: he had saved Spain last year; and although the balance of means was not this time equally in his favour, still the two opposing armies were not so disproportionate as to exclude a hope of success, especially when two strong fortresses deeply engaged

the attention of a great portion of the allied army.

Soult's new army consisted of no less than nine divisions of infantry, commanded on the left by Clausel, the center by Erlon, the right by Reille, besides a reserve on the lower Bidassoa under Villatte, and three divisions of cavalry.

The allied army, on the 24th July, extended from Roncesvalles, on the right, to St. Sebastian, as follows: the pass of Roncesvalles was occupied by Major-General Byng's brigade and Murillo's division of Spanish infantry, supported by Sir Lowry Cole (posted at Viscarret), and by Sir Thomas Picton with the third division at Olague, in reserve. Sir Rowland Hill, with the remainder of the second division and a Portuguese division under Count Amarante, was posted in the valley of Bastan, and occupied the pass of Puerto di Maya. Further to the left, the light and seventh division extended as far as Vera, with the sixth division in reserve at St. Estevan; and General Longa's division, on the lower Biddassoa, maintained the communication between the troops at Vera and the besieging corps before St. Sebastian.

How far Lord Wellington was accurately apprized of Soult's intentions, and of his being in a state to put them in immediate execution, we know not; the extension of the line of the allied armies, and its weakness on the essential points, lead certainly to a presumption of the contrary. On the 24th Soult greatly reinforced his left, and on the next day forced the pass of Roncesvalles with about 35,000

men; while, on the same day, the defile of Puerto di Maya, entrusted to Sir R. Hill, was attacked by Count Erlon. Our right gave way to superiority of numbers, and retired upon Zubiri; and Sir Rowland, although more successful in his resistance, was obliged, in consequence of the retrograde movement of the right wing, likewise to fall back upon Irurita. In these actions we lost a considerable number of men and four guns.

Lord Wellington was informed of this critical state of affairs on his right in the night between the 25th and 26th, and immediately gave orders for concentrating the army on the left, so as at the same time to provide for the protection of the corps of Count Abisbal before Pampluna, and of General Graham before St. Sebastian (the latter of whom actually raised the siege, and sent his artillery on board ship). This concentration of the allied army was to have taken place early on the 27th; but, owing to a further retrograde movement of our left from the post of Zubiri (which Generals Cole and Picton deemed untenable for a sufficient length of time,) to the neighbourhood of Pampluna, a further change of disposition became necessary.

Our field-marshal had scarcely arrived on the 27th at his right wing, now near Pampluna, when the enemy appeared in sight and formed his army for attack. This he actually commenced in the afternoon of the same day; and although the intrepidity of the allies maintained the contest upon the whole successfully, yet his superiority of numbers gained him

the village of Sorausen, an essential point in our position. Early on the 28th Soult renewed the contest; but the seasonable arrival of our sixth division enabled Lord Wellington, not only to meet the enemy effectually at all points, but to repel him altogether, with immense loss, into his strong position on the crest of the opposite heights.

Marshal Soult, judging from the reception he met with, that any further attempt on our right would be fruitless, determined to try his chance in another direction on our left, commanded by Sir Rowland Hill. The 29th and succeeding night he employed in preparations to reinforce the troops opposed to that general; and on the 30th Sir Rowland found himself assailed by such superior numbers, as to be compelled to abandon his position on the river Lanz, closely followed by the enemy. This new infraction on our line would, to a general of Soult's abilities, have proved the forerunner of decided victory, had he not had to contend against a captain of at least equal military talents.

At this critical moment the genius of Wellington broke out in its brightest lustre. Instead of merely acting on the defensive by strengthening his tottering left wing, he boldly resolved to attack the left of the French immediately facing him, although commanded by Soult in person, and posted in a situation of strength which had defiance to almost any insult. By the most skilful manœuvres he turned both flanks of the French marshal's position, and attacking simultaneously in front, the heights were li-

terally taken by assault, the enemy driven with the bayonet from all his positions, and so vigorously pursued, that the column which still pressed upon General Hill was actually in the rear of his lordship, and but for its instant and speedy retreat, would have been cut off from the rest of the French army. By this bold attack the enemy sustained immense loss in killed and wounded, and a great number of prisoners remained in our hands.

This second victory, on the 30th, was the death-blow to Soult's sanguine expectations of once more establishing the French arms in the west of Spain. He now fled at all points. The pass of Donna Maria, however, was deemed sufficiently strong to stop the progress of a part of the pursuing victors. But from this, too, they were, not without obstinate resistance, expelled by Sir Rowland Hill and Lord Dalhousie. Yet even this success was not the last feat of arms required to drive the invaders back into France. As late as the 2d of Aug. they lingered in the Puerto de Eschalar. It was the intention of Lord Wellington to dislodge them by a joint attack of the 7th and 4th light divisions; but the 7th having come up first, Major-General Barnes's brigade instantly formed by itself, and advancing before the 4th division could get up, attacked and actually drove two divisions of the enemy from the most difficult heights. This action closed the operations, and enabled the field-marshal, in his latest dispatch, dated Lezaca, 4th Aug. to report western Spain once more clear of the enemy, and our army once more in nearly the same

position which it held before the short-lived, but threatening invasion of Soult. His lordship, according to a settled practice of his, leaves us to guess the enemy's loss, even as to prisoners, which surely can be counted; but the official bulletin states the French loss at 15,903, including killed, wounded, and 4000 prisoners. The diminution in our own ranks, from 25th July to 2d Aug. is contained in the following distressing totals:—

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.	
	Offic.	Men.	Offic.	Men.	Offic.	Men.
British	30	510	221	3295	17	483
Portuguese	11	311	95	1722	0	201
	41	821	316	5017	17	684

Total *hors de combat*, 374 officers, 6522 men.

To this must be added the loss of the Spaniards (not stated in the returns), which cannot have been trifling, especially in Murillo's division, whose conduct, as well as that of some regiments of Abisbal's Andalusian army, Lord Wellington records as highly praiseworthy. His eulogiums on the valour of the Portuguese troops, likewise, are conceived in the highest terms.

On reflecting upon the result of these operations, in however conspicuous a light they place both the courage and tactic skill of the troops and the genius of their leader, it cannot be denied, that the permission to remain for a while on the ground already conquered by means of the battle of Vittoria (the only advantage derived from these recent contests), has been purchased at a very dear price; and when we further consider the promptness with which the discomfited French army re-appeared as the aggressor in the field, the cir-

cumstance of its being within the bosom of its resources, and the necessity which his danger must entail upon Bonaparte to make immediate and greater efforts—we apprehend that that price will not have been the last bidding we shall have to make for the possession of Navarre; and that unless extraordinary exertions are making for replenishing the ranks of the Peninsular allies, successes like these will in the end prove a losing game to them. Upon Spain, nearly reconquered from the enemy, must now fall the brunt of these efforts. Little short of conscription will enable her to secure permanently the advantages she has derived from British co-operation; indeed, it has long been our firm conviction, that, without conscription throughout Europe, England not excepted, the destructive torrent of Bonaparte's lust of conquest will not be effectually resisted. We fight him as yet with very unequal weapons.

EAST OF SPAIN.

The Anglo-Sicilian army returned to Alicant from the Tarragona crusade at the end of June, under its new leader, Lord William Bentinck, who had come from Sicily, and had, at the Col de Balaguer, joined the expedition when on its return from Catalonia. Sir John Murray immediately sailed for Sicily, to take the command of the British forces in that island, altho' report speaks of the probability of an investigation into his conduct before Tarragona.

Suchet almost at the same time returned with his troops to Valencia and the Xucar, when he received the disastrous intelligence of the

battle of Vittoria. This induced him to prepare for an immediate retreat towards the Ebro, which, from the total want of any accounts from him, we can only infer to have been effected without loss. A few fragments of Spanish intelligence, and a paragraph or two in the published part of Lord Wellington's reports, inform us, that the Anglo-Sicilian army, joined to the Spanish corps of Generals Elio and the Duke del Parque, advanced as soon as they knew that Suchet was gone. The latter evacuated Valencia on the 5th July, and Elio entered on the 7th. The further movements of the allies in that quarter consisted, probably, in following cautiously and safely the footsteps of the French general. All we know further, is, Lord Wellington's statement, that, on the 21st July, Lord William Bentinck had reached Vinaros, and was making preparations for crossing the Ebro, from which, however, he then was still about thirty miles distant. It is stated, that Suchet has left Murviedro strongly garrisoned, and we should think Peniscola likewise. If Suchet draws to himself the disposable force he can command in Catalonia, Lord William will have an arduous task to face him; and, in that case, his lordship's safest and most effective line of operation would be a movement to the left, to approach within the vortex of the main army under Lord Wellington.

In one of our former numbers we adverted to the remonstrances and the active resistance which the Pope's nuncio at the Spanish court, D. Pedro Gravina, permitted him-

self against the decree for abolishing the Inquisition. He even encouraged the Spanish clergy underhand to oppose the promulgation of that decree, and was, in consequence, seriously warned by the regency to desist from his machinations. Nevertheless, he continued to interfere assiduously against the authority of government, until the regency, wearied by his misconduct, sent him out of the country and seized his temporalities, by a manifesto dated July 7, setting forth the proceedings which were the cause of so strong, but just a step.

On the receipt of the glorious tidings of the battle of Vittoria, the Cortes, among other enthusiastic expressions of exultation and of gratitude to the hero who achieved it, in their sitting of the 2d of July, unanimously voted, that Lord Wellington should be invested with a territorial property in Spain, from the national domains.

NORTH OF GERMANY.

The armistice in Germany has been prolonged to the 10th of August, in order to make an attempt at pacification by a general congress to be held at Prague, at which capital plenipotentiaries from the under-mentioned powers had arrived in July:—*Austria*, Count Metternich; *Russia*, Privy Counsellor D'Anstetten; *Prussia*, Baron Humboldt; *France*, Count Narbonne and Caulincourt. On the part of *Great Britain*, Lord Aberdeen has set out for the same destination. A short time will shew whether there is any probability of the Gordian knot which ties the yoke of French tyranny, being unpicked in a quiet, diplomatic way, or

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whether, as we think it ought to be, the sword is to cut it asunder.

In the meantime, immense preparations continue to be made on both sides. While the legitimate sovereigns, Alexander and Frederick William, had a meeting with the Crown Prince of Sweden at Trachenberg, in Silesia (10th to 12th July), at which Lord Cathcart and, as it is reported, an Austrian envoy attended, Bonaparte reviewed in person the greatest part of his army, and inspected the whole line of fortifications on the Elbe, from Konigstein to Magdeburg. He next dedicated a few days to the softer passions (if there be any in such a character), in a meeting with the unfortunate Maria Louisa at Mentz, whither she had purposely repaired.

The statement of Berthier's death, mentioned in our last number, proves unfounded; but Junot, the *soi-disant* Duke of Abrantes, is reported to have died a victim of the consequences of the Russian campaign, on or about the 1st of August, at his chateau in France.

The arrival of General Moreau at Gothenburg, on the 27th July, from America, has roused political speculation. He was received with great distinction, and his further destination is said to be the headquarters of the Crown Prince.

UNITED STATES.

The fortune of maritime war seems to have ranged herself on our side in good earnest. To the capture of the Chesapeake frigate, we have now to add another trophy, of less consequence, it is true, but of equal glory. In their pride of success, the American ships of war have ventured into the British seas,

and committed serious depredations on our trade. The *Argus* sloop, of 20 guns and 136 men, after infesting St. George's Channel for some time, was, on the 14th of August, met near Milford by the *Pelican* sloop, of 16 guns and 121 men; and, like the *Chesapeake*, attacked, boarded, and carried in forty minutes. The President, commanded by the famous Captain Rogers, has likewise captured many British vessels, especially whalers, in the Northern ocean, hitherto with impunity; but as several ships have been sent out in quest of her, and even reached her track, it is not impossible but she may have to regorge her booty in a British port likewise.

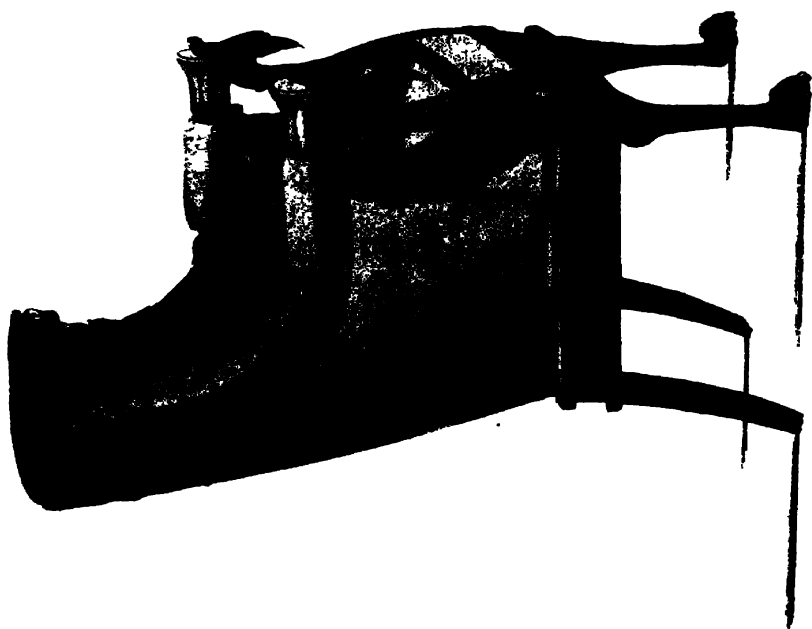
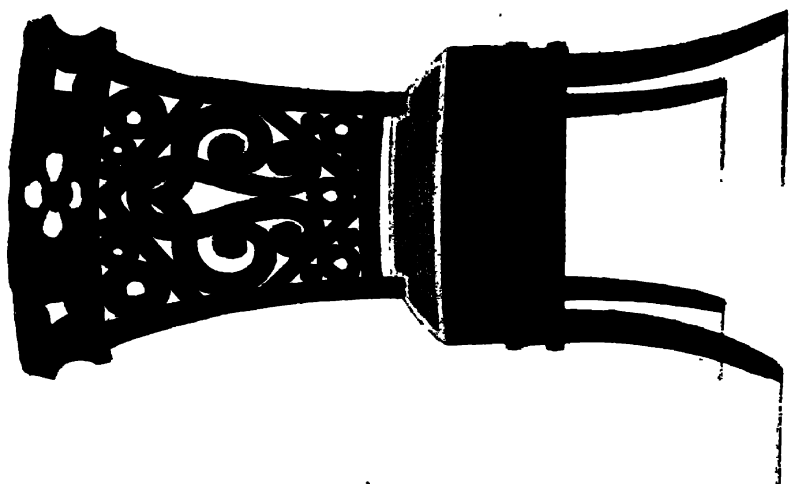
In Canada the war has been very active: many engagements have taken place along the whole frontier, in which the balance of success has been on our side, and the bravery and skill of the British army invariably as conspicuous as in Spain. Of the numerous encounters, few are of historical importance; we shall therefore briefly notice the most material ones in chronological order.

On the Detroit frontier, Colonel Proctor was, on the 14th May, attacked by an American corps of very superior force, which he completely defeated, with the loss of upwards of 1000 men.

An expedition, commanded by the British Colonel Baynes, made an attempt on Sackett's Harbour on the 29th May, but failed of success; although it created sufficient alarm to induce the enemy to set fire to his magazines of military and naval stores in the place.

Nearly at the same time an American armament, with a force of 5 or 6000 men, appeared on Lake Ontario, and made good a landing, in spite of the obstinate resistance and determined bravery displayed by a small British force under Colonel Vincent, who, finding all opposition in vain, evacuated fort St. George, and retreated with his troops into the country. The American army, in consequence, became possessed of the above-mentioned fort, and of others on the Niagara frontier, and advanced in pursuit of Colonel Vincent. At Burlington they arrived in sight of the British commander on the 5th of June, and prepared to attack him the next day; but, unmindful of his great inferiority, the colonel saved them the trouble, by assailing their camp by surprise the same night, dispersing the whole army, taking their two generals, Chandler and Winder, 4 pieces of cannon, and upwards of 100 prisoners. The American force is stated to have since retreated, and to have evacuated the fruits of this invasion, with the exception of the environs and fort of St. George; and their stay in that quarter has subsequently led to another more signal defeat, which, according to their own accounts, took place on the 23d June, when Colonel Boerstler, who with a detachment of about 600 men, had penetrated into the interior, was attacked, surrounded, and captured with all his surviving men.

Two days before the battle of Burlington, viz. on the 3d June, two American brigs of war, the *Eagle* and *Growler*, of 11 guns



and 50 men each, were captured by our small craft on Lake Ontario, not without obstinate defence.

The principal operations of the coasting squadron in the Chesapeake, under the command of Sir John Borlase Warren, are, an attack upon Craney Island (22d June), undertaken with a view to effect the destruction of the Constellation frigate; but completely frustrated by the vigorous opposition our troops met with. Including the loss of two or three boats with men, we came off with a minus of about 60 men, killed, taken, or drowned. Our squadron next proceeded to Hampton, where the troops landed on the 26th June, took the town, attacked and carried the American camp in its rear, made some prisoners, took seven pieces of cannon, and re-embarked. Here our loss was about 50 men.—Insignificant as, upon the whole, these results may appear, the effect of keeping the coast in constant alarm, and of occupying a great force of the enemy, which otherwise would be employed against us

in Canada, is certainly a necessary and important consequence of this species of warfare.

DOMESTIC AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

On the 22d July his Royal Highness the Prince Regent in person prorogued the Parliament. After an elegant address from the Speaker, his Royal Highness delivered a speech from the throne, embracing the principal topics of our foreign and domestic concerns at this period.

The Emperor of Russia having been elected a Knight of the Garter, a deputation has set out from England for Germany, to present his Imperial Majesty with the insignia of that order.

Our latest accounts from Malta represent the plague in that island as still in most destructive virulency: from thirty to forty deaths occurred daily in the middle of June.

German papers announce the arrival of the Queen of Sicily at Raab, in Hungary.

PLATE 16.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

THE bed-room chair is of the highest character of decoration, and of course adapted to the principal chambers of a mansion: the frame is of mahogany, of satin wood, or may be painted in imitation of them. The form of this chair is suited for repose.

The cottage chair is composed after the designs which prevailed in the sixteenth century, when the national taste was yet unsculpted, and

the fancy adopted forms and embellishments not in unison with the refined and classic taste of modern times: the very circumstance, probably, makes this design analogous to the purposes of a cottage ornée; and it has lately been introduced with great advantage as furniture for buildings of the castellated character, and also for those whose original features are of similar construction, and to which furniture

has been introduced much less in harmony, although, separately considered, of a superior design.

The plate (No. 4,) given in the *Repository* for July, is a French window-curtain: it is designed for a room where the space between the windows is of excessive dimensions, which very frequently occurs in old buildings. To relieve this defect, and also to remove the objectionable appearance of a central pier, a mirror is substituted for an opening, and the effect of three

distinct spaces is produced by the architectural embellishments: circular cornices, in the manner of the archivolts of the Romans, are supported by therms, and from these arches are suspended the curtains, which accompany the pier glass in the center also. The *tablet* is introduced in the usual manner.

The flower-stands, on the extremes of the design, are suited to the dining and the drawing-rooms.

..φ.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 19.—EVENING COSTUME.

A ROUND robe of white Venetian crape, worn over a white gossamer satin slip, appliqued with lace in front of the bosom; full slashed sleeve and demi-bodice, of amber or other coloured satin, confined at regular distances and at the bottom of the waist with bows of correspondent ribband. The bottom of the dress finished with treble rows of lace, put on very full. Head-dress, *à la Parisienne*, composed of a small bandeau of diamonds, white roses, and folds of silk the colour of the bodice; over which is disposed fancifully a large transparent Mechlin veil. Ear-rings, necklace, cross, and studs of brilliants or pearl. Slippers of amber satin, with silver rosettes and trimming. Gloves of French kid, and fan of carved ivory.

PLATE 20.—PROMENADE COSTUME.

A white jaconot muslin high dress, with long sleeves and collar of needle-work; treble flounces of plaited muslin round the bottom; wrist and collar confined with a silk cord and tassel. The hair disposed in the Eastern style, with a fancy flower in front or on one side. A Vittoria cloak, or Pyrenean mantle, of pomona green sarsnet, trimmed with Spanish fringe of a correspondent shade, and confined in graceful folds on the left shoulder. A white lace veil thrown over the head-dress. A large Eastern parasol, the colour of the mantle, with deep Chinese awning. Roman shoe, or Spanish slipper, of pomona green kid, or jean. Gloves of primrose or amber-coloured kid.

MEDICAL REPORT.

An account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of July to the 14th of August, 1818.

Acute diseases.—Cholera, 3.... Catarrh, 5.... Inflammatory sore-throat, 2.... Fever, 6.... Measles, 3....





Acute rheumatism, 2....Gout, 1
...Acute diseases of infants, 4.

Chronic diseases.—Diarrhœa, 6...
Jaundice, 1....Dyspepsia, 5....Gas-
trodynia, 1....Colic, 1..Rheumatism,
6..Pleurodyne, 4..Consumption, 2..
Cough and dyspnœa, 4..Hæmoptoe,
3....Asthenia, 10... Head-ach and
vertigo, 4....Palsy, 2....Dropsy, 3....
Asthma, 1....Dysure, 1....Lumbago,
1...Cutaneous affections, 3...Female
complaints, 5.

Since the last report, several cases of fever have occurred. In adults, it appears chiefly in the mild form of synochus, or summer fever, and was not attended by very pressing or alarming symptoms. In some cases of infants, the fever has been of a remittent nature, and proved difficult of cure. There is something obscure in its character, which in very young subjects renders it, except to an acute and experienced eye, liable to be confounded with other affections. Hence, in the commencement of the complaint, an improper mode of treatment is frequently adopted, valuable time lost, and the complaint rendered more intractable.

It is usually preceded by general languor, loss of appetite, irregularity in the bowels, wasting of the flesh, peevishness, and debility. The patient soon after becomes feverish, especially in the evening. The pulse is frequent, the skin hot, tongue clean in the beginning, but furred as the complaint advances. In most cases we may trace the origin of the disease to a disordered state of the liver, or the stomach and bowels. The remedies which prove most effectual are, mercurial purgatives and small doses of calomel, interposing saline, an-

timonial; and other medicines, as symptoms may demand. In the case of an infant two years old recently under my care, but now convalescent, the little patient was completely paralytic on one side; an event which occasionally takes place in this fever. Besides the medicines employed, when the fever had subsided, electricity seemed of great service in restoring the power of motion to the affected side of the body.

The diseases most liable to be confounded with this form of fever, are, worn-fever and water in the head (*hydrocephalus internus*). But both these complaints have distinct features: in the first, to say nothing of the occasional appearance of worms, there is a peculiar cast of countenance and characteristic expression, which, however other symptoms common to remittent fever may be present, decide our judgment; and water in the head is denoted, independent of the symptoms, by the attitude and posture of the child. Still there are many appearances common to the three complaints, which would require much minute detail to point out. In health, the affections of the soul are often so strongly portrayed on the countenance, that an attentive observer may become acquainted with their character, and in proportion as he is attentive to this interesting study, will he be more expert and certain in his conclusions: so in disease it is remarkably the case, and frequently affords an acute practitioner more accurate and instant knowledge of the complaint, than he could derive from other sources. Certain specious practitioners, by taking advantage

of this outward and visible index of disease, have occasionally attained great fame, and much astonished their patients, by at once telling them they have such and such feelings, a pain here or an ach there, this organ deranged or that obstructed, according to the particular complaint which may affect them at the time.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE weather has been very favourable for the harvest through nearly the whole of last month, particularly so at the commencement of it. The wheat crop is abundant, heavy in hand, and of the finest quality. The greater part of it, in the southern counties, is well harvested, and appears to be more than an average crop.

Barley is of fine quality, large in the straw, with a heavy ear, and will be a full average crop, except in a few spots towards the furrows, upon those tenacious soils that have not been properly drained. In such situations, in consequence of the cold, wet spring, the barley is short both in straw and corn.

Oats are the largest crop we have grown for many years: they are of fine quality, and well harvested; their produce will be above an average crop.

Beans are forwarder than it was expected they would be, from the very growing season: they are well

corned where they have had a proper interval betwixt the rows, and have escaped the fly.

Peas are large, of fine quality, with abundance of halm, and the early kinds well harvested. This season is called, by the farmer, a bean year. The whole of the leguminous tribe are of finer quality and more abundant than for several years past.

The hay has been well harvested, but on burning soils the latter-math is short.

Turnips, cabbage, cole, and all the brassica species are a full and strong crop. The fly has been less prevalent this year than for many seasons past.

Hops have much improved in blossom, and the estimated duties are increasing.

Potatoes are a greater breadth of crop than in any former year: their yield is abundant, and the quality fine.

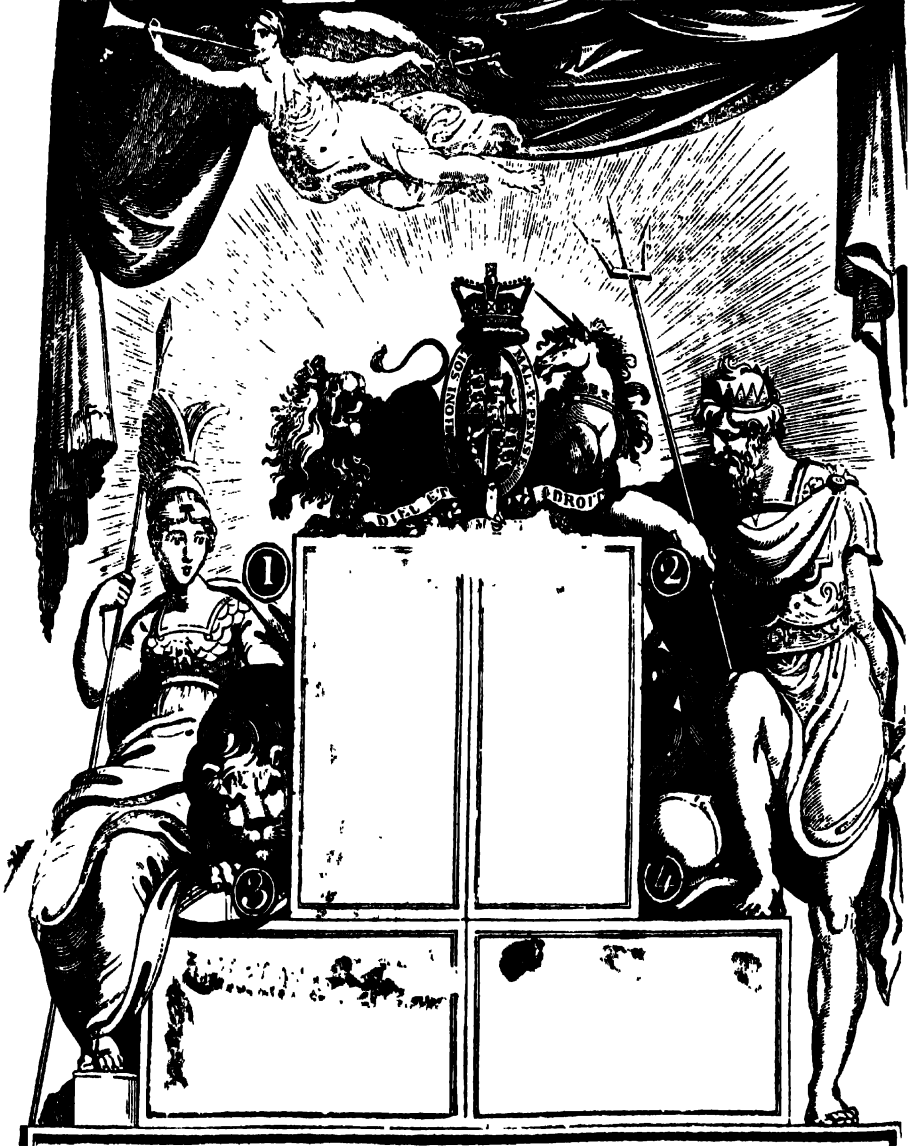
ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

No. 1 and 2 is a Chinese chintz, for drawing-room, boudoir, and sleeping-room furniture. This lively and cheerful article admits a lining and fringe of any colour; but those of pea-green, pink, and blue exhibit it to most advantage.

It is from the house of Mr. Allen, Pall-Mall, whose superb and extensive ware-rooms stand unrivalled in point of variety, taste, and cheapness.

No. 3. A unique and elegant article for ladies' robes, pelisses, man-

No. LVII. Sept. 1813.

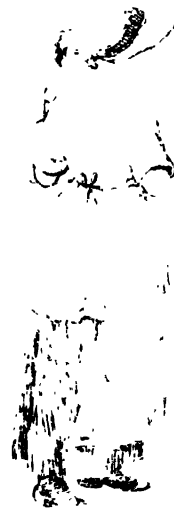


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MANUFACTURERS, Factors, and Dealers in Fancy Goods, that come within the scope of this Plan, are requested to send Patterns of such new Articles, as they come out; and if the requisites of Novelty, Fashion, and Elegance, are united, the quantity necessary for this Magazine will be ordered.

R. Ackermann, 121. Strand, London.





tles, and scarfs, styled the Vittoria striped gauze. Trimmings for this article may be of silver, white beads, or lace, with fancy gimps and fringe of the same shade. It is sold by Wm. King, 44, Pall-Mall.

No. 4. A figured Manchester muslin, calculated for domestic wear. Robes of this article are

frequently formed high in the neck, with full long sleeves; cuffs and collar of fine needle-work, or lace, a correspondent belt and clasp confining it at the bottom of the waist; and is sometimes trimmed at the feet with a full silk fringe, of the same shades. This article is sold by Waithman and Son, corner of Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

Poetry.

TO . . .

I'LL weep no more, no more I'll sigh
For woman's tricks of art;
I'll trust no more the beaming eye,
There lurks a poison'd dart.

No more I'll listen to her wiles,
Though music fills each breath;
No more I'll trust her faithless smiles,
Their bitter boon is death!

Oh! I have own'd a love as pure
As infancy's first sigh!
Deception foul has wrought its cure;
No tear shall dim mine eye!

Go, perjurd woman! thine own heart
Will some day learn to feel!
Then one sad tear for me may start,
One sigh may through thy bosom steal!

J. M. LACEY.

ODE

To the learned Author of a celebrated
Work on "The Art of Carving."

Let Coleridge in his lectures try
To teach the Art of Poesy;—
That is, the *Art of Starving*;
Do thou, good doctor, undertake
To lecture, for the city's sake,
Upon the *Art of Carving*.

Though not an alderman, thou well
The nicest bits and cuts canst tell
Of every dish at table;—
To guide the knife of a beginner
Through all the dangers of a dinner,
What modern is more able?

Let Doctor Davy make folks stare,
While with his hocus-pocus rare
He seems a conjurer still;—
Let him our senses all unsettle,—
What we thought *gas*, let him prove *metal*,
And call it what he will.

Let Doctor Crotch to ladies show
The difference 'twixt quick time and slow,
Between a flat and sharp;—
Tell what's in time and what's in tune,—
Prove that a bagpipe's no bassoon,
Nor fiddle a Jew's harp.

But when they've lectured all they may,
Who is a whit the wiser, pray?—
Then where's the mighty use, sir?—
Far better, sure, it were to learn
How, when it comes to our own turn,
To cut up a green goose, sir.

O! I had almost sooner starve
Than see a hungry heathen carve,
Whose scarce knows chick from duck, sir;
Who, when you ask him for a wing,
Gives you a leg, or some such thing,—
And even that's good luck, sir:

Whose knife ne'er cuts, but hacks and hews,
Whose serves a pig much worse than Jews,
Stabbing it every limb;—
If he were taken in the fact,
Would not *Lord Ellenborough's Act*
Extend t'imprison him?

For want of learning my good "rule,"
At city feasts some look like fools,
And bear the knife in vain;—
While sad mishaps of soup and gravy

*As many a carter cry peccavi,
And many a belle complain.*

While others of their ven'son boast,
Their stews, ragouts, their boil'd and roast,
With all the kitchen train;
Our *Jacky Horners* longing linger
In the *state pie* to have a finger,—
There's—~~eat~~ and come again.

SONNET TO FANCY.

Composed on the Banks of ULLSWATER.

Ah! scenes beloved by Fancy's beaming
eye,

Enthusiast sweet, that o'er the moun-
tain wild

Breathes in soft ecstasy the rapturous sigh,
Or sings exulting through the smiling
vale;

Now through the dark glen, wandering
sadly mild,

Or slowly sauntering through the flow-
ery dale.

In each kind breeze that curls the dim-
pling lake,

Each orient beam that gilds the rock's
bold brow,

She feels young genius in her bosom wake,
And mental morn's resplendent beau-
ties glow.

Bless'd ray of heaven, which bids the
soul inhale

Whate'er of good delighted sense pour-
trays;

Pours from each rill, and wafts from ev'ry
gale,

Imagination's intellectual blaze!

II.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

I, Simon Self, without a wife,
Lead but a dull, unthankful life;
In melancholy mood I moan,
And mope about, and growl, and groan,
Or sit and sulk, and sadly sigh,
Or saunter *solus* when it's dry;
And when it rains I wearied stay
At home, and work or read all day;

Unless through hunger I incline
To sally forth, half-drown'd, and dine
At some cook-shop, where roast and
boil'd

Is sometimes good, and sometimes spoil'd.
No comely joint, no dishes nice,
From which to chuse a fav'rite slice,
Adorn the board, but different fare,
By plates weigh'd out, for each one's
share.

We sit around, and bolt so quick,
'T would make a squeamish person sick.
My dinner o'er, sometimes I chuse
To wait my turn, and read the news;
And then return, through dirt and rain,
To fiddle, read, or work again,
Till drowsy pains my limbs o'erspread,
And send me comfortless to bed.

Thus is my life one dreary round,
In which few real joys are found:
No dear companion, tender, kind,
When cares oppress, to sooth my mind,
Or bid me welcome with a smile,
When tired I quit my daily toil;

Or if unwell, tie up my head,
Nurse me, and keep me warm in bed.

What! though a servant-girl for hire
Doth make my bed and light my fire,
She steals my butter, plugs my barrel,
And if I notice it, we quarrel;
And then she's not ashamed to say,
'That bachelors are lawful prey.

But this is not the only evil,
The rats and mice do play the devil;
Devour my candles, bread, and cheese,
And skip about where'er they please.

I labour hard to stop their holes,
But soon they're in again by shoals;
For where one dines out every day,
The devil a bit a cat will stay.

But still, amidst these plagues do rise,
By fits and starts, some transient joys.
When Hope and Fancy, sisters gay,

Lead sober Reason from her way;

Or when a cheerful hour I spend

In chat with some respected friend,

While round the heart-enlivening glass,
The song and joke do gaily pass;

When friendship, music, mirth, and
wine,

To drive dull care away combine:

Then, light of heart, returning home,
 I meet with solitude and gloom ;
 It checks my joy—the fire is out,
 And in the dark I grope about
 To find a match—I mutter, grumble,
 And o'er the stool or coal-box tumble ;
 I break my shins, or bruise my head,
 Then limp off peevishly to bed.
 When forth I walk to take the air,
 I often meet some passing fair,
 Whose blooming charms attract my eye ;
 And, as my bosom heaves a sigh,
 Exclaim, “ How happy should I be,
 Dear lovely girl, if bless'd with thee ! ”
 Perhaps some unexpected friend
 To my apartment doth ascend,
 Whom much I wish to take with me
 A comfortable cup of tea :
 There's sure then something to perplex
 me.

Something goes wrong to tease and vex
 me ;

The fire is low, no water hot,
 The stale tea-leaves are in the pot ;
 The butter's gone, the knives are rusty,
 The milk is sour, the tea cups dusty :
 I load the tray, and haste to wash 'em,
 Fall down, and all to pieces dash 'em.
 O lovely woman ! man's best friend,
 On whom life's truest joys depend ;
 By nature bless'd with every charm,
 To please the eye, the heart to warm ;
 With all that fascinates about you,
 I feel we should be brutes without you.
 For once, O Fortune ! hear my prayer :—
 Let others wealth and honour share,
 But grant, to cheer my future life,
 That first of blessings, a good wife,

The following lines, which have not appeared in any edition of their author's works, were composed by Robert Burns, the Ayrshire ploughman, and written on a marble side-board, in the hermitage belonging to the Duke of Arhol, in the wood of Aberfeldy.—This romantic retreat, excavated from a solid rock, completely covered with ivy, is situated in a deep ravine, fronting a celebrated cascade, which is naturally described in the following verse of an old Scottish song :

No. LVII. Vol. X.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd with flowers,
 White o'er rocks the streamlet pours,
 And rising wets with misty showers
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

The surrounding scenery is truly sublime ; the grey rocks forming an amphitheatre, rise like a wall nearly an hundred feet perpendicular ; over which the birch-trees reclining, weave a beautiful shade by uniting their broad spreading branches. However pleasant this shade may be in affording a cool retreat from the meridian sun, as it occasions a perpetual gloom, it is apt to inspire the contemplative mind with a tender melancholy.

Internally, this little cell is furnished with a marble table, a mock library, a bed, and two long settees, ingeniously cut out of the rock, and the whole neatly covered with a yellow species of lichen. In this sequestered scene the duke spends many useful, and consequently happy hours, in devising and correcting plans for the future improvement of his estates.

Whoe'er thou art, these lines now read-
 ing,

Think not, though from the world reced-
 ing,

I joy my lonely days to lead in

This desert drear,

That with remorse a conscience bleeding
 Hath led me here.

No thought of guilt my bosom sours ;
 Free-will'd I fled from courtly bowers ;
 For well I saw in halls and towers,

That lust and pride,

The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
 In state preside.

I saw mankind with vice incrust'd ;
 I saw that honour's sword was rust'd ;
 That few for aught but folly lusted ;
 That he was still deceived who trusted

To love or friend ;

And hither came, with men disgusted,
 My life to end.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,
 Alike a foe to noisy folly
 And brow-bent gloomy melancholy,

I wear away

My life, and in my office holy
 Consume the day.

B B

This rock my shield, when storms are
blowing,

The limpid streamlet yonder flowing,
Supplying drink, the earth bestowing

My simple food ;

But few enjoy the calm I know in
This desert wood.

Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot, than e'er I felt before in
A palace ; and with thoughts still soaring

To God on high,

Each night and morn with voice imploring,
This wish I sigh :

“ Let me, O Lord, from life retire,
Unknown each guilty worldly fire,
Remorseful throb, or loose desire ;
And when I die,
Let me in this belief expire,—
To God I fly.”

Stranger, if full of youth and riot,
And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet,
Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
The hermit's prayer :
But if thou hast a cause to sigh at
Thy fault or care ;

If thou hast known false love's vexation,
Or hast been exil'd from thy nation,
Or guilt afflicts thy contemplation,
And makes thee pine,
Oh ! how must thou lament thy station,
And envy mine !

ANCIENT AND MODERN GAL- LANTRY.

Poets of old, we must confess,
Display'd a wond'rous politesse ;
For when fair ladies went astray,
The stars were more in fault than they.
Lo ! did a fiddler, without scruple,
Seduce his pretty little pupil ;
No foul disgraceful whispers follow,
Miss is protected by Apollo.
Nay, did some ladies (there were such)
Now and then take a glass too much,
'Twas gently hinted by the Nine,
They flirted with the God of Wine.
Should a nymph, bathing in the sea,
A mother, tho' unmarried, be,
'Twas sung, the mighty Trident-bearer
Had left his Thetis for a fairer.
But things are vastly chang'd, alas !
In this our saucy age of brass.
The miss who favours the petition
Of a spruce amorous musician,
As Mrs. Catgut rues her folly,
“ Most musical, most melancholy.”
The lady who transfers the rose,
By tipping, from her cheek to nose,
Among her friends in credit sinks,
And every rustic says—he drinks.
Should a fond miss her wishes place
On Captain —, at a watering-place,
With ready pen see Scandal scrawls
His name and her's in capitals ;
And prudent virgins of three-score
Proclaim the truth—and something more.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from August 2 to 7.

TOTAL, 13,667 quarters.—Average, 108s. 8½d. per quarter, or 1s. 5½d. per quarter lower than last return.

Return of Flour from August 7 to 15.

TOTAL, 12,097 sacks.—Average, 108s. 10½d. per sack, or 4s. 2½d. per sack lower than last return.

Average of England and Wales, August 11.

	s.	d.	per 3	per 4
Wheat	11½	4	57	3
Rye	7½	2	40	1
Oats	—	—	—	—
Beans	—	—	—	—
Pease	—	—	—	—

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	d.	per bushel	per cwt.
Wheat white, per quarter	75	12½	—	—
— red	70	18	—	—
— foreign	70	9½	—	—
Rye	44	50	—	—
Bailey, English	55	45	—	—
Malt	70	86	—	—
Oats	18	32	—	—
— Poland	20	42	—	—
— Potatoes	34	45	—	—
— Beans, Pignon	70	74	—	—
— Horse	—	—	—	—
— Pease, Boiling	70	90	—	—
— Grey	60	80	—	—
Flour per sack	100	—	—	—
— Seconds	30	90	—	—
— Scotch	70	84	—	—
American Flour	—	—	—	—
Rapeseed, per last	—	—	—	—
Oil Cakes, per thousand	—	—	—	—

per barrel of 100 lbs. £12 a £11 a £16.

Oil Cakes, per thousand, £15 10s. to £10s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s.	d.	per cwt.
Muscovado, fine	90	a 98	—
— good	86	a 80	—
— ordinary	80	a 85	—
East India, white	90	a 95	—
— yellow	86	a 89	—
— brown	78	a 80	—
MOLASSES 42s. 6d. a 43s. 0d.	—	—	—

REFINED SUGAR.

	s.	d.	per cwt.
Double Loaves	154	a 100	—
— Jamboe ditto	130	a 130	—
— Powder ditto	130	a 130	—
— Single ditto	128	a 130	—
— Candy Lump	128	a 130	—
— Large ditto	120	a 127	—
— Bastards, whole	87	a 90	—
— facts	90	a 95	—
— middles	87	a 89	—
— tips	84	a 80	—

CINCHON.

	s.	d.	per lb.
Jamaica, white	82	a 200	—
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a 80	—
— black	70	a 75	—

RICE, Banded.

	s.	d.	per cwt.
Carolina	24	a 20	—
Brazil	20	a 20	—
— black	20	a 20	—
— Pimento	20	a 20	—

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 53s. 9½d.

There has been little business doing in raw sugar this month, on account of the importers holding out for high prices, which have been pretty generally obtained. The refined market continues excessively bare of every kind of goods.

HOPS in the Borough.

	£	s.	d.	per cwt.
BAGS	—	—	—	—
— Kent	8	0	11	—
— Sussex	7	7	10	—
— Essex	0	0	0	—

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Aug.	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Beans.	Peas.
Newcastle	14	56a	110a	45	—	—
Northampton	—	—	—	—	—	—
Canterbury	—	—	—	—	—	—
Lewes	21	112a	120	—	—	—
Chesterfield	14	96a	122	—	—	—
Ashbourne	14	112a	120	—	—	—
Guildford	17	—	—	—	—	—
Gainsboro'	17	102a	106	37	—	—
Louth	18	83a	93	30	—	—
Huntingdon	14	87a	112	—	—	—
Newark	18	110a	118	—	—	—
Spilshy	10	95a	115	—	—	—
Bygate	—	—	—	—	—	—
Devizes	19	84a	112	40	—	—
Reading	21	100a	122	32	—	—
Swansea	18	120a	—	—	—	—
Honley	—	—	—	—	—	—
Maidenhead	—	—	—	—	—	—
Salisbury	17	98a	114	48	—	—
Penrith	17	100a	—	—	—	—
Hull	—	—	—	—	—	—
Basingstoke	18	108a	120	46	—	—
Wakfield	20	65a	90	34	—	—
Andover	—	—	—	—	—	—
Warminster	21	86a	104	40	—	—

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s.	d.	per gallon
Brandy, Cognac	8	9	6
— Spanish	5	0	2
Holland Gin	8	0	8
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	6
— Lew. Isl.	3	8	4
Mol. Spirits	13	10	14
— Irish	—	—	—
— Scotch	0	0	0
Spirits of Wine	24	0	0

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JULY, 1813.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1813 JULY.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S W 1	29,75	29,45	29,600	62,00	52,00	57,00	rainy	.034	—
2	N W 1	29,90	29,75	29,825	58,0	49,0	53,00	showery	.066	—
3	N W 2	30,30	29,90	30,100	61,0	44,0	52,50	cloudy	.092	.255
4	N W 2	30,41	30,30	30,355	63,0	47,0	55,00	cloudy	.104	.015
5	N W 1	30,41	30,34	30,375	70,0	47,0	58,50	fine	.096	—
6	S W 1	30,34	29,83	30,085	73,0	54,0	63,50	fine	.148	—
7	S W 2	29,83	29,50	29,665	77,0	56,0	66,50	fine	.140	—
8	S W 4	29,55	29,50	29,525	77,0	52,0	64,50	fine	.130	—
9	S W 1	29,70	29,50	29,600	68,0	50,0	59,00	rainy	.050	—
10	W 2	30,05	29,70	29,875	72,0	50,0	61,00	fine	.124	—
11	W 2	30,05	30,08	30,065	75,0	57,0	66,00	cloudy	.030	.850
12	W 1	30,08	29,82	29,950	72,0	50,0	61,00	cloudy	.110	—
13	S 2	29,82	29,55	29,700	71,0	58,0	64,50	cloudy	.080	—
14	S W 2	29,62	29,58	29,600	68,0	56,0	62,00	fine	.070	—
15	S W 2	29,02	29,58	29,000	69,0	56,0	62,50	cloudy	.056	—
16	S W 2	29,55	29,62	29,735	61,0	54,0	59,00	rainy	.080	—
17	S W 1	29,92	29,85	29,885	73,0	51,0	62,00	brilliant	.120	—
18	S 1	29,92	29,84	29,880	71,0	51,0	61,00	brilliant	.130	1,080
19	S 1	29,84	29,65	29,745	78,0	57,0	67,50	gloomy	.130	—
20	S 1	29,01	29,54	29,615	70,0	53,0	61,50	brilliant	.110	—
21	N E 1	29,58	29,52	29,550	60,0	56,0	63,50	fine	.088	—
22	Var. 2	29,52	29,40	29,460	72,0	57,0	64,50	variable	.062	.385
23	Var. 2	29,40	29,35	29,375	70,0	52,0	61,00	cloudy	.086	—
24	S W 2	29,38	29,35	29,365	72,0	55,0	61,50	cloudy	.114	—
25	S W 2	29,18	29,24	29,310	70,0	51,0	60,50	rainy	.100	—
26	S W 2	29,54	29,28	29,405	72,0	55,0	63,50	rainy	.080	.680
27	W 2	29,08	29,51	29,755	73,0	56,0	64,50	cloudy	.124	.145
28	W 2	30,35	29,98	30,165	72,0	55,0	63,50	fine	.116	—
29	S W 1	30,35	30,25	30,300	76,0	51,0	63,50	brilliant	.116	—
30	S 1	30,25	29,90	30,075	83,0	62,0	72,50	brilliant	.164	—
31	S 1	30,12	29,90	30,010	71,0	58,0	64,50	cloudy	.075	.030
		Mean 29,791			Mean 62,36				.1075	.3,440

RESULTS.

Mean monthly pressure, 29,791—maximum, 30,41, wind N. W. 1.—Minimum, 29,24, wind S. W. 1.—Range, 1,17 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .45 of an in. which was on the 27th.

Mean temperature, 62° 36.—Maximum, 83°, wind S. 1. Min. 41°, wind N. W. 2.—Range 39.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 25°, which was on the 5th and 29th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 6,10 inches. Number of changes, 11.

Total quantity of water evaporated, 3,075 inches.

Rain, &c. this month, 3,440 inches.—Number of wet days, 12.—Total rain this year, 17,245 inches.

WIND.

N	N E	E	S E	S	S W	W	N W	Variable.	Calm.
0	1	0	0	6	13	5	4	2	0

Brisk winds 0.—Boisterous ones 0.

This month has been characterized by frequent falls of rain, in three instances it came down in torrents, and at those times there prevailed much lightning and thunder; with showers of hail from the west. Some of the hailstones in the town were almost an inch in circumference, and completely transparent; but others in the vicinities were much larger. Prevailing winds, south, south-west, and west. The barometrical pressures described pretty large ranges about the beginning and close, but from the 11th to the 25th almost stationary. The minimum temperature occurred on the 3d, and the maximum on the 30th; the monthly mean, near four degrees higher than that of the preceding month. The greatest diurnal force of evaporation was on the 25th and 30th.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JULY, 1813.

Conducted by *Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.*

1813	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
JUNE.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	N W	29,86	29,78	29,820	68°	50°	59,0°	rainy	—	.26
2	N W	29,97	29,86	29,915	62	46	54,0	clouds	—	—
3	N W	30,16	29,97	30,065	60	40	50,0	fine	—	—
4	N W	30,25	30,16	30,205	63	46	54,5	fine	.36	—
5	N W	30,25	30,16	30,205	69	48	58,5	fine	—	—
6	S W	30,16	29,88	30,020	73	45	61,5	fine	—	—
7	S E	29,88	29,79	29,835	82	58	70,0	fine	.60	—
8	S W	29,79	29,72	29,755	74	54	64,0	fine	—	—
9	N W	29,90	29,79	29,845	78	47	62,5	fine	—	—
10	N	30,00	29,90	29,950	75	50	62,5	fine	.49	—
11	N W	30,02	30,00	30,010	67	54	60,5	fine	—	—
12	N W	30,00	29,90	29,950	76	54	65,0	fine	—	—
13	S W	29,90	29,78	29,840	73	59	66,0	cloudy	—	—
14	S W	29,78	29,76	29,770	70	60	65,0	showery	.39	—
15	N W	29,86	29,76	29,810	65	53	59,0	rainy	—	.49
16	N W	29,97	29,80	29,915	71	53	62,0	cloudy	—	—
17	N W	29,98	29,97	29,975	70	52	61,0	fine	—	—
18	W	29,68	29,88	29,930	77	50	63,5	fine	.45	—
19	S	29,88	29,70	29,790	75	53	64,0	showery	—	—
20	E	29,70	29,69	29,695	75	56	65,5	fine	—	—
21	N W	29,69	29,69	29,690	68	57	62,5	fine	—	—
22	S W	29,69	29,68	29,685	75	58	66,5	fine	.44	—
23	S W	29,68	29,66	29,670	75	53	64,0	showery	—	.45
24	N W	29,68	29,64	29,660	74	57	65,5	showery	—	1,45
25	W	29,70	29,64	29,670	73	55	64,0	showery	—	—
26	W	29,90	29,70	29,800	68	54	61,0	showery	.51	.47
27	W	30,16	29,90	30,030	72	55	63,5	clouds	—	—
28	S W	30,26	30,16	30,210	75	53	64,0	fine	—	—
29	W	30,16	30,10	30,130	81	57	69,0	sultry	.57	—
30	S E	30,07	29,98	30,025	89	53	71,0	sultry	—	—
31	N W	30,10	30,07	30,085	73	57	65,0	fine	.39	—
		Mean		29,901	Mean		62,7	Total	4,13in.	3.12in

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, westerly. — Mean height of barometer, 29,901 inches; highest observation, 30,26 inches; lowest, 29,64 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 62,7°.—highest observation, 89°—lowest, 46°.—Total of evaporation, 4,13 inches.—Rain 3,12 in.—in another gauge, 2,94 inches.

Notes.—15th. Rainy day —23d. Some thunder about four o'clock P. M. with heavy rain.—24th. A thunder storm about half past three o'clock P. M. with heavy rain.—25th. Fine morning.—26th. Some thunder with heavy rain in the afternoon.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for AUGUST, 1813.

Albion Fire and Life Assurance	£42 per sh.	Huddersfield Canal	12 5s. per sh.
Globe Ditto	103 do.	Ellesmere Ditto	66 do.
Eagle Ditto	£2 10s. do.	Kennett and Avon Ditto	20 do.
London Dock Stock	£101 per ct.	Leeds and Liverpool Ditto	204 a 205 do.
East India Ditto	110½ do.	Wilts and Berks Ditto	18 do.
West India Ditto	146 do	Leicester Ditto	210 do.
East London Waterworks	£63 pr. sh.	Oxford Ditto	645 do.
Grand Junction Ditto	33 do.	Beralston Lead and Silver Mines	80 do. puz.
Kent Ditto	56 10s. do.	London Institution	45 do.
Birmingham Ditto	545 do.	Surry Ditto	13 5s. do.
Croydon Ditto	18 5s. do.	Strand Bridge	43 a 44 do. dm
Grand Junction Ditto	206 do.	London Commission Sale-Rooms	£41 do

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PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock	3 Pr. Ct Consols	3 Pr. Ct Red.	4 pr. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr. Ct.	Long Ann.	Ombium	Imp. 3 pr. Ct.	Imp. 4 Ann.	Irish 5 pr. Ct.	S. Sea Stock	S. Sea Ann.	India Stock	India Bonds.	Exchgr. Bills. 3 d.	St. Lott. Tickets.	Cons. for ac.
July 1	—	56 1/2	57	72 1/2	80	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Aug. 25
2	—	56 1/2	56 1/2	72 1/2	80	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2
3	219	56 1/2	56 1/2	72 1/2	80	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2
4	—	56 1/2	56 1/2	72 1/2	80	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2
5	219	56 1/2	57	72 1/2	80 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2
6	—	56 1/2	57 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2
7	219	56 1/2	57 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2
8	—	56 1/2	57 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2
9	219	56 1/2	57 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2
10	—	56 1/2	57 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2
11	—	56 1/2	57 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2
12	—	56 1/2	57 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2
13	219 1/2	56 1/2	57 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2
14	219 1/2	56 1/2	57 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2
15	219 1/2	56 1/2	57 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2
16	219	56 1/2	57 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2
17	219	56 1/2	57 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2
18	—	56 1/2	57 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2
19	219	56 1/2	57 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2
20	219	56 1/2	57 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2
21	—	56 1/2	57 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	14 1/2	5 1/2 Pm	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	57 1/2

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THE
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ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,
 For OCTOBER, 1813.
 VOL. X.

The Fifty-eighth Number.

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Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any Part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THOMSON, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne Lane; to Hamburg, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.

W. G. is informed, that the Poetical Magazine has long been discontinued: his pieces will be returned on application to the publisher.

We shall be happy to receive the drawings alluded to by Mr. Gregson.

The highly interesting Memoirs of the celebrated Mozart are received, and will appear in our next.

Having received, through the kindness of Mr. Bennett, of Lloyd's Coffee-house, a drawing of the Military Columns intended to be erected at Moscow and Petersburg with the ordnance taken from the French during the last campaign, we shall next month present our readers with an engraving of these truly interesting monuments.

A Dabbler in Literature is assured, that The Debating Society shall have a place in our next publication.

Several poetical contributions are unavoidably deferred.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

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For OCTOBER, 1813.

The Fifty-eighth Number.

—————The suffrage of the wise,
 The praise that's worth ambition, is obtain'd
 By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from p. 130.)

Miss Eve. Do you know any particulars of Sir John Suckling, the poet?

Miss K. He was the son of Sir John S. comptroller of the household to King Charles I. and was born in 1609. He particularly cultivated music and poetry, and was universally allowed to be one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time. In his youth he travelled on the Continent, where he made a campaign under the great Gustavus Adolphus: "and if his valour," says Langbaine, "was not so remarkable in the beginning of the civil wars, yet his loyalty was extremely conspicuous; for, at his own charge, he raised a troop of horse for the king's service, so richly and completely mounted, that it is said to have cost him £12,000." But these troops and their leader distinguished themselves only by their finery. His death, which happened in 1642, is said by Dr.

No. LVIII. Vol. X.

Warton, in his *Essay on Pope*, to have been occasioned by the following circumstance:—He was robbed by his valet de chambre; the moment he discovered it, he clapped on his boots in a passionate hurry, and perceived not a large rusty nail that was concealed at the bottom, which pierced his heel and brought on a mortification. His works, which were collected into one volume, consist of a few poems, chiefly songs, sketches, tracts, letters, and five plays.

Miss Eve. Will you give me a specimen of his songs?

Miss K. Here is one on love.

Of thee, kind boy, I ask no red and white,
 To make up my delight,
 No odd becoming graces,
 Black eyes, or little know-not-whats in faces:
 Make me but mad enough, give me good store
 Of love for her I court,
 I ask no more,
 'Tis love in love that makes the sport.

There's no such thing as that we beauty call,
 It is mere rose-page all:

C c

For though some long ago
 Liked certain colours mingled so and so,
 That doth not tie me now from chusing new;
 If I a fauce take
 To black or blue,
 That fauce doth it beauty make.

'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
 Makes eating a delight;
 And if I like one dish
 More than another, that a pleasant is.
 What in our watches, that in us is found,
 So to the height and nick
 We up be wound,
 To matter by what hand or truck.

His plays were performed at the
 private house in Blackfriars, where
 Apothecaries' Hall now stands.

Miss Eve. Will you repeat another of Suckling's songs?

Miss K.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover,
 Prythee why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner,
 Prythee why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prythee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame—this will not move,
 This cannot take her:
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her,
 The devil take her!

Here is another of his sonnets on love:—

Dost see how unregarded now
 That piece of beauty passes?
 There was a time when I did vow
 To that alone,
 But mark the fate of faces:
 The red and white works now no more on me,
 Than if it could not charm, or I not see.

And yet the face continues good,
 And I have still desires,
 And still the self-same flesh and blood,
 As apt to melt,
 And suffer from those fires.
 Oh! some kind power, unriddle where it lies,
 Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes!
 She's 'ry day her man does kill,
 And I as often die;
 Neither her power then nor my will
 Can question her;
 What is the mystery?

Sure beauty's empire, like to greater states,
 Has certain periods set and hidden fates.

Shakspeare, just before his death,
 began a sonnet, which he left unfinished, in this manner:—

One of her hands one of her cheeks lay under,
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss,
 Which therefore swell'd and seem'd to part
 asunder,
 As angry to be robb'd of such a bliss:
 The one look'd pale, and for revenge did long;
 The other blush'd 'cause it had done the
 wrong.

Out of the bed the other fair hand was
 On a green satin quilt, whose perfect white
 Look'd like a daisy in a field of grass—

Thus far Shakspeare.

Miss Eve. Suppose we try to finish this sonnet. I will for amusement offer a prize for a competition of poets. The decision will divert us at some future time.

Miss K. Suckling thus continued it:—

And shew'd like unmelt snow unto the
 sight.
 There lay this pretty Perdue safe to keep
 The rest o'th' body that lay fast asleep.
 Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close
 laid,
 Strove to imprison beauty till the morn;
 And yet the doors were of such fine stuff made,
 That it broke through and shew'd itself in
 scorn,
 Throwing a kind of light about the place,
 Which turn'd to smiles still a't came near her
 face.

The last stanza I cannot at this moment recollect.

Miss Eve. Can you repeat any thing of Mrs. Rowe's writings, as a specimen of her manner?

Miss K. Here is one of her *Letters from the Dead*:—

"There is a region, immense
 spaces distant from that system
 which is enlightened by your sun,
 and created numberless ages before
 the foundations of the earth
 were laid and the measure thereof
 described, before the day-spring

knew its place, and the bounds of darkness were determined, before man was formed of the ground and the Almighty breathed into him a living soul. An immeasurable duration before this, the unlimited Creator had made and peopled millions of glorious worlds: the inhabitants of that which I am describing, stood their probation, and we confirmed them in their original rectitude. They are exempt from all evil, blest to the height of their faculties and conceptions, and privileged with immortality. Their residence may properly be called the enchanted world: whatever you have heard fabled of fairy scenes, of vocal groves, and palaces rising to magic sounds, is all real here, and performed by the easy and natural operations of these active spirits. I have in an instant seen palaces ascend to a majestic height, sparkling as the stars and transparent as the unclouded æther. I might describe them like the courtly prophet:—"Their walls were fair colours, their foundations sapphire, the windows of agate, and the gates of carbuncle." Their materials are all glittering and refined, not, like the earthly globe, dark and heavy. These ætherials are the nicest judges of symmetry and proportion, and by the disposition of light and shadow, and the mixture of a thousand dazzling colours, form the most charming prospects. They have such a command and knowledge of the powers of nature, that, in an instant, they raise a variety of sylvan scenes, and carry their perspective though verdant avenues and flowery walks, to an immeasurable length; while living fountains cast up their silver spouts, and form glittering arches

among the trees of growth and verdure not to be expressed. They are acquainted with all the utmost mysteries of sound, and are possessed with the very soul of harmony. Art is their's in all its charming notes, its blandishments and graces. Whatever Nature can boast in her wild licentious charms, is governed by them. The winding vales, the streams and groves breathe magic at their command. The nightingale and dying swan seem to complain to gentle zephyrs, whispering through the trees; whilst a thousand airy songsters warble to the measured fall of high cascades, which by intervals sinking into a deep silence, after a grateful pause, shrill recorders and silver trumpets sound, while harmless thunders roll above and break with a glorious solemnity. Still the blissful tempest rises and swells the mind to sacred grandeur and seraphic elevation, till subdued and melted into softness by the melody of tuneful reeds, warbling lutes, and sweet enchanting voices of the Lydian strain. The language of this charming region is perfectly musical and elegant, and becoming the inhabitants, who are fair and rosy as the opening morn, clear as the meridian light, and fragrant as the breath of jessamine or new-blown roses. How exquisitely proportioned their shapes! their aspect how transporting! how gentle, how charming, beyond all the race of mortal men! never did the eyelids of the morning open on such perfection, nor did the sun, since it first journeyed through the skies, behold such beauty; nor can human fancy, in its most inspired flights, conceive such amiable wonders."

Miss Eve. Can you give me any account of Mrs. Centlivre?

Miss K. Mrs. Susannah Centlivre was the daughter of Mr. Freeman, of Holbeach, in Lincolnshire, a Dissenter and a zealous parliamentarian, for which his estate was confiscated. She was born about 1680; her father died when she was only three years of age, and her mother before she was twelve. Whincop, who seems to have taken pains to collect various circumstances of her life that are nowhere else related, says, that being thus left destitute, she found it necessary to set out for London to seek better fortune. As she was proceeding on her journey on foot, she was met by a young gentleman of the university of Cambridge, who was no other than the afterwards well-known Anthony Hammond. Struck with her youth and beauty, and affected with the distress indicated by her whole appearance, he fell instantly in love with her; and after learning the particulars of her story, soon prevailed on her inexperienced innocence to accept the protection which he offered and accompany him to Cambridge. Here he equipped her in boy's clothes, and introduced her to his intimates at college as a relation who was come to see the university and pass some time with him. After an intercourse of some months, fearing probably lest the intrigue should be discovered, he persuaded her to go to London, providing her with money for the purpose, and giving her a promise, which however it does not appear that he ever performed, of following her thither. She afterwards so improved herself by

reading and conversation, as to be qualified to write for the stage, which she did as successfully as any of her sex. Her *Wonder*, *Gamester*, *Busy-body*, and *Bold Stroke for a Wife*, are often performed at this time. She particularly excelled in the contrivance of plots and incidents. Sir Richard Steele says, "The plots and incidents of her *Busy-body* are laid with that subtlety and spirit which is peculiar to females of wit, and is very seldom well performed by those of the other sex, in whom craft in love is an act of invention, and not, as with women, the effect of nature and instinct."

She was three times married; first, before she was fifteen, to a nephew of Sir Stephen Fox; her second husband was a Mr. Carrol, an officer in the army, who was killed in a duel; and the third, Mr. Joseph Centlivre, yeoman of the month, or principal cook, to Queen Anne and George I. She died at his house in Spring-Gardens, near Charing-Cross, Dec. 1. 1723, and was buried in the church of St. Martin in the Fields.

Mrs. Centlivre was the author of nineteen dramatic pieces, among which the *Cruel Gift, or Royal Resentment*, is her only attempt in the tragic walk, and it is very far from being a bad one. The plot is founded on the story of Sigismunda and Guiscardo, in Boccaccio's novels: a poetical version of it was finely executed by Dryden, and published among his *Fables*. This lady also wrote many ingenious letters, under the title of *Letters of Wit, Politeness, and Morality*, and several copies of verses on various subjects. When Prince Eugene

was in England, she addressed a poem to him, for which he presented her a gold snuff-box, valued at 35 pistoles.

Miss *Eve*. Steele observes, that craft in a woman is the effect of nature and instinct: what have some other of these geniuses said on the nature of woman?

Miss *K*. Some of them say, that women have no character at all, but become very much like those with whom they chance to be connected.

Miss *Eve*. Tell me what they say particularly.

Miss *K*. That a woman would rather her lover should be hanged than part with him to the arms of a rival.

Miss *Eve*. Lucy Lockit says the same thing to Macheath:—"My dear, I love you so, that I could sooner see you hanged than in the arms of another."

Miss *K*. It is also alledged, that some ladies lay so much stress upon ornament, that, if we could see into their hearts, we should find, that even the thoughts of death are made less painful to them by the contemplation of their being laid out in state and honourably attended to the grave.

Miss *Eve*. This reminds me of Pope's lines:—

"Odious in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,"
(Where the last words that poor Narcissa spoke);

"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face:

One would not sure be frightful when one's dead—

And—Betty—gave this cheek a little red"

Miss *K*. A woman, it is likewise said, always expects a present from her lover. If a queen were to in-

trigue with her groom, she would expect from him a mark of kindness, though it were but his curry-comb.

Miss *Eve*. How severe is the song on women which Macheath sings:—

A man may escape the rope and the gun,

Nay, some have escaped the doctor's pill;
But he that takes woman is undone,
That basilisk is sure to kill.

Miss *K*. This is in character. Macheath is in a rage, and speaks of bad women who have not those motives of attachment which virtuous women have. Some have asserted, that our sex is made up chiefly of love and vanity. Colley Cibber, speaking of the ancient Spartan dames and Roman matrons, observed, "When I consider the beauties and deformities, when I light on a Portia or a Cornelia, crowned with ever-blooming truth and virtue, with such a feeling I peruse their fortunes, as if I had then lived and tasted of their lawful, envied love; but when I meet a Messalina unsated in her foul desires, a Clytemnestra bathed in her husband's blood, an impious Tullia whirling her chariot over her father's breathless body, horror invades my faculties."

Miss *Eve*. Our sex is charged with vanity; is not a great part of the other sex also very subject to it?

Miss *K*. Yes; but very few, indeed, will own this. Fielding truly says, "O vanity! how little is thy force acknowledged, or thy operations discerned! How wantonly dost thou deceive mankind undervarious disguises! Sometimes thou dost wear the face of pity, sometimes of generosity, nay, thou

hast even the assurance to put on those glorious ornaments which belong only to heroic virtue. Thou odious, deformed monster! whom priests have railed at, philosophers despised, and poets ridiculed, is there a wretch so abandoned as to own thee for an acquaintance in public, yet how few will refuse to enjoy thee in private! nay, thou art the pursuit of most men through their lives. The greatest villanies are daily practised to please thee. nor is the meanest thing below, or the greatest hero above thy notice. Thy embraces are often the sole aim and the sole reward of private robbery and the plundered province. It is to pamper thee, thou harlot, that we attempt to withdraw from others what we do not want, or to withhold from them what they do:—all our passions are thy slaves.”

Miss Eve. I forgot to ask which you think deserves the preference, Susannah Centlivre, or Aphra Behn?

Miss K. As the best and most successful dramatic writer, the former; but, altogether, Behn and Centlivre should divide the crown among modern female writers.

Miss Eve. What are Mrs. Behn's dates?

Miss K. She was the daughter of a Mr. Johnson, of a good family at Canterbury, where she was born some time in Charles the First's reign, but in what year is uncertain. She died of a lingering indisposition in April 1689, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, with this epitaph:—

Here lies a proof, that wit can never be
Defence enough against mortality.

Of her dramatic pieces, eighteen

in number, I do not recollect one among the stock plays. She also wrote many novels and histories, such as, *The History of Oroonoko, or the Royal Slave*, from which Southern took his play of *Oroonoko*; *The Fair Jilt, or the Amours of Prince Tarquin and Miranda*; *The Nun, or the Perjured Beauty*; *The History of Agnes de Castro*; *The Lover's Hatch, or the Art of making Love*; and *The Lucky Mistake*; besides poems, letters, &c. With the American prince Oroonoko, whose adventures she has so pathetically related, she formed a personal intimacy during her residence in Surinam, whither she accompanied her father, who had been appointed lieutenant-general of that colony. This intimacy, and the interest which she took in his affairs, added to her own youth and beauty, afforded an opportunity to the censorious to accuse her of a nearer connection with him than that of friendship. Here are some lines written upon this lady in her lifetime:—

Oh! wonder of thy sex, where shall we see
Beauty and knowledge join'd, except in thee?
Such pains took nature with your heavenly
face,

Form'd it for love, and mould'd ev'ry grace:
We doubted first, and fear'd that you had been
Unfinish'd left, like other shes, within;
We see the folly of that fear, and find
Your face is not more beautiful than your
mind.

Miss Eve. I think this lady's poetry bears the character of being rather too licentious.

Miss K. Here is a newspaper on the table, in which is a criticism on a play that was acted last week. It says, that “it is as high seasoned as if it was written by a woman.” As for Mrs. Behn, she wrote in a

very licentious age, and it should also be considered, that,

—those who live to please, must please to live.

Here is a character of her by a lady who prefixed some memoirs of her life to an edition of her novels: —“ Mrs. Behn was of a generous, humane disposition, something passionate, very serviceable to her friends in all that was in her power, and could sooner forgive an injury than do one. She had wit, humour, good nature, and judgment; she was mistress of all the pleasing arts of conversation; she was a woman of sense, and consequently a lover of pleasure. For my part, I knew her intimately, and never saw aught unbecoming the just modesty of our sex, though more gay and free than the folly of the precise will allow.”

Miss *Ere*. I think Colley Cibber was once poet laureat. Had not Daniel that appointment in the reign of James I.?

Miss *A*. Yes.

Miss *Ere*. Who have held it since?

Miss *K*. Since Ben Jonson, who succeeded Daniel, and died in 1636, there have been, Sir William Davenant, who died 1668; John Dryden, who was deprived of the laureatship for turning Papist, and was suc-

ceeded by Thomas Shadwell, who died 1692. He was succeeded by Nahum Tate, who died 1716; then came Laurence Eusden, who died 1730. It was then conferred on Colley Cibber, who died 1757; afterwards on William Whitehead, who died 1785; Thomas Warton, who died 1790; and is now vacant by the death of Henry James Pye, Esq. who died in August 1813.

Richard Savage styled himself voluntary laureat, and received a gratuity of £50 a year from Caroline, Queen to George II.

Miss *Ere*. I have seen some lines written by Dryden on changing his religion; can you repeat them?

Miss *K*. They are as follow:—

But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And search no farther for thyself reveal'd;
but her alone for my director take,
Whom thou hast promis'd never to forsake.
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain
desires;
My manhood, long misled by wand'ring fires,
Follow'd false lights, and when their blaze
was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I—such by nature still I am:
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame!
Good life be now my task, my doubts are done!

JUNIVS.

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXXV.

THE French cruizers from the Isles of France and Bourbon, captured three or more of our India-men; and the evil did not rest here: for formerly the balance of bullion remitted to India from Arabia, &c. amounted to 12 lack of dollars, at the least, per annum, for their piece goods and other articles; but in 1805, its amount was only 2 lack, which defalcation was owing to the increase of vessels bearing the flag of the Imam of Muscat. Under the protection of this flag, which

was considered as neutral, they brought rice to these islands, and returned with full cargoes of prize goods, which they purchased here *at less than half their prime cost*. They were thus enabled to undersell us very considerably in all parts bordering on the Red Sea, as well as in Arabia, Egypt, &c.; and thereby not only very much injured the regular trade of Surat and Bombay, but also greatly encouraged and extended the privateering carried on from these islands, whose inhabitants would otherwise have had no means of disposing of the property they had captured: and it was also universally believed, and very nearly ascertained, that the Muscat flag was only used as a cover, and that the goods thus exported to Arabia, &c. were absolutely and *bona fide* French property.

Much more mischief would certainly have ensued to our Indian settlements in the before-mentioned year 1782, had the large armament fitted out from France, and designed for this island, arrived in safety. This armament consisted of eighteen large store-ships, under convoy of three line-of-battle ships, and another *armé en flûte*: but a squadron of our ships, under the command of Admiral Barrington, falling in with them, captured the *Pégase*, a 74, one of the convoy; another of the convoy was lost; *L'Actionnaire*, the ship *armé en flûte*, was taken by the *Prudent*, Lord Charles Fitzgerald; and ten out of the eighteen store-ships were also captured. These last were laden with masts, rigging of all kinds, and other naval stores; with provisions, wine, brandy, clothing, and eleven chests of sil-

ver; *L'Actionnaire* also carried 550 soldiers, and the lower masts for four seventy-fours. Thus was this formidable armament in great part rendered useless, otherwise our India Company would most probably have rued the day of its arrival. Had the ministry here been called upon, at any of the before-recited periods, to say why they suffered the enemy to keep possession here, unmolested, for such a length of time, perhaps it might be urged in their defence, that, at the earlier periods specified, government did not take such an interest in the welfare of the Company as they have since done; neither was the Company itself of such consequence to the nation at those periods, as to warrant the administration fitting out a sufficient armament at a great expence for the capture: but the latter excuse cannot be admitted, as, at several of the times alluded to, we had fleets either cruising in those seas, or on their passage to India, as we shall shew. In 1749, Admiral Boscawen made an attempt here, but was unsuccessful:—why, does not appear, at least not in those accounts which we have consulted, but most probably for want of time, on the change of the monsoon: his fleet was a formidable one, consisting of 28 ships of war. Baron de Vaux, who was then a resident on the island, and had a command there, says, “When they arrived, our port was full of vessels belonging to the Company, with one ship of war of 60 guns, which was laid across the entrance of the port. The enemy remained off the island for several days.”

MERCATOR & Co.

A TOUR THROUGH DERBYSHIRE AND PART OF STAFFORDSHIRE.

(Continued from p. 142.)

CHATSWORTH, Sept 11, 1798.

Dear Friend,

IF a decent appearance without, and imposition accompanied with impertinence and abuse within doors, are any recommendation to an inn, the Edinsor Inn at Chatsworth certainly claims an undoubted preference to any I have yet met with in England. I am very glad to find myself this morning cured of the chagrin and ill humour occasioned by the treatment we met with last night, the particulars of which you shall have at the close of this letter.

We all slept on Tuesday night in one room at Castletown, owing to the house being crowded with guests. I had a good bed to myself, Mr. Harris and his friend slept together in a second, and Mr. de Heithausen in a third, which was placed on the floor in one corner of the room, the effect of which was, that he complained most woefully in the morning of his hip-bones, which during the night had been in too close contact with the floor, though the damage received was not so great as to render a plaister of diachylon necessary. We all started in the morning about five o'clock, and took a walk to see the Blue John Mine, which is a term for the spar of which the vases and other ornaments are made.

The mine is about one mile and a half distant from the town, and difficult of access, being situated at a considerable height on the side of a steep hill, which forms

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part of the range called the Wynyads. They exhibit a very strange appearance, on account of the rocks, which in some places resemble high rugged walls running from the bottom to the top. Between them, the road which leads to Chapel in le Frith, runs in a very steep and winding direction. The mine is about 50 yards above the road, from which a narrow path is cut in the side of the hill, with a gradual descent. The entrance is six feet high and six broad, cut out of the solid rock, and carried on for about 70 yards in a direction nearly horizontal; towards the extremity you descend by steps about 20 feet, where a considerable opening has been formed by the great quantity of spar that has been taken away. It is found sometimes in strata of different thickness, inclosed in a soft white stone called calk, and sometimes in lumps, of very irregular forms and sizes, in the rock and clay. Very large quantities are disposed of to those persons who work it up into various kinds of ornaments. They purchase it at the mine, and pay seven shillings per cwt. for the best and largest pieces. Those of smaller size and inferior quality are sold considerably cheaper. Much judgment is requisite in designing and executing any piece of work out of a rude lump of spar, so that the most beautiful veins may appear to most advantage. The rich purple colour which you see in the spar is not natural to it, for it is

D D

originally blue; but by undergoing a certain degree of heat in stoves built for the purpose, the colour is thus changed. This is kept a secret as much as possible, and was discovered some years ago by a person who observed the effect in a piece of spar that had for a long time been exposed to the sun in an old wall, and thereby changed its colour. This gave the hint to further experiments by fire, which have succeeded as above-mentioned, and given an additional beauty and value to the stone. It was Lord Besborough who first introduced it into notice; for being, about thirty years ago, on a visit at Chatsworth House, where it was then saved for the walks instead of gravel, it attracted his notice, and he procured a lump, which he got worked into a vase by a Mr. Bradbury, at Bake-well, an ingenious man in that line of business. The first attempt was rude, but vast improvements were afterwards made, and the manufacture is now carried on in several places with great success. You see at a small distance the celebrated Mam Torr, or shivering mountain, so called from a very high and perpendicular declivity on one side, where small fragments of shale or shiver, of which the mountain is composed, are continually falling off, and this (if you chuse to credit the oral tradition of the country) without any diminution of its bulk; but this is too gross an absurdity to deserve confuting, or to gain credit with any but those who most easily believe the marvellous and improbable.—The mountain certainly diminishes but by such slow degrees, that it is not perceptible to continual ob-

servers.—After having attentively examined the spar mine, we returned to our quarters, breakfasted, and then set off; but after riding half a mile out of town, recollected that we had forgotten to satisfy our good-natured guide, who had conducted us from Glossop over the mountains. One of the company rode back, and overtook him on the other side of the town, on his way home: the man could hardly be persuaded to accept of any thing for his trouble, but seemed most to regret his not having had an opportunity to take leave of us: this denoted him to be of a very different cast from the generality of folks in that country, who take all possible advantages of strangers. We passed by Haselbag Hills and Bier Torr, a part of the country distinguished by a great number of lead-mines, which extend a considerable way on the sides of the hills and over the moors. They have at proper distances openings from the mines to the surface, called shafts, for the convenience of descent and bringing up the ore, without carrying it so far underground. Those which are made only for the miners to go up and down, are two feet and a half in diameter, and circular; the sides are secured with stones, and cavities are left, in which they may place their feet at the opposite side; and thus they descend to a great depth without the smallest apprehension of danger, when the idea alone fills those with terror who are not accustomed to such enterprizes. Some of the holes are eased with a kind of wooden frame-work, which renders the descent more safe and convenient, since, in case of a false

step, they have the security of a good hold with their hands.

Working at the lead-mines is an occupation very pernicious to health, when no precautions are taken to admit fresh air: this is very evident from the sallow and unhealthy complexions of those employed in the business. Those especially who work in the smelting-houses are very subject to a disorder called, in that district, the *bellan*, which is an ulceration of the lungs, and deemed incurable by the physicians. An airy and elevated spot is therefore generally chosen for such work, to give, if possible, a more free vent to the smoke and noxious exhalations. Seeing a man at a mine in a field adjoining the road, we dismounted, turned our horses in to graze, and went to the mine. His complexion and features resembled those of a Chinese or Calmuck Tartar, which, with his miner's dress, rendered him a very droll figure. We, however, found, upon conversing with him, that he was a native of this country, civil and communicative; for which, as also for the damage our horses had done to his pasture, we recompensed him with a trifling gratuity, and then pursued our route to Fulow, an inconsiderable village, where an acquaintance of Mr. Harris lives, who has an excellent collection of fossils; which, however, we were disappointed of seeing, by not finding the owner at home. The domestics expressed their regret at our disappointment, and to make us some amends, brought out a mug of excellent ale.

We went from thence to Elyham, a considerable village, having a

number of very good houses and a pleasant situation. The agreeable appearance of the place attracted our notice much, and induced us to stop half an hour. Having always a particular pleasure in exploring a country church-yard, viewing the monuments, and reading the simple, though frequently expressive, epitaphs and inscriptions, I here found a rich feast; for the church-yard was crowded with a greater variety of tomb-stones than any place I had ever seen before: but I had hardly begun to amuse myself, when I was summoned away by my companions, who would not stop any longer. I could not resist the impulse of attempting a sketch of a curious antique stone, which was placed at the head of a grave, in the form of a cross about seven feet high. It was wonderfully carved with the heads of old-fashioned cherubim and other ornaments; but finding that my drawing bore still less resemblance to those celestial beings than even my originals, which were certainly not portraits from the life, I have not thought proper to inclose it: that you may, however, not doubt of my having been there, I will give you one epitaph, which, if it is not very poetical, contains truth and common sense:—

Vain world, adieu! and farewell, fond renown!
Grant us, dear Lord, with thee a heavenly crown.

For what is life? How mutable and vain!
An hour of pleasure, and an age of pain.

This, as well as many of the rest, is probably the composition of Roger, the parish clerk, who perhaps may have spent a whole forenoon and ransacked several authors on the occasion. Put, Criticism, be silent,

and would not the reputation of one, who may unenvied pass for a sage in the village, and frequently be consulted as an oracle! We called at Mr. Bennison's, a dealer in fossils. He was not at home; but his wife showed us his collection, which was nothing extraordinary. Mr. Harris purchased two small specimens of white transparent stone, for which he paid a shilling; but assured us that some years ago they would have sold for twenty guineas, as at that time it was very scarce, and asserted by the dealers to be the production of China. He intended to send them to Paris, where he has connections in that line. Leaving Eyham, we turned immediately to the left, and entered Middleton Dale, but found, that, by having made the route which we did, we missed the greatest and most pleasant part of the dale; the end nearest Stony Middleton being continually clouded with smook, arising from the lime-works and smelting-houses: of the former there is a great number continually burning. Just at the corner as you enter the dale from Eyham, some very fanciful improvements of a Mr. Longston attract your notice. His grounds reach to the extremity of the cliffs, where, with much ingenuity, he has blended nature and art together, and introduced some well designed grotto-works amongst the rocks that hang over the declivity, which, with the hanging wood and ivy that encircle them, together with their great elevation, render the view very grotesque and striking, so that one can hardly leave it without secret regret. The rocks in Middleton Dale are principally on

the left hand as you go from Cusletown, and form appearances resembling towers of different heights and dimensions, and are mostly composed of strata from two or three to seven feet thick, with a thin layer of earth or clay between. Some of these towers are 200 feet high: it must be observed, that they do not stand free from the hill-side, but only project, and compose one side of that part of the dale. On the right hand the hills are green and without rocks, except a fragment here and there, and rise with a steep ascent immediately from the river, which, with the road, forms the whole breadth of the valley. We went into a smelting-house, and saw the whole process of separating the lead from the ore. The first operation is effected with an ordinary degree of heat, but as much lead remains in the scoria, or dross, a much more intense heat is requisite for extracting what is left; and for this purpose they make use of a huge pair of bellows, worked by water. The heat and smell at such places is almost intolerable, and obliged us to hurry out as fast as possible. We had in the mean time entrusted our horses to the care of a boy, from whom they broke loose and ran away, and had it not been for a man who fortunately secured them, the consequences might have been very disagreeable.

We put up at the Man in the Moon in Stony Middleton, had an excellent dinner and civil usage, with very moderate charges; after which, hardly allowing ourselves sufficient time for proper digestion, we set off for Ashford, to see the marble-mills there: passed through

Hassop, a delightful village, containing many decent houses and gentlemen's seats. Among the rest, that of Squire Air distinguishes itself: the house is an ancient structure, but presents an aspect of neatness and elegance; the park and pleasure-grounds are extensive and rich, affording us for a considerable way a fine refreshing shade on each side of the road. The pleasing effects of this, with the prospects of a well cultivated country, to us, who had made a sudden transition from barren, dreary, and rocky regions, may easily be imagined. The family of Squire Air are Roman Catholics, which may probably be the occasion of a Romish priest residing in the village, who bears an excellent character, and is reputed a connoisseur in fossils and all kinds of natural curiosities. We rode through a small village called Longston, and soon reached Ashford in the Waters, so called, I suppose, from its having a very plentiful supply of that element. The situation of the town is low, very agreeable and romantic, and surrounded with hills. We called at the marble-mills, which belong to a company, and are superintended by a Mr. Platt, a plain, honest, ingenious, and good-natured man. We could not help rejoicing upon this, as well as upon many other occasions, at our good fortune in meeting with Mr. Harris, since his connections and acquaintance in this country introduced us to several places which we should not have heard of, or at best, have seen only by recommendation, which seldom proves so satisfactory as a personal introduction. Mr. Platt invited us into his parlour, and pre-

sently decorated his table with good bread, butter, and cheese, with ale, rum, &c. of which he pressed us to partake with genuine hospitality. I would not willingly suggest, that the prospect of some dealings in his line with our friend, might have had some influence on him; the man seemed constitutionally good natured, that may have perhaps rendered him a little more so at the time. As soon as we had refreshed ourselves, we took a view of the place and mills. The parlour and kitchen floors were flagged with slabs of marble full of curious petrifications, chiefly of the entrochi kind, many of them very excellent specimens. There is a large quarry of this in the neighbourhood, for sawing, grintling, and polishing which, the mills were erected. That part of the machinery for performing the first operation, had been out of order for some time and not used, but Mr. Platt contrived to set it a-going upon a block of marble, just to give us an idea of the contrivance and expedition with which it is sawn into slabs. Eleven of these are cut out of one block at a time. The pieces are then laid horizontally in a circular building upon the floor, where they are ground flat and smooth, and afterwards removed to the polishing engine: the whole is worked by water. The contrivance for shifting the position of the grinder and polisher over the surface of the marble in various directions, was very ingenious, and struck my attention much. We then saw the shops, where there were several curious pieces of workmanship ready for sale, some of which Mr. Harris purchased. After thanking Mr.

Platt for all kindness shewn to us, and much pleased with what we had seen, we left the place and steered for Bakewell, a very neat town in a romantic situation. Young Mr. Arkwright has here some elegant and spacious silk-mills, adjoining to which is his dwelling-house. An old mansion in the Gothic style, situated agreeably on the side of a hill, adds much to the beauty of the scene: it is the residence of a Mr. Winchester, but who he is, or what he is, or what he intends to be, I am not able to inform you. We left the town a little to the right, and ascended a steep hill that rises between it and Chatsworth. As soon as you reach the summit and begin to descend, you have a fine view of Chatsworth House and Park; the latter is in the whole about nine miles in circumference, and much diversified with thick, high woods, and small tufts of trees. We put up at the Edinsor Inn, near the lodge, drank a dish of tea, and then went to see the house and grounds. The former, as you approach it from the lodge, immediately gives the impression of grandeur and magnificence. It is a very large quadrangular edifice, of the Doric order. Within the square, on the four sides, are colonnades, over which are galleries, that form a communication from one part of the house to another. Unfortunately for us, the housekeeper was engaged, so that we got a maid for our conductor, who was a complete ignoramus, and from whom we could procure no information concerning the paintings or any thing we saw. As it was rather late when we arrived, there was not light sufficient to view the paintings to any advantage; a circumstance we had much reason to regret, there being a very superb collection by the most eminent masters. The chapel is very spacious, and elegantly fitted up with mahogany pews and crimson velvet cushions: divine service is performed there every Sunday. Many of the rooms are decorated with rich tapestry, which seemed equal to that at Hampton Court. We were shewn the suite of apartments occupied by Queen Mary, when in custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, as also the bed and bedstead on which she slept. She was confined here some years. On such occasions the mind is naturally led to reflections on the sad vicissitudes frequently attendant upon human greatness. A large looking-glass placed against the wall in the end room, and just opposite to the long range of doors that lead out of one apartment into another, occasions a pleasing deception, by representing the range of rooms twice as long as it really is. Having satisfied our curiosity in the house, we were handed over to the gardener, whom we accompanied into the pleasure-grounds, which are adorned with very thick woods of tall, stately trees, forming several grand vistas. The ground rises from the back of the house with a gradual and easy ascent. At the distance of about a quarter of a mile, a pavilion is erected, with a cupola at the top, surrounded with a circular range of steps, down which, upon turning a cock, the water rushes in great abundance, as also from other parts of the building, where several fanciful figures are placed, and discharge streams

of water. Two very large jets rise in front of the building, whence the whole body of water rolls down the descent towards the house, consisting of nineteen stages, each nine paces long and about as many in breadth. There is a fall of two or three steps at every stage, so that when the whole is covered with water, and you stand at the bottom, the appearance is very grand. This, as well as the other fountains, is played the whole day when there is company at Chatsworth House; otherwise they are seldom used. The gardener has the liberty of letting on the water whenever he is requested by those who view the place. We then retired into the wood, where there is a large stone basin, supported by a column, in which a fountain is contrived to play so as to represent the half of a smooth globe of glass of two feet diameter, to which your attention is naturally directed; and as an inducement to go close up to it, the gardener informs you, that the water has the same degree of heat with those at Buxton. If he has to do with persons whom he supposes he may take the liberty to play with, while they dip their fingers in and are philosophizing about the supposed warmth, he secretly turns a cock and incloses them in a heavy shower of water, which is forced through a circular row of pipes, and is thrown in all directions. This generally occasions a very hearty laugh at the expence of those who are thus taken in. By mistake, we had nearly been served in that manner ourselves, but the gardener made an apology, assuring us that it was unintentional. A trick of the same nature is sometimes played in the pavilion, where a great number of water-spouts may be thrown up out of holes in the floor, and those who cannot make a precipitate retreat will be handsomely ducked. There is also a tree made of copper with much ingenuity, out of which the water spouts in various directions from the extremity of the branches. It represents a tree in autumn without leaves, and being well imitated, might easily pass for the production of nature. Near to this is a circular pond, in the center of which is a jet that plays sixty feet high; and nearer the house is another pond, in which are four sea-horses surrounding a Triton, all discharging streams of water. Time would not allow us to see the whole of the grounds, which are very extensive; so that we then left the place and went to our quarters, where the treatment we afterwards met with, confirmed the reports we had heard of the house. Under pretence of a company, who (they informed us) were expected to lodge there that night, we could only procure two beds, and even these with much seeming reluctance, and were obliged to ring the bell half a dozen times for every thing we wanted, which we at last did in good earnest, being determined, that as they seemed to like it so well, they should have enough of it. I then gave the landlady directions about supper, and ordered some roast fowls, naturally supposing that she would also provide some of the usual appendages. We waited a most unreasonable time, called repeatedly and rang several good peals with the bell, when at last two fowls were brought in, without

any concomitant whatever. On our expressing some surprise at this, we were told, with a very important air, that as we had given no direction for any thing else, it had not been provided. We replied, that as we had not given any express directions about the salt, it was a wonder that they had brought any to table. This conversation passed with the landlady's daughter, who was extremely vexed, observing, that they found no possibility of giving us any satisfaction, and wished that we had never entered the house; and farther, that we looked more like a parcel of skips than any thing else. This was too much for flesh and blood to put up with quietly. I felt old Adam at work within, who prompted me to tell her ladyship with some warmth, that she would do much better to hold her tongue, than to betray her ignorance and impertinence. Women always like to have the last word, and will if they can. "If I am ignorant," she replied, "I am sure I must not come to you to learn any thing."—"No," says I, "nor to any body else, for it does not seem as if you were capable of learning."—But enough of says she and says I. In short, the whole company fell foul upon her, and madam was obliged to make an inglorious retreat. The landlady having heard all that had passed, now made her appearance, but in a very different humour, and apologized for whatever we had taken amiss. Being all determined to leave the house very early next morning, we ordered the bill, and as we had good reason to expect, found every thing charged extravagantly high. The frequent visits

paid to Chatsworth House, occasion a great resort of company to this inn, as there is no other of any repute in the village. This, together with the landlord's possessing an independent income, may account in a great measure for, though by no means excuse, the contemptuous behaviour of his family and servants. If circumstances will at all admit of it, I would recommend those who visit Chatsworth, to take up their night's lodgings at Bakewell, which is little more than two miles distant, and where common decent treatment and good manners might be ensured. I think as I have brought the day's adventure to a close, I will ease your attention, by engaging it no farther at present, except it be just to assure you, that I remain

Your's, &c.

* * * *

—
MATLOCK, Sept 12, 1788.

Dear Friend,

If there ever existed such a set of beings as the nine Muses, and if there ever was a spot on earth that was their favourite haunt, and where they inspired their votaries, this must have been the place. I can assure you, it is beautiful beyond description. What might we not expect from the pen of a Grubstreet poet, were he taken up by the hair of his head from his garret, and instantaneously placed in the midst of Matlock Dale? He who perhaps had never before been five miles out of town, and in his attic lodgings, surrounded with smoke and sulphur, wrote his rural poems, while the whistling wind rushing in at the key-hole, and the water pouring down the spout from the roof,

probably suggested the idea of cooling zephyrs and gentle murmuring streams. We might indeed expect a wonderful production, for here is every requisite to inspire the fancy and warm the imagination; fields, hills, rocks, cascades, vallies, grottos, trees, precipices, &c. I must own, that I found myself in some small degree heated with a poetic phrenzy, but as the disorder did not grow to maturity, you must content yourself with the best description I am able to give you in humble prose. However, we will first return to Chatsworth, which place we left early yesterday morning. As the weather was very foggy, we did not think it advisable (and so every conscientious doctor will think also,) to ride eleven miles before breakfast; therefore called at the other inn in the village, and had some bread and butter, with rum and new milk, on the strength of which we set out for Matlock; passed through a pleasant village called Darby Church, which is distinguished by a remarkably old yew-tree that stands in the churchyard, of 7 feet diameter in the trunk. We lost much of the fine prospect, on account of the thick fog, but every now and then the mountain tops reared their heads above it, sometimes covered with trees, which, when their lower parts were totally obscured, had a very singular and grand effect. A distant rainbow was also visible in the fog, which was a phenomenon I had never seen before.

We reached Matlock Bath about nine o'clock, put up at Mr. Mason's, at the Old Baths, a very decent house, and where Mr. Harris

was well acquainted, which procured us a snug, decent room to ourselves, also dinner; an indulgence not easily allowed, because, as there are public dinners provided, they do not like the trouble and inconvenience of accommodating small parties by themselves, which will evidently appear to be a great hindrance, when there is a numerous resort of company. After having breakfasted, we went to view the place. The public baths and other houses are seated irregularly for a considerable distance in the dale, which is long and winding, enriched with the most romantic scenery that can well be imagined. The Derwent runs through with much variation in its current, sometimes sweeping round the promontory of a rock with silent rapidity, and then with an incessant murmur rolling over rocks and heaps of stones that form its bed. On that side of the river opposite to the houses, the banks are formed of steep rocks, richly clothed in most places with wood; and where they are bare, their white aspect, occasioned by long exposure to the weather, forms a very beautiful and striking contrast to the dark shades of the wood; all which, clearly reflected in the mirror below, exhibits a scene of such complicated grandeur, that it is with much reluctance the mind is disengaged from contemplating it. One of the rocks rears its rugged brows far above the rest, and is called Matlock High Torr, being near 300 feet high. The dale on the opposite side is bordered with high hills, which have nothing very striking in their form or appearance. All possible improvements

have, however, been made, and art has tried to assist nature. Among the rest, a Mr. Newsom, from Shrewsbury, who has built some new baths, has planted one of the highest hills with firs and other trees that thrive on elevated grounds, and has formed a walk from the bottom up to the summit, the ascent to which is rendered very easy, though rather tedious, by a zig-zag direction. When those trees shall have grown to maturity, these improvements will be no small addition to the whole.

We crossed the river at the ferry, and by a winding path ascended the hill on the opposite side, thro' a very thick wood; about half way up you find a seat in an arbour of grotto-work, where you may recover breath and look down on the landscape below. Impatience to gain the summit induces the traveller to indulge himself here no longer than just necessary, and, having reached the top, he is more than recompensed for his fatiguing ascent. The neat white houses and gardens scattered below, the river with its various appearances and meanders, the rich hanging woods that clothe the rocks, together with several tufts of trees that in many places nod over the water, form altogether as charming an assemblage of natural beauties as can possibly be conceived. The descent from the top of the rocks to the country situated behind them, is very gradual, and seems to afford good pasturage. We took a walk through several fields, which led us to a mine under the High Torr, the entrance being very near the river. The fields through which we had passed abounded with ves-

tiges of old lead-mines, that have long been exhausted, and are now covered: you discover them by a heap of stones, and some bushes that generally grow around the place; over which it is, however, very unsafe to venture, as they sometimes give way. To save the trouble of filling the pit, the method is, just to stop it a few yards in depth with old timber and bushes, and cover the whole with stones. When the wood becomes rotten, it will easily give way, and though it has sometimes happened, that cattle have fallen in, yet long custom has established this method, and seemingly forbids the intrusion of one more secure and effectual. The mine which we entered is very rich with ore, and is cut in different branches, all in a horizontal direction. We pursued the most considerable track quite to the extremity, which was 250 yards from the entrance. We there found a man at work without his shirt; his visage was pale and ghastly, which I did not wonder at, considering his laborious occupation in confined air, rendered still worse by the continual smoke of candles and smell of gunpowder. The incessant striking with the hammer against the hard rock, increases the heat very much, so that even in the depth of winter the men work without clothes. They are paid a guinea per yard for cutting a passage through the rock, out of which they must find the necessary candles and gunpowder. It usually occupies them ten days; so that their earnings, when all deductions are made, cannot be very considerable. They have from 7s. 6d. to 12s. a load (about 7 cwt.)

for cutting out the ore, which varies according to its quantity and position in the rock. The king has the twenty-fifth part of the produce of these mines, and the whole district is superintended by barr-masters, whose office corresponds with that of excise-men in the revenue. No ore can be weighed or taken from the mines without their attendance, unless done by stealth. Every mine has its limits under-ground, determined by certain marks on the surface above, and which, according to the laws of the community, none dare trespass. If any person conversant with the mining business imagines that there is ore in your ground, you cannot hinder him from trying the experiment. If it succeeds, you may, if you choose, share with him the expence and profits of farther working it; if not, he may go on by himself, with only the obligation of making you a certain recompence for the ground which may be injured. Lordships, orchards, and gardens are the only places where they dare not intrude without permission.

Having minutely examined the mine, and procured what information we could relative to the business, we returned to our inn, and ordered a dinner to ourselves, not being suitably equipped for the public ordinary, where all present generally make the most brilliant appearance possible. A council was then held about our future operations, the result of which was, an agreement to set off for Derby in the afternoon. I wished much to spend more time in such a delightful place, but not choosing to oppose the inclinations of the company, by persuading them to stay

longer, I proposed to remain at Matlock that night, and meet them the following day at Derby, under the pretence of both myself and horse being too much fatigued to go forward. We were, to be sure, both a little stiff, but not so bad as I represented it. In short, the rest set out for Derby, and I was left alone, which afforded me an excellent opportunity of reconnoitring the place and enjoying its charms.

In the evening I took a walk towards Crumford, where Mr. Arkwright is building a most superb house, intended (if report speaks truth) to be the most splendid in England. It is now advanced a little more than one story, and though a competent judgment cannot be formed of the whole design by what appears, yet one may easily discover a greatness and grandeur in the design. The foundation has been cut entirely out of the solid rock, and I was assured that upwards of £4000 had been expended upon that alone, which no one will be inclined to doubt who sees the situation. When finished, it will certainly be a very noble object; and as in coming from Derby, it will break suddenly upon the view of the traveller, just as he enters the dale, between two large rocks, his eye will undoubtedly be struck with more astonishment, than if he had viewed it at a great distance, and gradually discovered its parts by a nearer approach. All England, I believe, hardly exhibits an instance of such a wonderful reverse of fortune as that of Mr. Arkwright, who from having been a penny barber, is now the first cotton-manufacturer in the kingdom: and as the greatest favourites of fortune

are generally most exposed to the tongues of envy and slander, he has had his share, and they have been very officious on all occasions to publish his low origin, and even to traduce his character. As to the former, it seems as if it would be no mortification to him were he to be told, that he once shaved for a penny and drew blood for nothing, for he frequently has boasted of it himself; undoubtedly assuming the more merit for his ingenuity and industry in raising himself to his present pitch of opulence. As to his character in the commercial world, to judge from appearances, one must suppose, from his continued attempts at monopolizing the trade, that he is insatiably avaricious; or that, rendered insolent and haughty with wealth, he is determined to crush, if possible, every feeble competitor who dares presume to share the business with him. Were I in the cotton trade, I should probably have more inclination as well as an opportunity of being acquainted with his character, but as it is, I am not at all interested in the matter. I will readily grant, that he is an ingenious man (I do not mean that he possesses merely the ingenuity of getting money, but a mechanical genius), that he makes very considerable improvements in the country, and employs a great number of children, who otherwise might have been destitute.

It was night when I returned from Crumford, the moon shone bright, and the air was clear, mild, and calm. The fine scenery, which appeared majestic by day, then appeared more so. All was solemnity and stillness; and as I am very apt on such occasions to call to

mind some corresponding passages in our favourite poets, in such a situation who could hinder them from intruding? It is true, I am by no means such a strenuous and enthusiastic advocate as Dr. Young for night and moonshine, church-yards, tomb-stones, and skulls; these were all seemingly congenial with his disposition, which frequent disasters had strongly tinged with gloom and melancholy. Such notions may be carried to an extreme, and persons become so captivated with shades and solitude, that at last, like owls and bats, they conceive an aversion to sunshine and society, and for which in the end they are rendered totally unfit. Let monks and hermits enjoy their gloomy cells and retreats; let poets, who choose it, loll on their elbows upon a tomb-stone all night long; I will not envy them their enjoyment, only let them guard against the rheumatism and tooth-ach. I enjoy clear daylight and social converse much better; at the same time, I am not averse to occasional retirement, and, if weather and season admit of it, to spend an hour by moonlight, devoted to reflection and contemplation, for which purpose it is very favourable.

The conscious moon, thro' ev'ry distant age,
Has held a lamp to wisdom, and let fall
On contemplation's eye her purging ray.

After walking about some time I returned to my lodgings, and on enquiring about supper, was persuaded to join the company in the great room. There were about sixty persons present, and a band of music played the whole time. Whether this is a provocative to appetite or not, I will leave others to determine who are better acquaint-

ed than I am with the effects of harmony. There was a very motley group of characters at table, a few of whom, by their behaviour, distinguished themselves as personages of rank. One hundred years ago it would have been deemed ridiculous and inconsistent to see a clergyman launch into the fopperies and fashionable amusements of the day; but we are now grown more refined in our way of thinking, have shaken off those old-fashioned prejudices, and can unconcernedly see them mingle with the crowd, totally regardless of their sacred function. There were some of these at Matlock Baths, who joined the rest of the company in dancing, which in all such places is customary after supper, and continues till the parties are sufficiently wearied. Those who do not choose to join them, may sit round the room and look on. Curiosity induced me to stay half an hour, but observing that I was occasionally gazed at, as if I were some outlandish being, and besides, not feeling myself in a proper element, I withdrew, leaving the bustle of life for silent repose in my bed-chamber, where

*Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
Soon spread his downy pinions over me,
And lulled me to rest.*

I have often pitied poor Dr. Young, who has given us such a fine description of sleep, and its effects on wearied nature, not from the enjoyment, but the want of it:

*From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
He woke.*

Mine was different, it was long and undisturbed; and I hope it will ever continue to be so, when fatigued with travelling. At home a less portion may suffice, which

nature herself will always determine if attended to. John Wesley, who, amongst many pretensions, makes some to a profound knowledge in physic, may prescribe as he pleases, and inform those who are silly and credulous enough to believe him, exactly how many hours sleep are necessary for a man, how many for a woman, and how many for a hog. He may, instead of giving his outward man a good threshing (which it richly deserves), mortify his bones by lying on the bare floor, with an old door thrown over him instead of blankets, which, I have been told, he has done in former years. Lewis Cornaro, the celebrated Venetian, who wrote a curious treatise on health and long life, may prescribe as he pleases, and tell to an exactness how many ounces of meat and drink, with the nicest proportion of each, are requisite in twenty-four hours: and some other crack-brained fellow (I forget his name) may use and recommend his chair, in which he used continually to weigh himself, and having once fixed what he thought a proper standard, ever after ate, drank, and slept by the ounce, till at last he weighed himself into another world. Whoever has not accustomed himself to unreasonable indulgences in these things, will, by simply attending to the demands of nature, be better informed about the due proportions, and secure his health much better, than by attempting to follow such ridiculous prescriptions.

Pray excuse the frequent digressions which I am continually betrayed into, and be assured that I remain

Your's, &c.

* * * *

PLATE 22.—FORT GEORGE, UPPER CANADA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

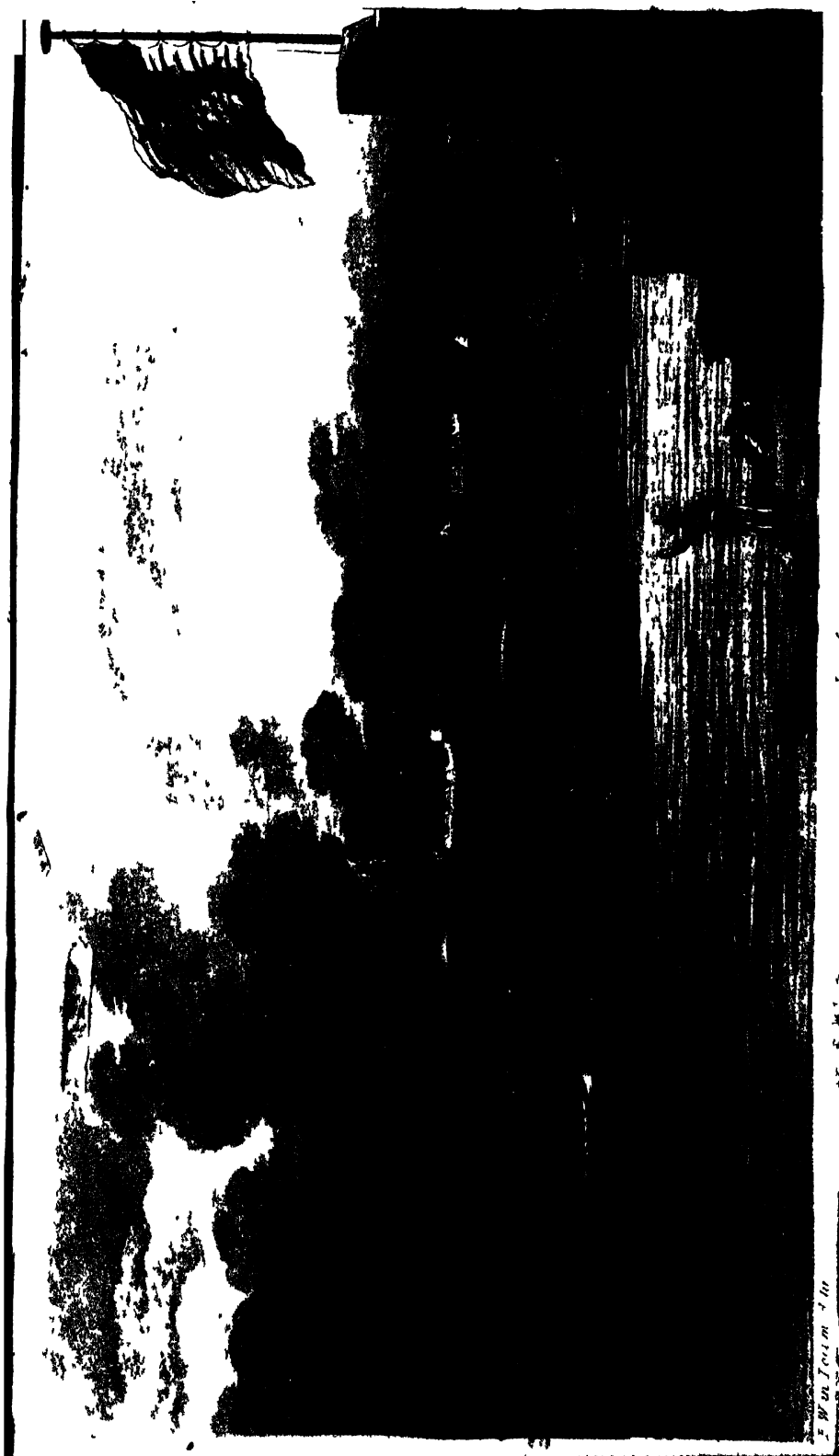
DURING a sojourn of some years in the Canadas, I was enabled, on a former occasion, to send you some accurate statements respecting those important colonies. I am now inclined to extend my observations on the subject, not only because those which sometimes appear in the journals are very erroneous, but because the country is, at this moment, peculiarly interesting, from its having unhappily become the seat of war, between two nations which nature and reason should have united in the closest ties of political amity

The cause of erecting Upper Canada into a distinct province, with a government of its own, was in consequence of a new line of demarcation made and agreed upon, in 1791, by British and American commissioners assembled for that purpose. The document sets forth, "That a line commencing at 45° of north latitude, and 73½° west longitude from London, should run along the middle of the river Kadarakwee (the western stream of the St. Lawrence), into Lake Ontario; through its middle likewise, until it strikes the communication by water between that lake and Lake Erie; through the middle of that lake until it arrives at the water communication between it and Lake Huron; thence through the middle of Lake Huron to the water communication between it and Lake Superior; thence through Lake Superior, northward, to the Lake of the Woods; thence through that lake to the most north-western point

thereof; and from thence by a due west line to the river Mississippi." And here it is proper to observe, that "a due west line" could never touch the Mississippi, whose sources and forks take their origin south-eastward of that point.

By this line of demarcation, Lake Michican and its shores were left entirely within the limits of the United States; and thus immense territories of exuberant fertility were given away by a stroke of the pen; and it is remarkable enough, that while we were throwing away the materials of future kingdoms by way of peace-offerings, we were forcing Spain into a war about the right of occupancy of a savage spot in the very remotest corner of the habitable globe (Nootka Sound), which has since been deemed not worth the keeping by any one. If the people of the United States had the right of possession of those vast countries, there might be an appearance of justice in their retaining them; but the fact is, the settlements and towns were all made by the English, or by the French, who were become subjects of England. The lands themselves belonged to the remains of the Six Nations, the old and faithful allies of the English.

This arrangement caused the greatest confusion and distress in the settlements; for the American government would not suffer the settlers to remain on their own lands, unless they renounced their allegiance to their own king, and swore fealty and obedience to the new republic. But rather than sub-



mit to this decree, by far the greater part abandoned their comfortable farms and flourishing plantations, and passed across the Lakes to begin new ones in the wilderness. The Indian tribes also relinquished their paternal seats in the fine and fertile Genesee country, and on the beautiful banks of the Wabash river, to seek new abodes in the dreary and illimitable woods on the northern shores of the Lakes. This great sacrifice to their friendship for their allies, was the more remarkable, as the Indians could not be persuaded, that the cession of their lands to the *Long-Knives* (so they call the people of the United States), was not in consequence of abject submission to the will of the conquerors. But though we were much lowered in their estimation, and though they believe, with the Greeks, Romans, and Jews, that success is a mark of the favour and approbation of Heaven, and misfortune and defeat proofs of the anger of the Deity, yet, with a magnanimity truly heroic, like Cato*, they espoused the cause of the conquered.

Had we kept possession of the southern shores of the Lakes, the Americans never could have had flotillas on them, nor would they have ever gone to war with us. As it turned out, it caused the northern shores to be settled, and towns and military stations were very soon established opposite those which we were induced to vacate. Michillimackinac gave rise to St. Joseph's; Detroit to Sandwich and Amherstburgh; and the loss of Niagara caused the building of New Niagara (or Newark) and Fort George.

* *Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*
LUCAN.

Fort George, the prize contended for at present (of which there is an accurate view annexed), is erected on the west bank of the river or strait of Niagara, about a mile and a half from its *embouchure* into Lake Ontario, in 43. 16. north latitude, and 78. 25. west longitude from London. The fort is a stockaded parallelogram, with solid bastions at the angles, mounted with heavy ordnance. The *esplanade* is spacious, surrounded with block-houses, officers' lodgings, guard-house, hospital, stores, and magazines bomb-proof. It can accommodate about one thousand men. Its position is commanding, crowning the summit of a steep cliff, which rises about 200 feet from the surface of the river, which is not here a mile broad. At the foot of the bank there are buildings appropriated to the navy, called Navy Hall; and the harbour is the best on Lake Ontario. The late most justly lamented Major-General Brock, who, among his many other qualifications, was a capital judge of military architecture, greatly improved the fortifications. He lies buried in the gorge of a bastion constructed by his orders, and which bears his name; and a twenty-four pounder, mounted *en barbette*, traverses over the earthly remains of that excellent soldier and most worthy man. Fort George, however, might have been better situated; for it neither commands the entrance of the straits, and is itself commanded by higher grounds, nor protects the town of Newark, which could be plundered and burnt by an armed enemy in defiance of the fort. It must be confessed, that the French chose the sites of their principal towns with superior judg-

ment and taste. They generally succeed in uniting strength and salubrity with commercial accommodation; nor are the minor points of beauty or grandeur overlooked: in proof, it is only necessary to name Quebec, Montreal, Fort Frontenac (Kingston), Old Niagara, and Detroit.

Fort Erie and Amherstburgh are built on the same plan, but are smaller than Fort George. The former, however, is quite new, and constructed all of solid masonry. It is probable, that it is yet unfinished, otherwise it is much more capable of stout defence than the others. All these stations were planned or constructed by the late General Simcoe, who fixed upon York (olim Toronto) for the capital of Upper Canada.

This worthy general had ideas far more extensive than his means of realizing them. His plans were for the next century: for he established a frontier of upwards of twelve hundred miles; to defend which would require an army greater than the then existing population.

The true plan of defence of Upper Canada, is sufficiently obvious, viz. to establish a maritime superiority on the Lakes, and on land, three or four strong *points d'appui*, not far distant from one another.

Ever since the well planned, though unfortunate expedition of General Montgomery, the United States have never lost sight of gaining possession of the Canadas: They judge, that the *arrondissement* of their empire cannot be perfect, until it shall be bounded on the N. by Hudson's Bay, and on the S. by the Gulf of Mexico: and it must be confessed, that the possession of the noble river St. Lawrence, with its chain of five inland seas, would be an acquisition to them of the very first magnitude; for, without it, the productions of their most fertile and extensive provinces can never reach a market by water. If that river had run through their territories on establishing their independence, it would have been on the St. Lawrence, and not on the Potowmac, that the metropolis of the union would have been founded.

Places distant in a direct line from Fort George:—Falls of Niagara, 12 miles S.; Fort Erie, 30 miles S.; York, 36 miles (by water) N. by E.—by land 70 miles; Kingston, 160 E. (by water)—by land 220; Detroit (by water), 220, W. by S.; Sacket's Harbour, 140, E. by S.; Burlington Bay (by land), 36, N.

E. W.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

CURIOUS PICTURE.

NOT far from the Grotto del Cani, near Naples, says an ancient traveller, stands the church of St. Maria del Ponto, founded by San-nazarius, the poet, whose example

is not followed by any of the poets of the present day. In this church there is said to be a remarkable picture, representing St. Michael vanquishing the devil. This devil has no horns, and instead of look-

ing so ugly as he is usually made to do, he appears with the head and bosom of a beautiful woman. In this manner Diomed Caraffa, Bishop of Ariano, in 1550, commanded Satan to be painted for the following reason:—A lady of quality and of great beauty, conceived a violent love for him. To cure her of this passion, he caused a painting to be executed of her head and bosom attached to the body and lower extremities of the devil; and one day, when she renewed her seductive blandishments, he pretended to consent to accompany her home; but as the way led past this church, he requested her to step in for a moment to look at an admirable picture which had just been put up. She immediately recognized herself, and the compliment naturally produced a very disagreeable impression. Overcome with shame, she ran away, as the traveller assures us. But the bishop, who was left behind—was not he ashamed of himself too, think you?

PAPAL EDICT AGAINST MUSIC-MASTERS.

It is well known, that upwards of a century ago, his Holiness the Pope issued a severe edict against the exposure of the female bosom and arms, an ordinance the reason of which is obvious. But how shall we account for another prohibition of the Holy Father, which followed this?—On the 6th May, 1686, an edict was posted in all the public places in Rome, forbidding all females, without exception, whether maids, wives, or widows, on the severest penalties, to receive instructions from any master whatever, not even from their nearest

relations, either upon any musical instrument or in singing. Even the nuns, who were obliged to sing *ex officio*, were to be taught only by other nuns. What are we to infer from this prohibition?—Was the Pope an inveterate enemy to music? or had he found, that lovers, as in the Barber of Seville, contrive to insinuate themselves into every family as music-masters? probably the latter. But what are we to think of the state of morals at Rome at that period, since not even nuns and married women were exempted from the operation of this law?

MAGNITUDE OF ANCIENT ROME.

Chevreau, in order to prove the great extent of the city of Rome, relates, in his *Universal History*, that Heliogabalus caused his slaves to collect all the spiders' webs which could be found in it, and that they weighed ten thousand pounds. We should almost suppose, that all the houses in Rome were uninhabited.

GENIUS OF HOMER.

Blackwell, in his *Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer*, starts this question, "How happens it, that, in the 2700 years which have elapsed since Homer's time, no writer equal to that poet has appeared? and that he was not surpassed, as far as we know, by any of his predecessors? This kind of wonder he ascribes to the concurrence of various circumstances, to which, in his opinion, we are indebted for Homer's immortal productions:—to the climate, the age in which he lived, the manners and customs of those times, the religion, the education of the poet, his peregrinations, and his *genius*. Might not Blackwell, in naming this last,

have spared the recapitulation of all the other circumstances? Yet he seems to have omitted one which appears of some importance. Homer, in his *Odyssey* (lib. ix. v. 196, *et seq.*), speaks of a celebrated Thracian wine, which was so strong, that twenty times the quantity of water might be mixed with it—

————— to quench whose fervent stream,
Scarcely twenty measures from the living stream
To cool one cup suffic'd.

Pliny tells us, that a Roman consul made the experiment on the spot, but found that it required eighty times as much water. Thus it appears, that other people poured four times as much water into their wine as Homer. Is there any wonder that he was four times as much inspired?

PIRON.

The inhabitants of Beaune, in Burgundy, were formerly called, for what reason we are not informed, the *Asses of Beaune*. Piron, who had some pique against them, one day went a-walking in the neighbourhood, and amused himself with striking off the heads of all the thistles.—“What are you doing?” said an acquaintance, who met him while thus engaged.—“I am at war with the inhabitants of Beaune,” replied he, “and am cutting off the enemy’s provisions.”

INVENTOR OF GUNPOWDER.

In an old book on fire-works and warlike instruments, by one Boillot, printed in 1593, among other copper-plates, there is one which deserves particular notice. It represents Berthold Schwartz, the inventor of gunpowder, employed in making that composition. What proportion of sulphur, charcoal, and saltpetre he is to use for the

purpose, is whispered in his ear by a figure which stands behind him, and is intended for the devil.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Sherlock relates, in his letters, that he visited the church of St. Peter at Rome, in the company of a Pole, a Frenchman, and an Englishman. The latter looked about every where for beauties, the Frenchman for defects, and the Pole for nothing at all. The Frenchman paused before the statue of Mercy, by Bernini, and pronounced it execrable. The Englishman turned to the statue of Justice, by della Porta, and thought it exquisite. The Pole fixed his eyes on the door at which he entered, and declared that the church was longer than he had imagined.

THE RULING PASSION.

A freethinker being dangerously ill, was tormented with remorse, when considering the mischief which his works had probably occasioned.—“Ah!” said he in despair to his confessor, “I shall not even cease to do harm after my death; for I shall be read by posterity.”—“Don’t be uneasy,” replied the confessor, who was at a loss how to console him, “your books are so wretchedly written, that nobody will read them.”—“Go to the d—l!” articulated the expiring author with great difficulty, “you are a blockhead.”

PIRATES.

Turpin, in his *Historical Picture of the French Marine*, asserts, that the word *pirate* was not always a term of reproach; and that it was derived from *Piræus*, the port where the Athenians embarked to fight the enemies of their country. “The pirates,” says that writer, “who

were in the service of kings and republics, ranked with other warriors. In their number were comprehended not merely the scourges of mankind, but likewise truly great characters. Such an one was Dionides. Alexander and Darius vied for his friendship; but he was too proud to submit to a master, and chose rather to be their enemy than their ally. At length Fortune turned her back on him; he was taken prisoner, and carried before Alexander.—‘By what right,’ said the latter, ‘dost thou disturb the seas?’—‘By the same right,’ he replied, ‘by which thou disturbest the land.’—‘I am a king,’ said Alexander, ‘but thou art only a pirate.’—‘Then we pursue the same profession,’ rejoined Dionides, ‘I with a single ship, thou with a numerous army. Were the gods to transform Dionides into Alexander, and Alexander into Dionides, there would be one good king more on land, and one expert pirate fewer upon the water.’”

HUMAN ACTIONS.

Our actions resemble what are called *bouts rimés*, of which every person makes just what he pleases. We are often applauded for the least commendable actions of our lives, while the most praiseworthy remain wholly unknown.

INDIAN HUMANITY TO ANIMALS.

“The Banian hospital at Surat,” says Mr. Forbes, in his *Oriental Memoirs*, “is a most remarkable institution. It consists of a large plot of ground, inclosed with high walls, divided into several courts or wards, for the accommodation of animals in sickness: they are attended with the tenderest care, and find a peaceful asylum for the

infirmities of age. When an animal breaks a limb, or is otherwise disabled from serving his master, he carries him to the hospital; and, indifferent to the cast or nation to which the owner may belong, the patient is never refused admittance. If he recovers, he cannot be reclaimed, but must remain in the hospital for life, subject to the duty of drawing water for those pensioners debilitated by age or disease from procuring it for themselves. At my visit, the hospital contained horses, mules, oxen; sheep, goats, monkeys, poultry, pigeons, and a variety of birds, with an aged tortoise, who was known to have been there for seventy-five years. The hospital has several independent endowments without the walls of the city, for such invalids and convalescents to whom pasturage and country air may be recommended; and especially for maintaining the goats purchased for slaughter on the anniversary of the Mahomedan festival.”

VERSES IN CICERO'S PROSE.

Barthius found, in the first page of Cicero's oration against Vatinius, not fewer than seventy verses; and was of opinion, that he should have discovered at least three hundred, had he examined the whole oration in that view. Vossius discovered a whole strophe in the exordium of the third book, *De Oratore*; and Quinctilian acknowledges, that it is almost impossible to write any Latin which may not be classed among some description of poetry.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC ON A RAT-

T.E.-SNAKE.

Chateaubriand, in his *Genie du*
F F 2

Christianisme, gives the following extraordinary instance of the power of music on a snake:—In the month of July 1791, we were travelling in Upper Canada, with several families of savages belonging to the nation of the Onontagués. One day, when we had halted in a spacious plain on the bank of the river Genesee, a rattlesnake entered our encampment. Among us was a Canadian, who could play on the flute, and who, to divert us, advanced against the serpent with this new species of weapon. On the approach of his enemy, the haughty reptile curls himself into a spiral line, flattens his head, inflates his cheeks, contracts his lips, displays his envenomed fangs and his blood-red throat; his double tongue glows like two flames of fire; his eyes are burning coals; his body, swollen with rage, rises and falls like the bellows of a forge; his dilated skin assumes a dull and soaly appearance; and his tail, whence proceeds the death-denouncing sound, vibrates with such rapidity, as to resemble a light vapour. The Canadian now begins to play upon his flute; the serpent starts with surprise, and draws back his head. In proportion as he is struck with the magic effect, his eyes lose their fieriess, the oscillations of his tail become slower, and the sound which it emits grows weaker, and gradually dies away. Less perpendicular upon their spiral line, the rings of the charmed serpent are by degrees expanded, and sink one after another upon the ground, in concentric circles. The shades of azure, green, white, and gold, recover their brilliancy on his quivering skin, and slightly turning his head, he remains motionless in the attitude of attention and pleasure. At this moment the Canadian advances a few steps, producing with his flute sweet and simple notes. The reptile, inclining his variegated neck, opens a passage with his head through the high grass, and begins to creep after the musician, stopping when he stops, and following him again as soon as he moves forward. In this manner he was led out of our camp, attended by a great number of spectators, both savages and Europeans, who could scarcely believe their eyes when they witnessed this wonderful effect of harmony. The assembly unanimously decreed, that the serpent which had so highly entertained them, should be permitted to escape."

PROJECTED COMMUNITY OF FEMALE HERMITS.

THE *Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier* contain, among other things, an interesting correspondence between that princess and Madame de Motteville. They had one evening a conversation on the peaceful, happy life which might be led in retirement, far distant from the court, just as though they had studied Zimmermann's celebrated volumes on Solitude. "This conversation," says the princess, "opened a wide field for moral reflection, especially as we mingled something of religion along with it; and we should not have parted

so soon had not the queen been just then going to the play. I continued walking alone on the sea-shore, and considering of the plan which genuine hermits ought to pursue. But, in the first place, they must not be persons who have fallen into disgrace at court."

In short, she went home in haste, and wrote a letter of three sheets on this subject to Madame de Motteville. That lady, so fond of writing herself, did not fail to reply; the correspondence was kept up for two years; and the princess declares, that if all the letters had been collected, they would have filled a thick volume. "She is very learned," says she of Madame de Motteville; "what she wrote to me was excellent. We introduced Italian and Spanish; we quoted the Holy Scriptures and the Fathers, and then again fragments from the poets." What a delightful olio it must have been!

The reader will perhaps be curious to know what plan two ladies of the most brilliant court in Europe, proposed to themselves for a happy life in solitude. The first condition fixed by the princess was what has been already mentioned, that such persons were not admissible as merely desired to turn their backs on the great world, because it had turned its back on them; but that a thorough conviction of its nothingness and insignificance ought to be the sole motive for embracing this new state.

Married people were to be excluded from this projected republic of recluses, and only widows and maidens to be admitted as members. For the site of this colony, the princess chose the banks of the Seine,

on the Point, unless others should prefer the sea-shore. She herself was not fond of waters; and would rather have a distant view either of the river or the sea. Her habitation should therefore be built close to a thick wood; where the sun should scarcely be visible at noon-day. Within, this habitation should be neat and convenient; but without ostentation; surrounded by gardens, producing the finest fruits. Each colonist was to be at liberty to fix her abode wherever she pleased, for there should be space enough. The imagination of the princess created vast meadows intersected by limpid streams. The recluses might pay visits to one another on horseback, in coaches, and on foot. Their chief employment was to be, to keep their houses and gardens in order. Industrious members of this community might divert themselves with drawing, painting, or other amusements of that kind; and the idle should be obliged to talk to the others while at work. Each should be allowed her library, and musical instruments of all sorts; but all new books and verses were to be proscribed. For bodily exercise, there was to be an open place, for playing at ball, in the midst of the wood.

As an innocent pleasure, the princess also proposed sometimes to tend the sheep in the pastures, in the appropriate attire. A rural repast should then be provided in the fields; and thus she and her companions would realize the story of Astrea, with the exception of love, which was on no account to be permitted. On the other hand, they might, as shepherdesses, be

indulged in milking the cows and making cheese.

She likewise founded in her wood a convent of Carmelite nuns, because St. Theresa directed that these nuns should be hermits. The church of this convent was to be appropriated to prayer and religious exercises. Without doubt there would be found great spiritual orators among the colonists, who might attend their sermons whenever they thought proper. Lastly, she planned out a hospital, where the sick should be accommodated and poor children instructed in various kinds of work.

Madame de Motteville, in her answer, was liberal in her praises of this romantic plan, only she thought that hermitages whose inhabitants paid visits on horseback and in coaches, and tended sheep for diversion, were better calculated for princesses than shepherdesses. She proposed to have small cottages, from which not only all luxury should be banished, but where nothing but what was essentially necessary should be found. The libraries were to contain only such books from which the pastoral colony might learn the philosophy of life. She was willing to indulge them with a few servants, to tend the sheep for them in bad weather. She deemed it right to exclude love, or rather gallantry, from the establishment; but it was to be feared that this law would not be very rigidly observed, and that it would at length be found necessary to give way to "that universal error which ancient custom has sanctioned, and which is commonly called matrimony."

In her second letter, the princess

expresses her astonishment at this heretical notion of Madame de Motteville. As she considers herself as the princess and legislatrix of the community, and has sworn eternal hatred to marriage, she fancies that it will be the easiest matter in the world for all her companions to follow her example. In confirmation of this opinion, she cites the village of Randan, in Auvergne, where no widow, be she ever so young, marries a second husband, because the widowed Countess of Randan did not chuse to enter a second time into the married state. Those who could not do without marriage, might rather quit the establishment, than profane it by such weaknesses to which human nature is unfortunately subject. She concludes with observing, that nothing but matrimony has given men the superiority over women, and that the latter are called the weaker sex only because they have submitted to these fetters. — "We will rescue ourselves from this slavery," says she, "there shall be at least one corner on the face of the earth where women shall be their own mistresses. Future ages shall praise us, and by such a temporal life we shall gain life everlasting." Madame de Motteville nearly coincides with the heroine. — "It is owing to the little malicious god," says she, "that the men have become such cruel enemies to the fair sex, for they use us the worst when we love them most." She nevertheless persists in her opinion, that the female hermits must be permitted to marry. Human infirmities, she observes, are incurable: the princess of this republic will have human creatures;

not angels, to govern; and where Hymen is not admitted, Cupid will be sure to creep in.

It is indeed entertaining enough to peruse such a correspondence between two females of distinction and talents. The project of course

came to nothing. The shepherdesses remained at court, and the subsequent history of the princess abundantly proves, that her detestation of the tender passion was not perfectly sincere.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXXI.

O that my adversary had written a book!—JOB xxxi. 35.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH the excellent and celebrated person who uttered the exclamation which has suggested the following thoughts, lived in an age when literary criticism was neither studied nor practised, he seems to have entertained some notion of the hardships to which authors are subject; the painful labour of composition, the connection there is between the toil of the brain and the disappointments of the heart, or he would not have called down, in a vindictive moment, upon his enemy such a votive punishment as that of making an author of him. It appears as if he thought that the person who had awakened his irritable propensity, was not sufficiently in his power by transient errors or fugitive irregularities, whose stability could not be determined, or whose character was not sufficiently permanent, to make fruitless application to the artifices of sophistry and prevarication: he therefore expresses a wish, that his adversary had written a book, where the folly, or the error, or the criminal sentiment, might be condensed in irrevocable characters; where the *litera scripta* must stand or fall by its own intrinsic

merits or demerits; and where the meaning must be too obvious to admit of excuse, of palliation, or misapprehension. The actions which compose the ordinary conduct of human life, are frequently so fugitive as to derive their colour from the particular point in which the eye may happen to see them, the momentary temper of the mind that forms an opinion of them, or the solidity of that judgment which finally decides upon them; so that what may be considered as a perfect, actuating command, without the fear of an appellat power, cannot be obtained over them.—This, however, is to be acquired over whatever is committed to writing, or appears in the consolidated form of a book. The difference between the two subjects cannot be better illustrated than by the shooting at a flying object and a stationary mark or target. The one must be seized in a moment; the other will admit of a regular, well poised aim, and all the power resulting from a cool, determined consideration.

Here then is the decided advantage which a man has over an enemy who has written a book. In this case, he can carry his errors,

his follies, and his fallacies—and what volume is there which does not contain more or less of them?—in his pocket, can make them companions in a post-chaise, can lay them on the bank of a river, if he should be angling, and enliven the dull moment when fish will not bite, with the examination of them. He may remove them from his desk to his pillow, and even take them to church with him, as subjects to animate, or at least to vary, his devotions by praying for the authors of them; and thus enjoy the pious triumph of heaping coals of fire upon their heads. It would, indeed, be endless, were I to enumerate all the advantages which a person who has never published his thoughts to the world, has, in the point of hostile contention, over him who is inspired by the love of literary fame, and in whose mind the *cacoethes scribendi* is a predominating principle.

Besides, the actual means of gratifying resentment are infinitely more numerous, as well as of far easier execution, when the object of it is an author. His works may not only be the subject of severe and hostile criticism; he may not merely be lashed in public and in private through the pages of his works, sometimes treated with scorn, at other times with ridicule, and always with rigour; but the books themselves may be rendered subservient to the most degrading purposes. They may be maliciously transferred to the shop of the chandler and the huckster,

—*In vicinis vendentem thus et odores
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.*

Perhaps in the same open basket laid,
Down through the street together be convey'd,
Where pepper, odours, frankincense are sold,
And all small wares in wretched rhimes enroll'd.

One can scarce conceive a more triumphant sensation in the bosom of an angry, injured man, than when he indignantly tears a leaf out of an adversary's book and consigns it to the cook, to singe a fowl, paper the kidney fat of a loin of veal, or wrap up a *cutlet à la Maintenon*. And so much for my commentary on the votive exclamation—"O that mine adversary had written a book!"—I shall, however, beg leave, Mr. Spectator, to continue the mood of reflection in which I find myself on this subject; and the truth of my observations, for they are the result of experience, may make amends, perhaps, in your candid opinion, for their lack of originality.

Little does the world think of, and less perhaps does it care for, the trouble and pains which are often bestowed upon the most humble attempts to please, amuse, and instruct them; and how seldom does it happen, that the common class of readers take up a book with a wish even to be pleased, and give an author the humane chance of affording pleasure, by meeting him, as it were, half way, with an inclination to be satisfied! Nay, on the contrary, is not a very different disposition the too general accompaniment of opening a volume, unless some splendid, established name appears in the title-page, whose reputation renders it hazardous to let loose expressions of contumelious indifference, or candid displeasure?

It may be perceived, by a person of your sagacity, that I have experienced the mortifications of an author. This I am ready to acknowledge; and I shall add further, that though I am as yet a mere

tyro in literary composition, I possess one particle, or rather evidence, of genius, and have all the irritability, when my works are treated with neglect, which is generally supposed to be a quality inherent in the nature of a poet—*genus irritabile vatum*. Not that I hold myself to be exempt from the remarks of candid criticism, or the analysing powers of those who have proved, by the superiority of their own writings, that they are qualified to be judges of those of others. But to labour under the lash of those who can do little more than read the book they presume to criticise, is, I must own, no small mortification; but when, from a certain kind of common-place language which they have learned by rote, and an assuming tone, which they occasionally adopt, people are found to listen to them, it is discouragement in the extreme. This kind of lay critic, having never been an author himself, is a stranger to the painful sensibilities which he so wantonly excites. He does not know,

—that thought's so thin,

So full of feeling, as an author's skin.

The humane ideas which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Hamlet respecting the histrionic tribe, should ever be repeated on taking up a work of imagination:—“He that plays the king shall be welcome—the lover shall not sigh gratis—the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled—and the lady shall say her mind freely.”

It appears to me, that the moment a man presents his thoughts to the world, that world takes up arms against him. Nay, how often does it happen, that his very friends hesitate in taking his part!

No. LVIII. Vol. X.

While thus situated, he knows not where to look for the slightest meed of praise.

It is not, I hope, in our nature, it cannot surely be so malignant as to feel a repugnance at bestowing commendation. In a general view of mankind, I will not indulge the thought: but among the professors of literature—yes, of literature, I say, which ought to soften and meliorate our natures, a spirit of reviling, at least an indulgence of envy, is seen to prevail in a way that is painful to reflection and disgusting to observation. I shall produce a few examples, which bear me out in the opinion that my subject has called from me; though it is often, and more unpardonably done when it appears under the guise of compliment.

Swift, in one of his letters to Stella, observes, that Steele, who was among his most intimate friends, had begun a periodical paper, called *The Guardian*, but that it would not do.—Now the fact turned out quite to the contrary; for it actually did do, and very well too.

The elegant, the mild, and the polished Hurd, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, writes thus to Richardson:—“Your *Grandison* will live when *Tom Jones* has long been forgotten.” Now it is precisely the reverse: for *Tom Jones* is alive and merry, and likely to live for ever; while *Sir Charles Grandison* is seldom awakened from his slumber on the shelves of the booksellers' shops.

Porson used to consider Gilbert Wakefield with unreserved censure: and Miss Seward, in a letter to Mr. Repton, the celebrated landscape-gardener, after representing

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Mr. Hayley as a poet superior to Milton, addresses Mr. R.— as follows:—“I have received your little book of essays, called *Variety*; how greatly superior are they to the much talked of *Spectators*!!!”

The de’el is in him sure, if this wout do!

Cowper, who describes a critic as a man who looks for a fault, that he may put it on a pin’s point, to view it through a microscope, complains of the heavy writing of Gibbon.

Other examples of a similar nature might be produced; but I shall not intrude further upon you, as, I presume, there need not be any thing added to support the principle I have endeavoured to establish, that a person can never put himself so completely in the power of an adversary, as *by writing a book*.

I am, Mr. Spectator,

Your obliged, humble servant,

A DABBLER IN LITERATURE.

Though I do not agree with my correspondent in his opinion respecting the state and condition of authors, I thought it right to give it all the advantage of a candid publication: for it surely will appear to his more matured reflection, that a writer does not yield himself to the power of his adversary, if the book he composes be a good one; for, in such a case, honour, reputation, and, if he chuses it, pecuniary advantage, will necessarily result from his labours. Dr. Johnson has observed, in the preface to his Dictionary, that the chief glory of every proper artist is from its authors. If so, the general assertion respecting authorship, which has occupied the foregoing lucubration, will not ad-

mit of support; unless it could be proved, that there has been an error in the translation; and that the correct rendering of the passage should be—“O that mine adversary had written a *bad* book!”—Then, indeed, an advantage would be acquired, on which resentment might luxuriate: but should the book prove a work of merit, enmity will find all attempts to triumph fruitless, and that the mortification which it prepares for another will recoil upon itself. The volume that contains real wisdom, scientific information, religious and moral instruction, and rational amusement; whether it assume the form of solemn reasoning, of grave controversy, of familiar pleasantries, or lively imagination, may set all its enemies at defiance; may be presented to the world without any apprehensions from supercilious criticism, envious perversion, or ignorant misapprehension; the good sense and genuine understanding of mankind will support it as it deserves, and it will add, in the expression of Dr. Johnson, to the glory of the people in whose language it is written.

To bring the matter, however, to a conclusion, and to settle the point, I shall beg leave to inform the Dabbler in Literature, that he has altogether mistaken the interpretation of the passage which has called for his observations.

I have not space sufficient to remark on the state of literature, and the condition of authors, in the time of Job; but I shall venture to assert, that the word *book*, in the exclamation which has been so often repeated, has nothing to do with either the one or the other:

It means nothing more than a *written charge*, an accusation committed to writing. Job had been accused of various acts of misconduct; while he, conscious of his innocence, but knowing how difficult it was to answer vague insinuations and mere verbal charges, exclaims, "O that my adversary had written a book!" That is, O that my accusers had committed their accusations to writing, that they might be reduced to a certainty; that issue might be joined upon it, that the means of my defence may be clearly in my possession; and that the allegations being perspicuously written, they may be openly falsified, and my innocence established. I hope, therefore, that, in future, Job will not be quoted as an enemy to literature, of which his own history is one of the most sublime examples that the genius of man has ever produced.

THE LATE MR. JAMES WYATT.

THE grateful task of offering a testimony of approbation to departed genius, and perhaps of transmitting to posterity lessons for similar exertions, renders less painful the melancholy act of recording the loss of our friends: and it is also an imperious duty; for these voluntary and disinterested applauses may be considered as the valuable subscriptions that are made for the encouragement of talent and of virtue.

The biography of this gentleman forms no part of these observations; the calamity which has deprived the world of art of his important aid, is too recent, and the event itself too dreadful, to allow of that calm recurrence for accuracy which the interest excited by a course of such exalted talent demands.

Mr. Wyatt's claim to supereminence as an architect, is, perhaps, undisputed: his genius was energetic and versatile, powerful and refined. Much study of the works of the Greeks, and an intimate acquaintance with the principles upon which the Romans and the Ita-

lians executed their noblest works of art, had stored his mind with inexhaustible resources, and had given to his judgment such a faculty for distinguishing between the true and false of taste, that, amidst the love of novelty, the thirst for innovation, and the patronage they have afforded, his mind was not for a moment diverted from his object, that of laying the foundation of a school of architecture equally classic, pure, and dignified. Every work of this great artist marks his repugnance to the fleeting absurdities that are ever the vices of youthful art. The peculiar characteristic of Mr. Wyatt's style, was elegant simplicity; the gracefulness of the proportions gave more than common interest to his simplest buildings; and he rendered his works of a splendid character, great, by the outline and suitability of the parts; he made them elaste in their richness, dignified by a poetic combination, and of the highest value, because they were the operations of the sublimest intellect.

Nor was the Gothic style less indebted to Mr. Wyatt's powers; for he rescued it from the neglect into which it had fallen, and from the opprobrium it experienced from those who did not understand its beauties. Both by feeling and by habit he sought the principles upon which these works were executed; he immediately discovered them, and fathomed the depths of Gothic science: he then designed, with extraordinary facility and brilliant success, works in this style of art, that yield nothing of excellence to the claims of its most flourishing times.

Not unconscious of these powers, which commanded patronage, Mr. Wyatt disdained to use the petty intrigues which will sometimes place the meanest abilities in the greatest employments: he attained, however, the highest, that of surveyor-general; for the office was bestowed upon him by the revered patron and protector of British arts, who has always distinguished and supported real merit, however obscured by the prejudices of fashion, or assailed by the violence of party. Except by the learned of the public bodies, Mr. Wyatt was not greatly encouraged by public patronage; and it is to this fact that we owe the regret,

that few public edifices in London are from the designs of this extraordinary artist: indeed, he rather endured than cultivated the advantages of patronage; and, although his distinguished abilities and taste ensured to him the most exalted rank in his art, they did not therefore benefit the country by obtaining the means for a full display of his great powers: for it is in the public buildings alone, that the extent of the architect's talent is shewn. Yet, with the patronage he had, which was very great, and which reflects honour on the individuals and public bodies who so munificently engaged his talents, he has left memorials that will establish the English school of architecture upon a firm and solid basis, and serve as models to after times, when his name will be quoted with more than veneration.

As a man, Mr. Wyatt was generous, liberal, kind, and unassuming. Regardless of riches, and confident in superior talent, he was as unsuspicious as fearless of dishonourable competition. Cherishing the affection of his friends, and respected by all,

"For e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side,"

he has died universally regretted.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MADAME DE STAEL'S work on the *Manners, Society, Literature, and Philosophy of the Germans*, which has been suppressed on the Continent, will appear in the course of the month, in three octavo volumes.

Select Remains of the late Rev.

James Bowden, of Tooting, are printing in an octavo volume.

Sir Egerton Brydges has in the press, in two octavo volumes, *The Ruminator*, a series of Essays, moral, sentimental, and critical.

Colonel Montague has nearly

ready for publication, a Supplement to his *Ornithological Dictionary*, which will contain much new and interesting matter on the natural history of birds.

Dr. Watts's *Treatise on the History, Nature, and Treatment of Chin-cough*; including a variety of cases and dissections: to which is subjoined, An Inquiry into the relative Mortality of the principal Diseases of Children, and the numbers who have died under ten years of age, in Glasgow, during the last thirty years, will be published early in October.

Mr. Hopkirk, Fellow of the Linnean Society, and Member of the Wernerian Natural History Society of Edinburgh, will speedily publish *Flora Glottiana*; a catalogue of the indigenous plants on the banks of the river Clyde, and in the neighbourhood of the city of Glasgow.

Captain Laskey's *General Account of the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow*; including historical and scientific notices of the various objects of art, literature, natural history, anatomical preparations, antiquities, &c. in that celebrated collection, will appear in a few days.

Sermons, on various subjects, by the late Rev. John Venn, of Clapham, are preparing for publication, in two octavo volumes.

M. de la Metherie observes, that "during the whole of the cold season, many animals are torpid; and their sleep is so profound for several months, that no infliction of pain, not even severe wounds, can withdraw them from this state of stupefaction." This is not to be taken too strictly; as Professor Man-

gali found, that an increased degree of cold produced a sense of pain in monkeys, which awakened them so far as to induce them to change their position, &c. The same befel a poor bat, which, by intense cold, was driven from its hiding-place, where it had taken refuge for some months; but was found at a distance, frozen to death. Warmth alone, however, is the general and only restorative of torpid beings: at the return of spring, they resume their vitality with the increasing warmth. A great number of insects, such as ants, are likewise rendered torpid by cold; and all these possess the most lively powers during summer. It is the same with plants endued with great liveliness; or, to use another word, great irritability, when the temperature of the atmosphere around them is high; but when the temperature is chilly and cold, they shew no such tokens of power.—M. Dessaignes finds the causes of these variations in the application of galvanism. He thinks this science affords an easy explanation of the phenomenon. He has proved, by very ingenious experiments, that animals prepared for galvanic experiments, exhibit powerful signs of galvanism when they are exposed to degrees of heat more or less considerable: although this very faculty ceases when the state of warmth or heat is exchanged for a state of coolness or chill; and that on restoring the warmth, this power is also restored with it. It was not till the present day that it was demonstrated, that the galvanism which the various parts of the body exercise on each other, is the cause of their irritability, their sen-

sibility, and, in short, of their principle of vitality. Now, according to the experiments of M. Des-saignes, this galvanic faculty, which, at high degrees of temperature, is exceedingly intense, is extinguished, in a greater or less measure, by lower degrees of cold. It seems to be an inference, supposable or allowable, therefore, that the galvanic power produces torpidity during the cold season.

M. Palisot de Beauvois has remarked, that, besides the plants already generally known to be sleepers, there are various others which exhibit the same phenomenon. Such are the whole of the numerous family of confervæ, which he calls *trichomates*, the water-lentils, the charas, and almost all aquatic plants, as the potamogetons, many kinds of ranunculuses, the *ananas aquatica*, the *valisneria*, &c. &c. At the time when the sap, being checked, or, as it were, become dull and stagnant (like the blood in animals previous to a state of torpidity), occasions the falling of the leaf, these plants sink more or less into the water, in proportion as the cold is augmented. They carry this so far as to disappear completely, and retire to the very bottom and mud of the water which they inhabit; on this they repose, secure from injury by the ice, which, in severe frosts, covers the surface of the pool. In the same manner, at the approach of spring, when the larger buds of the trees begin to open and drop their envelopes; when the young leaves, still closely folded together and rolled over one another, begin to extend themselves and to open: at that season the aquatics gradually rise, in pro-

portion to the warmth of the atmosphere, until they wholly cover the surface of the water. It deserves notice; that these two seasons for stupefaction and slumber, and for restoration and wakening, are the same for all beings; and that this phenomenon constantly attends the approach of the equinox, or follows after it, according to the state of the atmosphere.

MM. Lestiboudois, father and son, struck with the disappearance of the *ananas aquatica* during winter, and its return with the milder season, directed their researches to the discovery of the cause of this phenomenon. At length they ascertained, that the mass or bundle of leaves that composes the whole plant, is attached to roots, fixed in the soil at bottom by one or more filaments, differing in length according to the depths of the water, and allowing the plant to rise to the surface, and throw out its flowering branches in such a manner that they appear on the top of the water. They observed further, that, in proportion as the cold became strong enough to make itself felt, the plants sunk in the water by means of the contraction of these filaments, which shrunk into themselves, and gained in thickness what they lost in length; something in the manner of an earth-worm, which stretches itself out, and then contracts itself, drawing its rings closer together according to the motion it proposes to accomplish. Nevertheless, M. Palisot de Beauvois has closely examined these filaments of the stantioles, and has found neither rings nor articulations: it follows, therefore, that this phenomenon is performed by a

contraction, or drawing closer together of the parts or divisions of the cellular and tubular envelopments. This is probable; but what is certain, is, the fact of the appearance and disappearance of this plant on the surface of the water, in proportion to the warmth or coolness of the season.

The following statement is taken from an Irish paper: — "Three months ago, the remains of the Rev. Thomas Nugent, P. P. of Knockany, were deposited in the burial-ground of Hospital, county of Limerick: for the last fifteen days his grave has been visited by numberless crowds of people, some of whom have travelled many miles, for the purpose of procuring some of the earth that covered his remains, which, they conceive, by being mixed with water of a well adjacent to the church-yard, and drunk by any person afflicted with whatever disease is incident to the human frame, causes a certain and permanent cure. Several hundred weight of earth has been already removed, and thereby the coffin frequently exposed; we say frequently, because, since the commencement of this unaccountable practice, it has been repeatedly covered with fresh earth by the relatives of the deceased, which has always been removed, before the expiration of many hours, by an unthinking multitude, amongst whom have been observed persons who might be supposed, from their appearance, not likely to be so duped. The crowds are daily increasing in the church-yard."

There are 120,000 sheep in the Shetland Islands; their finest wool produces stockings worth two gui-

neas per pair, and the coarsest worth only four-pence.

Lately, in blowing up a rock of white free-stone at Ardrossan, in Scotland, a part of a tree was found completely petrified into the nature of the rock. From the violence of the blast, a large portion of this natural curiosity was reduced to atoms. One piece was entire, sixteen inches in length and nine in girth: the colour of the bark, and the appearance of branches from the parent stem, were very visible. Few places are more worthy of the attention of adepts in natural history, than the rocks around Ardrossan, composed of an endless variety of strata of metals, several of which bear evident marks of volcanic production.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

LANZA'S ELEMENTS OF SINGING,
Vol. I. Nos. V. and VI.

IN the fifth number Mr. L. continues his examples illustrative of the various modifications of *shakes* by semi-tones or tones, ascending and descending through the major and minor scales; and the important chapter of winding up the *shake* into the different figurative conclusions it is susceptible of, is treated with great amplitude. A variety of rules, partly new and partly recapitulatory, are then presented to the pupil, among which we observe some very essential ones relative to position and personal deportment. Here a caution against dull and sulky countenances, and a little advice to adapt the looks to the subject, would not have been superfluous. After some further exercises upon scales and intervals, the author commences a set of solo

feggios through every major and minor key, and these we find continued throughout the whole of the sixth number. They are progressive, their time is judiciously determined by pendular vibration, and the accompaniment which supports the voice, is appropriate and select. Thus far, therefore, our readers may feel persuaded, that the promises of Mr. L.'s prospectus are in a course of being strictly and most satisfactorily made good, both as to contents, and no less so in regard to typographical elegance.

A Sonata for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Turnbull, by William Ling. Op. 12. Pr. 4s.

Our high opinion of Mr. Ling's talents has been fully and unreservedly stated on former occasions; if peculiarity of taste leaves us unbiassed, it is not too much to affirm, that it would be vain to look for his superior among British contemporary composers for the piano-forte. Forced to be brief, we must forego the pleasure of transcribing from the memorandum before us the numerous beauties that have rivetted our attention in the present opera. The allegro of this sonata distinguishes itself by a regular flow of tasteful ideas throughout (not unsimilar to the style of Pleyel), and frequently put in contrast with touches of more profound harmony. Of the latter description, among other passages, is the set of excellent progressions, *p. 4*, conspicuous by the bold application of extreme sixths. The succeeding page of modulations, through a diatonic descent of the bass by fifths, demands equal praise.

The *finale* has a charming theme, not, however, altogether new. Here the author may be said to have made the most of his subject: *pp. 10 and 11* are beautiful; in the latter, the entrance into three sharps by enharmonic substitution, is not lost to our eye. What recommends still more this classic composition to the student, is the ease which prevails throughout in its digital construction; a merit the more unfrequent in works proceeding from authors distinguished by their executive skill.

The celebrated Medley Overture to the grand Spectacle of the Prince of Wales, or Gelert, the faithful Dog, performed with unbounded applause at the Surry Theatre, composed, and arranged for the Piano-Forte or Harp, by J. Sanderson. Op. 40. Pr. 2s.

A *pot pourri* of Welch melodies, such as, *Sir Watkin's Delight, Ap-Shenkin, &c.* strung together, and treated with judgment and skill. The introductory largo, in C minor, does the author great credit; the ideas are devised and connected with taste, and the harmony is correct and select. A very attractive harp solo is introduced, *p. 4*; and the highly original Welch tune, "Of noble race was Shenkin," is not only given in all its odd purity, but with a very excellently contrived bass-accompaniment in the two last lines. Line 4, *b. 2*, however, presents a harsh succession of chords in A *b* 3, F 6, G 3, E 3, 6.

As an extract from the full score, this publication can boast of great propriety in arrangement.

"Sweet Gratitude," *Ballad in the Spectacle of Gelert, the faithful*

Dog, composed by J. Sanderson.
Pr. 1s. 6d.

The beginning reminded us of the boat tune in the *Cabinet*.—"Sweet Gratitude" is a charming little air, which cannot fail to please the ear of good taste. The symphonies are elegant, and the active accompaniment to the second verse (of the same melody) deserves the same praise in a high degree. This song is so arranged as to interest the proficient player, at the same time that the very beginner may venture upon its execution.

Les petits Bijoux, consisting of favourite *Airs, Dances, and Rondos for the Piano-Forte*, composed by the most celebrated Professors.
Nos. X. and XI. Pr. 2s. each.

No. X. founded upon the well-known air, "The Thorn," is from the pen of Mr. John Davy, and may, without hesitation, be pronounced the pride of the series, as far as it has extended. It contains more than one stroke of the real master. As an instance, we will direct the reader's attention to p. 4. The classic manner in which the author glides from his key (E b) into five flats, thence into C minor, and further on (p. 5), to the same key (major), it is not often our good fortune to discover in productions of the present day; the whole modulation reminds us of Mozart's style. The further progress of the fifth page is equally good; and the conclusion, with its well employed syncopations, merits all the praise we can bestow. Indeed, the whole of this composition is of a higher order, and amply shews, that its author understands and feels what he is treating.

No. XI. by Mr. J. De Michele,
No. LVIII. Vol. X.

and founded upon *The Valencia Wake*, although certainly not benefited by a comparison with the preceding number, is not without claims to favourable notice. Mr. De M.'s style is peculiar, and borders upon the old school; his basses are plain and homely. Perhaps, too, the oddity of the subject has influenced the superstructure. In p. 4 the author appears to most advantage.

"*Prepare, ye Nymphs, prepare!*"
Trio in the Opera of Psyche, composed by Sir J. A. Stevenson,
M. D. Pr. 2s. 6d.

"*Soft, gentle Nymphs,*" *Trio in Ditto*, by Ditto. Pr. (?)

Both these glees possess considerable tasteful ease in the melody, and the parts are well matched, so as to produce a pleasing concordance of harmony. If we were compelled to make a choice, we would prefer the latter; the ideas, upon the whole, are more select than the former, although that too cannot fail to entertain the amateur. In "Soft, gentle Nymphs," the word *gentle* is musically mis-scanned, thus, *gēntī!*

"*Mutual Love,*" a *Ballad*, sung by Miss Bolton in "*Three Weeks after Marriage,*" written and composed by John Parry. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Concealed octaves, p. 1, l. 1. b. 3; otherwise the melody possesses neatness and pleasing expression, especially in the concluding phrase, "The more I strove," &c.

"*Go, tuneful Bird,*" a *Canzonet*, composed, and respectfully inscribed to Mr. Philipps, by a Pupil, the words by the late Alexander Pope. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Exerting our indulgence to some inproprieties of harmony, natural

enough in a tyro, we are favourably inclined towards the general cast of the melody; it is agreeable and tastefully embellished. The *motivo* must have been highly cherished by the inventor, for in nine lines it is repeated eight times.

Air by Louis van Beethoven, adapted by S. Ogle, the words taken from Milton's Lycidas, and inscribed by her to J. W. Windsor.
Pr. 3s.

This is Beethoven's *Adelaide*, a vocal jewel, for the adaptation of which to English mouths, Miss or Mrs. O. deserves the warmest thanks of amateurs. The words from *Lycidas*, although of quite different import from the German original, fall in smoothly. Of the music we shall say no more, than advise any musical pretender that should happen not to think it "pretty," to send his or her piano to the broker, and his or her musical library to the cheesemonger, with the exception perhaps of the "Meg of Wapping," and a few other equally superior and favourite productions.

Concerto da Camera for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for two Violins, Flute, Viola, and Violoncello, composed, and dedicated to Miss Jane Carnagie, by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 7s. 6d.

The above is the first number of a publication of Messrs. Chappell and Co. which cannot be otherwise than acceptable to amateurs of superior proficiency; to most of whom piano-forte concertos are useless, on account of the difficulty of mastering an orchestra sufficient for an effective execution.

The accompanying instruments to this concerto, are, as may be seen from the title, within the reach of

any amateur a little musically connected, and consequently the performance may be got up without much trouble; except that incumbent on the piano-forte-player, whose task, in the present case, is any thing but a sinecure. The numerous solo passages require first-rate abilities, or at least diligent previous practice. Then, and only then, their beautiful variety and novelty will burst in all their force upon an audience of cultivated taste. Although we had determined not to enter into any detail, we cannot dismiss this article without expressing our high sense of the charming subject of the slow movement, and the rich and select harmonies that support it. The rondo, both as to theme and elaboration, is replete with inventive originality. As an exuberant field for executive study, too, this publication claims our strongest commendation.

Le Bizarre, a Sonata for the Piano-Forte, interspersed with favourite Airs, composed and dedicated to Miss Gibson (of Ramsgate), by Samuel E. Webbe, jun. Pr. 4s.

The insertion of a variety of well known airs and dance-melodies, has probably been the cause of the title of this sonata, which it otherwise scarcely would have merited; for, instead of exhibiting any thing fantastical in its construction, we think the several movements display a high degree of sober neatness, well connected regularity, and skilful harmonic contrivance. As an instance, we will select *p. 4* of the allegro, where a good bass (*l. 2*), a fine preparation to the entrance into C (*l. 4*), and some subsequent excellent modulations, de-

serve our warmest praise. The little air of the andante, likewise, is extremely well treated, especially in the second part. In the rondo, where dance-themes are ushered in with no sparing hand, we find frequent traces of Mr. S.'s talents: a very clever page is that of p. 7; and the modulations, p. 10, are such as might be looked for from an author of Mr. S.'s science.

No. I. *Petite Recréation, containing a Hymn and Allemande for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to the Hon. Miss Mercer Elphinstone*, by L. Von Esch. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The entertainment we derived from this performance warrants, as far as our opinion goes, its title. An appropriate introduction leads to the hymn, in which pathetic expression and good harmony are combined with every desirable success. The allegretto ($\frac{3}{4}$) possesses novelty of turn in the subject, which approaches the character of a polacca. Its minor, p. 5, we deem highly original and clever; the short intervening lento (p. 6) acts as an interesting relief betwixt the more lightsome moods; and the termination partakes of the good taste which is discernible throughout the production.

A Grand Sonata for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Mr. Latour, by J. Woelfl. Op. 62. Pr. 5s.

Mr. Latour has reason to be proud to have dedicated to him such a work by such a master; the regret for whose loss the perusal of this publication has most keenly revived. What ideas! what originality of conception and harmony! what profundity of science,

discoverable at every step! It is by adepts only that the excellencies concentrated in this sonata can be rendered and relished, for the composition is altogether of the higher cast. Even the disposal of the movements possesses novelty. A presto in D minor forms the introduction, and is successively followed by an allegro in D major, an andante, with two variations in A major, a prestissimo in D major, and a fugue in D minor. The whole is completely in Mozart's best style; indeed, some passages, such as, for instance, the terminations of the first and second parts of the allegro, may very nearly be brought home to the German Orpheus, the tutor of our departed author.

La Chaumière Hongroise, ou les illustres Fugitifs, the much admired Hungarian Ballet, composed by Mr. Didelot, and performed at the King's Theatre, Haymarket; the Music composed, and arranged for the Piano-Forte, with Flute Accompaniment, ad lib. by F. Venua. Pr. 10s. 6d.

The music of this ballet is of that light and neat cast which characterises the generality of Mr. V.'s dramatic compositions. In several instances he has been very successful in expressing the action of the fable appropriately: the great number of movements exhibits a respectable share of fertile invention and pleasing variety; and their brevity, together with their executive facility, cannot miss the favour of the student. Unable to animadvert upon every one, we shall content ourselves with pointing out some which preferably engaged our attention:—No 6 interests by the variety of expression

infused into the movement. The "pas de deux," No. 10, has an original melody. The *pas de deux*, No. 13, is very, well marked, and decorated with some effective violin passages. No. 14, a polacca, seems to be the best of the whole. It contains a very attractive melody, some good basses (pp. 3 and 4), and several well devised passages.

A fantasia for the Harp, with accompaniment for Flute and Violoncello, composed, and dedicated to John Baptiste Cramer, by John Baptiste Mayer. Pr. 5s.

The *fantasia* of this sonata (E. b), good, is blended with composition, and (from a professional point of view) the declaration of its abilities, the character is most needless, the character of the instrument is rendered true by the production of brilliant passages. In the adagio we are again carried through a well lined melody, properly assisted by the lengthened sounds of the harp or violin. The last movement, for its theme the well-known German dance, "*Ach du lieber Moinmoin*," upon which Mr. Mayer has written eight variations, which, taken as a whole, claim our decided attention; although, individually, we must ex-

clude from our favour var. 3 and 4, on account of the grammatical transgressions observable in the very beginning of each: successive fifths in the former; and a very uncouth harmonic progression in the latter. Inadvertencies like these are the less to be passed over, when they proceed from those that know better.

Original Music, consisting of a Psalm, a Song, a Waltz, and Trio, arranged for the Piano-Forte, and a Duo for two Flutes, by A. Taylor, self-taught and only 14 years of age. Pr. 4s.

This olio of sacred and profane strains shews, that the youthful author has made considerable progress in his calling since his composition of "The Soldier's Dream" (see No. XL. of the *Repository*); but it points out no less the necessity of much further instruction in the principles of harmony, and (until the completion of such a course of study) the expediency of not attempting any other composition than what may serve for his private improvement. The psalm (quartet) is respectable; the song, especially towards the conclusion, agreeable; the waltz common-place; and the little flute duets neat and pleasing.

PLATE 24. HINDOO JUGGLERS NOW EXHIBTING IN PALL-MALL.

PERHAPS there is no country in the world where the spirit of curiosity novelty meets with such certain encouragement as in England: whatever be the profession, whether scientific, athletic, or craft, sure are all adventurers to prefer pitching their tent on British

ground. Scarcely was the arrival of these Indian artists announced, when the whole fashionable world were attracted to Pall-Mall, and the talk of the town was engrossed by the feats of these Eastern jugglers.

Among the extraordinary in-

stances of dexterity exhibited by these men, none appears more surprising than the rapidity with which they keep four brass balls in motion, delivering them from one hand to the other, the whole being in the air at the same time, with a velocity that eludes the vigilance of the eye. The steadiness with which the balancing is performed, is curious; and the power which they exhibit in threading beads with the tongue, excites the wonder of the spectators. Indeed, it is generally allowed by those who have witnessed the feats of these interesting strangers, that our own jugglers are far inferior in all their operations, whether with cups and balls, or other tricks of legerdemain.

These men were brought to England by Captain —, in the East India ship —; and it appears that a partnership exists between the parties. We have heard, that ten thousand pounds have been offered by a person who felt desirous of speculating upon their talents, for their services for a certain term. It is intended, after they have made their harvest in the metropolis, to exhibit in the cities and principal towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland. No doubt, the officer who brought them over, has already discovered, that his ship could not have been freighted with a more productive cargo. What faith is to be placed in the report we know not, but it is said, notwithstanding the astonishment excited here by the dexterity of these men, yet, in their own country, they were not considered to be skilful performers.

Mr. Forbes, who resided several years in our Indian settlements,

has, in his *Observations* lately published, mentioned the jugglers of those countries in the following terms:—

"I was frequently employed at the public wells, and other places," says he, "by the jugglers, who generally found their encampments of the trading merchants. There they spread out their carpets, and performed feats of legerdemain superior to any I have seen in England: the most common was generally one of the jugglers mentioned by Dr. Fry, who juggled nine gilded balls in play with his hands and feet and the fingers of her arms and legs, for some time together, without letting one fall. These people also were used to confirm another anecdote, which I could not have so soon described. This observer, who says, 'I saw a man who juggled a chain such as our jugglers use, and made it clink in his hands; but on pulling it out, it was so unpleasant to the ladies, that for diversion it was brought to a stop. He promised also to see a juggler cast up his tripe by his own stomach, and all, shewing it to the beholders; but he was refused. In his stead was brought another, who, by suction, drew out the lower belly, so that it was left to support itself to his loins, the margin being inserted into the thorax, and the muscles of the abdomen as marked out by the space between the linea alba, as by an accurate dissection could be made apparent; he moving it, like living columns, by turns.'"

PLATE 25.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

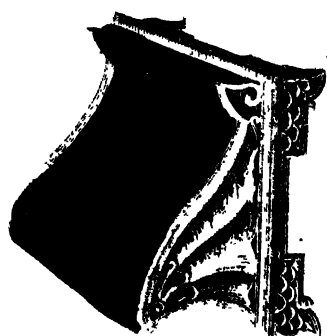
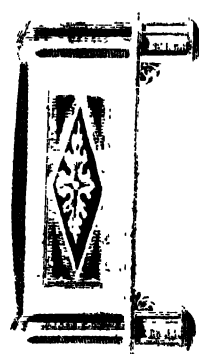
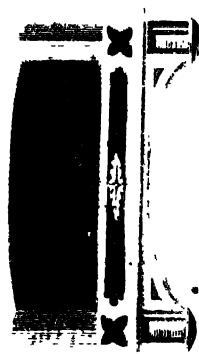
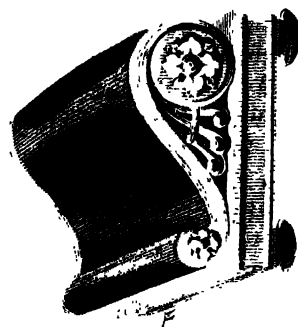
OF the various secondary trades and professions, few have availed themselves more of the specimens brought forward to improve our national taste, than the manufacturers of household furniture; notwithstanding it was stated a few years since, in a noted publication*, that there was not then to be found "one professional man at once possessed with sufficient intimacy with the stores of literature, to suggest ideas, and of sufficient practice in the art of drawing, to execute designs, that might be capable of ennobling, through means of their shape and their accessories, things so humble in their chief purpose and destination as *a table* and *a chair*, *a footstool* and *a screen*." —The young artist who might endeavour to remove that deficiency, was there also cautioned, not to confine his exertions to a servile copying of what has been done, nor continue in that track, which could only make him move, as heretofore, in an eternal round of undeviating sameness; but to ascend to those higher, those more copious sources of elegance, those productions of Nature herself, animate and inanimate, which contain the first elements and the first models of all the perfections of art; not omitting those monuments of antiquity in which the forms of nature are most happily adapted, and which, when united, can alone offer an inexhaustible store of ever varied and ever novel beauties.

But how, we will ask, is so great

* *Hope's Designs for Household Furniture*, p. 7.

a change in household furniture to be effected? Can we expect the artisans and manufacturers to alter their present mode of education, and ascend to the study of those higher and more copious sources of elegance? or are our artists and architects to descend, in making it their business to point out and correct the designs suitable for carpets, or the manner of making up window-curtains, articles which will be ever used and adopted in these more northern climates?—When that takes place, then alone can we expect to find our furniture in unison with our mansions, and the whole in a style truly classical. But in this we beg leave to be understood, as making general observations only, justified and founded on the knowledge of many bright exceptions in both departments.

It has been justly remarked, that of all the various articles in household furniture, there is not one that has been so neglected, and carried with it that sameness through all the different changes and recent styles of fashion, as the footstool; and yet none that has been in more fashionable request, or in more general use. The Grecian footstool, an engraving of which we herewith present to our readers, was first executed from a design furnished by Mr. Gregson, whose scientific abilities we have already had occasion to notice. This article possesses advantages that are not immediately seen on the first inspection, independent of the chasteness of design: the angle of



inclination given to the surface, receives the foot in its natural and most easy position; while the smaller part of the scroll serves as a stay for the heel, and prevents the whole from being propelled forward; and in reversing the situation of the stool, by having the smaller scroll from you, it answers the purpose of a jambier, or what is commonly called a *comfort and ease*. They have been finished, for drawing-rooms, in rose-wood, with or-molu ornaments, and carved and gilt trusses and feet; also in bronze and gold, and in mat and burnished gold, covered with plain and painted velvets. The Chinese and Gothic are designs after the same plan.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

ONE short month has dispelled all the clouds which so recently had obscured the view of the political horizon in the North of Europe. The struggle for liberty is resumed; her banners are joined by AUSTRIA, and myriads have already nobly bled in the first efforts to crush the tyrant of the universe. The events of but one week, which we have now the pleasing task of narrating, are far too momentous and multifarious to be satisfactorily compressed within the few pages allotted to us; an imperfect outline is all we can aspire to.

Austria, sincerely desirous of the peace of the world upon honourable and secure foundations, had induced the belligerents to agree to the armistice—to prolong it to the 10th of August—and to send plenipotentiaries to the congress at Prague. Those of the allies arrived at the appointed time; that of France delayed his appearance till the 28th of July, although it had been settled, that the negotiations should not be protracted beyond the 10th of August, unless they afforded a confident hope of amicable termination.—Caulincourt began his operations

by insisting on a further prolongation of the armistice. This proposal was instantly rejected; and Austria, in the character of mediator, at once demanded of the different powers the bases upon which they were willing to treat. Russia and Prussia delivered their united bases. Bonaparte, declining to give any, desired to hear the terms of Austria. These, as has been credibly stated, were, the evacuation of the Prussian fortresses by the French; the removal of the French troops to the Rhine; the dissolution of the Rhenish Confederation; the abolition of the duchy of Warsaw; the integrity and independence of the Prussian monarchy; and some other corresponding demands of minor importance. These proposals were accompanied with the positive demand of an answer before the 10th of August. No reply being returned, the armistice was denounced on the 10th, and Austria declared war against France on the 11th August. Hostilities were to begin, and did begin, on the 17th August.

Before we enter upon the commencement of this great and, we hope, final struggle for independ-

ence, a brief muster of the forces on both sides is necessary. Their aggregate amount falls probably little short of ONE MILLION of *regulars*, a number unknown to history !

The Crown Prince of Sweden, commanding an army of 100,000, was stationed near Berlin : his Swedes forming the center ; the Prussian corps of Generals Bulow and Tauenzien, the left wing ; the Russian corps of Generals Winzingerode and Woronzoff, the right. Connected with the latter, was the Prussian corps of General Hirschfeld, stationed in observation of Magdeburg ; and further, on the extreme right, stood a corps of Swedes, Prussians, Mecklenburghers, and Hanseats, under Generals Walmoden, Vege sack, and Tettenborn, opposed to Davoust on the lower Elbe, and covering the Crown Prince's flank, as well as his communication with Stralsund.

General Blucher, commanding a Russo-Prussian force of about 100,000 men, occupied the vicinity of Jauer, in Silesia. With him served Generals York, Sacken, and Langeron.

But the grand army of the allies, consisting of about 180,000 men, Russians, Prussians, and Austrians, was formed on the north-western frontier of Bohemia, in the mountains of the Ertzgebirg, and respectively commanded by the Generals Barclay de Tolly, Wittgenstein, Miloradovitch (Russian), Kleist (Prussian), and Prince Schwartzenberg (Austrian).

The fronts of all these three armies were equally directed towards one point, Dresden ; a Russian army of reserve, under General

Bennigsen, was approaching from the Vistula ; and separate corps blockaded Glogau, Custrin, Stettin, and Dantzic.

Besides these three great armies, a further Austrian army of reserve was collecting under General Klenau, in Bohemia ; another stationed on the Ems, to cover the Austro-Bavarian frontier, under Prince Reuss ; and for the defence of the southern frontier of Austria, if not for offensive operations, General Hiller commanded an army on the Drave, in Styria.

The French army of Germany appears to consist of fourteen corps (probably near 400,000 men), and on the 17th August was placed as follows :—Four corps (3d, 5th, 11th, and 6th), under Generals Ney, Lauriston, Macdonald, and Marmont, were stationed in Silesia.—Three corps, under Oudinot, Arighi, Regnier, and Bertrand, occupied the vicinity of Baruth and Luckenwalde, menacing Berlin ; while another corps, under General Girard, was prepared to act in their support from Magdeburg. Davoust, commanding one French corps and the Danes, was near Hamburg. Vandamme's corps (1st), which had been detached from Davoust's force, had arrived in Dresden ; and the 14th corps, under St. Cyr, was posted in its vicinity, near Pirna and the neighbouring frontiers of Saxony, left of the Elbe. The 8th corps, under Poniatowsky, and the 2d, under Victor, stationed at Zittau, in Lusatia, observed the Bohemian frontier right of the Elbe, and kept up the communication with the French Silesian army.

An army of reserve, of French

and Germans, assembled in Franconia, under Augereau, observed the western frontier of Bohemia; a Bavarian army, under Gen. Wrede, stationed at Braunau, guarded the Bavarian frontier against Austria; and an army of Italians, under Beaularnois, was assembled in Illyria, to oppose General Hiller.

In proceeding to the active operations of this immense mass of military array, we must premise, that, with the exception of those of the Crown Prince, almost all our information is as yet only derived from French accounts.

Bonaparte opened the campaign on the 19th August, by possessing himself of the mountain passes of Bohemia to Lusatia, penetrating into the former kingdom as far as Gabel and Rumburg. At the same time Blucher appears to have moved forward, and pressed on the French force on the Bober, in Silesia. As soon as Bonaparte heard that the line of the Bober had been insulted, he hastened thither with succours. On the 21st he arrived at Lowenburgh, and, to trust his own account, his arrival restored the French affairs, and even enabled him to pass the Bober, and force Blucher to retreat. While pursuing this advantage, Napoleon received the intelligence, that the

and army of the allies had forced the positions of St. Cyr, had entered Saxony on the left of the Elbe, and was rapidly marching upon Dresden. Not a moment was to be lost. Taking, therefore, back with him the whole of the imperial guard (which he marched 10 leagues in four days), he had the good fortune to reach Dresden on the 26th,

at nine in the morning. Seven or eight hours later, and probably Dresden, the center and pivot of his operations, was snatched from him, and the campaign lost. At three in the afternoon, the allied army descended from the surrounding heights in six columns of attack, each preceded by 50 pieces of artillery, and assailed furiously, and on all sides, the redoubts which protected the city. The French accounts inform us, that they were repulsed at all points, with the loss of an immense number of killed and wounded, and 2000 prisoners, and that they retreated into their previous positions.

Determined to rid himself of the dangerous presence of so near a neighbour, Bonaparte, in spite of torrents of rain, sallied out of Dresden on the morning of the next day (27th), with his whole army. Perceiving that the allied line had extended itself to a great length leftward, and that its left wing, chiefly consisting of Austrians, stood thereby separated from the center by the intersection of the valley of Plauen, he tells us, that while the center was kept occupied by manoeuvring, he caused Murat (who has again been called into the field from Naples) to fall upon his enemy's left, which in consequence was entirely broken and scattered, and one half of them (25 to 30,000 men) made prisoners. Bonaparte states the whole loss of the enemy at 60,000 men, 60 cannon, and 40 pair of colours; he also affirms, that General Moreau (who, with the rank of Russian major-general, acts as chief of the staff of the allied army,) was mortally wounded, having lost both his legs shot off.

The center of the allies, it appears, remained firm in its position, yet their whole army is stated to have decided on retreating at two o'clock on that day. This resolution may partly be attributed to the failure of the attack on Dresden, but we think its principal cause was the movement of General Vandamme, who, with 70 battalions, is stated to have marched from behind upon the line of the communication of the allies, and to have intersected the great road of Peterswalde. The success, however, of this bold intersecting manœuvre, we have the good fortune to know pretty exactly by a subsequent bulletin of Bonaparte's, something in the mournful style of his Berezyna bulletin. General Vandamme, in his eagerness "to close the road to the enemy, and to take all," got himself into a mousetrap. When arrived at Kulm, in Bohemia, on the 29th, he found himself completely insulated from the French army in Saxony, and vigorously assailed by several Austrian and Russian divisions. While making head against these, General Kleist, arriving, *mal-à-propos*, by the *intersected* road from Peterswalde, appeared on the mountain in the rear of Vandamme. The latter now turned from his Austro-Russian opponents in front, upon the Prussians, whom "he overthrew so completely, as to make the soldiers throw away their arms, and precipitate themselves into the ditches and woods, killing General Kleist himself!!" After this signal success, however, we find, in the same bulletin, that Vandamme did anything but rejoin his master. Bonaparte is obliged to admit that Vandamme disappeared, that all his

cannon (30 pieces) and all his baggage were taken, that his loss *may* amount to 6000 men, and that two or three generals, *profiting* by the moment, got with part of the corps into Saxony. If we are at all conversant with Bonaparte's language, this confession looks like the destruction of the greatest part of one entire and very great French corps.

To trust the French accounts, which extend to a few days later, no active operations took place *in this quarter*, on either side, for at least a week subsequently to this severe blow inflicted on Bonaparte's army, almost under his eyes, at least within his hearing.

In Silesia, the sudden recall of Bonaparte, or rather the drafts made by him from his army on the Bober, to face the more imminent danger at Dresden, were instantly taken advantage of by the gallant Blücher. He marched forward with the intention of attacking Macdonald; on the 26th of August his dispositions to that effect were already made, when intelligence arrived of the enemy's columns advancing upon him across the Katzbach. Blücher's plan was forthwith changed; his principal force concealed behind some hills, and the advanced guard merely put forward as if acting on the defensive. The snare took, the enemy rushing on with his usual violence, found himself suddenly in the midst of the allied army, and compelled to battle on all sides. The contest, although severe, was never doubtful; Macdonald's army, completely defeated, sought safety in flight. His loss, from the want of official details, it is not in our power to record precisely; but 50 or 60 pieces

of cannon all accounts agree in stating to have been taken by the allies in the battle of the Katzbach. Beyond this period we likewise remain ignorant of Blücher's operations. That they have continued successful, however, we learn from a loose hint in the French intelligence, which states that MacDonald has taken a strong position on the Neisse, a river in Lusatia, about sixty miles in the rear of his former station on the Katzbach.

Of the Swedish Crown Prince's operations up to the end of August, a regular series of his bulletins gives a clear, and, at the same time, a most flattering detail. The plan of the enemy against Berlin, already suspected from the reports of spies, was confirmed and laid open to his Royal Highness by the defection and arrival of the French General Jomini (chief of the staff to Ney). The allied army, in consequence, was immediately concentrated between Spandau and Potsdam, and marched forward on the 21st August. On the 23d it was attacked by the enemy, 80,000 strong, under Oudinot, at the village of Gross Beren (south of Potsdam). The contest, although severe, was not long doubtful. Oudinot was beaten at all points, lost 26 pieces of cannon, 30 caissons, much baggage, and 1500 prisoners, and was pursued beyond Trebbin, and greatly harassed in his rear. By this success the corps of Girard, which manœuvred upon Berlin from Magdeburg, was not only prevented from combining its operation with the army of Oudinot, but separately attacked on the 27th, by Generals Hirschfeld and Czernischew, at Belzig, and completely

routed, with the loss of about 3500 prisoners, including nearly 180 officers, eight pieces of cannon, and almost all its baggage. Girard himself was either killed or severely wounded, and there were great hopes of cutting off the remains of his troops. These two successful affairs enabled the Crown Prince to press still more closely upon Oudinot's retreat, which was continued with haste and confusion towards Wittenberg. On the 28th the town of Luckau surrendered to General Tauenzien, with its garrison of 1000 men and nine cannon; and on the 30th of August we find the advance of this allied army between Jüterbock and Zinna, at about six leagues from Wittenberg.

On the lower Elbe, hostilities commenced with the day of the cessation of the armistice. Davoust's corps, including the Danes (whose government has now formally declared war against Sweden), on the 18th of August forced the defensive position General Walmoden's advance had taken near Lauenburg; and on the 21st attacked in force the general's main body near Cammin, without deriving any important advantage. Davoust afterwards moved to the left, and suddenly marched upon Schwerin, where he has taken a strong position, and from whence a detachment has possessed itself of Wismar. As the distance from the latter town to Stralsund is only ninety miles, apprehensions might be entertained for the safety of the Crown Prince's communication with that seaport in Pomerania, were it not that General Walmoden is stated to observe closely the movements of Davoust, and

that the latter does not appear in sufficient strength to venture so far from the Elbe. If Walmoden receives reinforcements, the situation of Davoust may be rendered very critical.

On the Illyrian frontier of Austria, hostilities have likewise commenced along the river Drave, in the vicinity of Villach. The French accounts assign some advantages to Beaubernois' army over General Hiller's advanced guard under General Nugent, in the latter days of August; but even, by their own account, the affairs appear too trifling to encroach upon our limited room.

We have thus endeavoured to give a very superficial sketch of the important events which have signalized the opening of this campaign in Germany; and, judging without the least bias, it appears that the balance of success has thus far been decidedly and greatly in favour of the allies. The attack on Dresden certainly failed, and our regret at the missing of a blow which, if successful, would have proved utterly destructive to Bonaparte, is accompanied by sensations of admiration at the daring project. The short distance to which the grand army retired, their subsequent success over Vandamme, combined with the victories of the Brandenburg and Silesian armies, render Bonaparte's present position very precarious, and the success of a second attack far more probable. We therefore look with confidence to his being compelled to abandon the line of the upper Elbe, pressed and threatened as he stands from all sides. While

thus our hopes are most sanguine, we should, on the other hand, not despair of ultimate success, were even Bonaparte fortunate enough, by one or more victories, to stem for a while the torrent of outraged patriotism which menaces his existence. The struggle would only be of longer duration: his resources for replenishing his ranks are now greatly inferior to those of the allies, whose subjects, instead of being dragged by conscription, flock willingly to the banners of liberty. Nay, so widely have matters changed in a few short years, that sovereigns are now forced into the contest by their indignant subjects at the peril of their crowns. The Antigallican enthusiasm which now animates nearly the whole Continent, is not dissimilar to the Gallican mania for liberty; long defunct, it is true, but sorely felt by the calamities it has spread over Europe. The film which blinded the intellects of nations and their rulers, is burst asunder; both now see clearly the only course which can lead to their salvation.—“Napoleon,” says the recent proclamation of the Swedish Crown Prince, “cannot live in peace with Europe, unless Europe be his slave: to arms then we must have recourse, to conquer repose and independence.”—“The hydra of revolution,” says another recent manifesto of the Emperor of Russia, “was engendered in blood, was nurtured in blood, and must be crushed by blood!”—This great revolution in opinion, the offspring of Britain's *single-handed* and uninterrupted resistance to the devouring ambition of the imperial Jacobin, is what we build our greatest hopes on for the

emancipation of the world. Animating, as it does, every limb of the colossal coalition of England, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Sweden, Prussia, and Austria, can we reasonably doubt of success, when the latter power *alone*, and with Russia assailing her rear, would have crushed Bonaparte by the battle of Aspern, had she known how to avail herself of the fruits of her valour?

SPAIN.

After the series of desperate conflicts which took place along the western Pyrennees in the last week of July, the two hostile armies, as if momentarily exhausted by the exertion, remained for almost a month in their respective previous positions. The interval was employed, on the part of the enemy, in fortifying a position on the French frontier, extending from the neighbourhood of Vera to St. Jean de Luz; while, on the part of the British, strenuous exertions were made for resuming the siege of St. Sebastian. On the 26th of August, only, the batteries recommenced their fire; and, as an accessory measure, the island of Santa Clara, on the back of the castle of St. Sebastian, was attacked and carried the same day. On the 30th several apparently practicable breaches were effected, and the next day, at eleven o'clock A.M. the storming columns moved out of the trenches to the assault. They were not only exposed to a destructive fire of shells and grape, but the explosion of an enemy's mine caused further and great loss. When arrived at the principal breach, its external appearance was soon proved to have been very

fallacious. The only accessible part admitted our troops by but single files, and, if gained, a scarp, of 20 feet perpendicular height, was to be descended, to arrive at the level of the town; and this under a shower of musketry and grape, on both flanks and from the enemy's defences in front. One whole hour was spent in vain, to effect a lodgment on the breach; every effort of many successive assaults was almost certain death, "no man outlived the attempt to gain the ridge."

In this desperate state of the attack, Sir Thomas Graham, who commanded the siege, resorted to a bold measure, the success of which does great honour to the skill of our artillery. The batteries were directed to resume their fire, with this difference, that, by a level triflingly higher, the balls passed a few feet above the heads of the assailants, and drove their opponents from the defences whence they had so much galled our men. This admirable manœuvre was executed with a precision of practice beyond example. Meanwhile a Portuguese column stormed a smaller breach near the great one; another detachment occupied the right of the great breach; and, after some further efforts, the assailants succeeded in forcing their way into the town; but it was not before two o'clock P.M. that the enemy was completely driven from all the complication of defences prepared in the streets, and chased into the castle, leaving the British in possession of the town and of 670 prisoners. Our loss in this desperate undertaking was as follows:

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.	
	Offic.	Men.	Offic.	Men.	Offic.	Men.
British	67	535	70	1033	1	40
Portuguese	8	181	35	559	0	4

716 105 1592

Total *hors de combat*, 181 officers and 2352 men.

The castle is credibly, although not yet officially, stated to have, on the 9th September, surrendered its garrison of 1800 men as prisoners of war.

Since the recommencement of the siege of St. Sebastian, Soult had concentrated the greater part of his force to Urogna; his movements indicated an intention of making another attempt to relieve the place; and Lord Wellington prepared for his reception, by stationing the 4th Spanish army, under General Freire (supported on each flank by a British division in reserve), on the heights of St. Marcial, in front of the left bank of the Bidassoa; and the 7th British division, under Major-General Inglis, in front of Lezaca. The French army actually crossed the Bidassoa on the morning of the 31st, and, at the very moment that St. Sebastian was stormed, furiously attacked the Spanish line at all points; but the gallantry of our Peninsular allies, "equal on this occasion to that of any troops Lord Wellington ever saw engaged," repelled every attempt of Soult, not only in the morning, but again in the afternoon, when the assault was repeated with increased obstinacy, so that the two British divisions and their brethren in arms.—the Bidassoa, another column moved at the same

time upon the position of General Inglis, forced him from it, and obliged him to retire through Lezaca, in order to take a more tenable position, in the rear of that place, at St. Antonia. Here our troops made head successfully against every effort to dislodge them, without needing the reinforcements called to their support. The enemy, finding his exertions in this quarter unavailing, and probably informed of the failure of the attack on St. Marcial, retraced his steps to the Bidassoa: but that river having swollen by a storm of rain, the rear of their column, prevented from crossing in the line of their retreat, marched to Vera, across the bridge at which place, they, at dawn of day on the 1st September, cut their way through Major-General Skerrett's brigade, whose fire, although unable to arrest them, caused them great loss. This battle of the Bidassoa cost the allies as follows:—

	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.	
	Offic.	Men.	Offic.	Men.	Offic.	Men.
British	5	46	25	309	0	32
Portuguese	6	82	22	364	0	53
Spanish	18	243	82	1205	5	66
	29	371	129	1938		151

Total *hors de combat*, 163 officers and 2460 men.

From the east of the Peninsula, our accounts extend to the 19th of August. Suchet continued his retreat towards the French frontier across the Ebro, leaving strong garrisons in Tortosa and Tarragona; and the allied army, under Lord Wm. Bentinck, following his steps. On the 1st of August his lordship arrived before Tarragona, where, on the 3d, he was joined by the

Duke del Parque's corps. Had the division of General Sarsfield arrived at the same time, instead of the 11th, as it did, his lordship had proposed to follow Suchet as far as the Llobregat, and to attack the latter's advance at Villafranca. But without that succour, the British general did not think it prudent to go beyond the river Gaya, where he took a position with the greater part of his army, while the remainder began to prepare for the siege of Tarragona, two leagues behind. Meanwhile, however, Suchet collected his army, joined to it 6000 men from Decaen's corps, and advanced against the allies. Lord Bentinck, not deeming the position on the Gaya defensible, retired to Cambrills on the 16th, leaving Tarragona free to the approach of the enemy, who, it appears, arrived the next day, withdrew the garrison, blew up all the fortifications, and on the 18th returned to the place from which he had come. Suchet's army is now again posted near Barcelona, having suffered, as it is stated, great diminution by drafts for that of Soult, who, in his turn, has contributed a good portion of his cavalry for Bonaparte's necessities on the Elbe. To supply these chasms, a new levy of 30,000 men for Spain, has been directed by an imperial decree of 3d September.

Saragossa, or rather its fort, surrendered to Mina a garrison of 500 men and 47 cannon (30th July).—Thus, with the exception of a portion of Catalonia, of the extent of an English county, the whole of the Peninsula has been reconquer-

ed by Spanish perseverance and British valour from the grasp of its usurper. The services of Lord Wellington have been rewarded, on the part of Spain, by the grant of an estate in Granada, called *Soto di Roma*.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

As late as the 30th of July the plague had been on the increase in Malta, the deaths in La Valette averaging 50 per day. The country too had partaken of the pestilential infection, and one British regiment had slightly felt its effects.

Our Gazettes are filled with a variety of gallant achievements by our enterprising naval officers against different hostile ports in the Mediterranean. Of these the most conspicuous is, Admiral Freeman's attack on Fiume, the road of which he entered on the 3d July. Our troops, being forthwith landed, took the town, demolished the batteries, carried on board all the cannon, a quantity of military stores in depôt, and of confiscated sugar and coffee, gutted the port of its vessels, and sailed away unmolested.

From America we have no interesting news to communicate. The enemy's footing in Canada is now reduced to fort St. George, where his men are circumscribed by our gallant troops within the tenure of a few leagues of British territory.

Lord Aberdeen, whom we mentioned as having set out from England in the capacity of plenipotentiary to the intended congress at Prague, has officially been announced and appointed British ambassador to the court of Vienna.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 26.—MORNING DRESS.

A PLAIN cambric under-dress; a three-quartered muslin or Chinese silk robe worn over it, trimmed round the bottom and up the front with Indian border or needle-work, and finished with a deep flounce of lace. A convent hood and pelerine of white net lace, confined under the chin with a silk cord and tassel. Hair in irregular curls, ornamented with a fancy flower in front. A short rosary and cross of the coquilla bead; bracelets of the same. Slippers of buff or lemon-coloured kid. Gloves a pale tan colour.

PLATE 27.—EVENING DRESS.

A pea-green crape frock, worn over a white gossamer satin slip, with short sleeves of white lace, and waist biased with lace beading; a deep flounce of lace round the feet, headed with silver netting, the bottom of the sleeves and back finished to correspond. Hair in curls and ringlets, confined on the crown of the head, and intermixed with autumnal flowers. Ear-rings and other ornaments of pearl. Gloves of white French kid; and slippers of pea-green satin, trimmed with silver.

MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of August to the 15th of September, 1813.

Acute diseases.—Fever, 2...Sore-throat, 2...Acute rheumatism, 3...Measles, 1...Catarrh, 4...Gout, 1...Cholera, 2...Acute diseases of infants, 4.

Chronic diseases.—Asthenia, 10...Cephalalgia, 3...Vertigo, 1...Cough and dyspnoea, 5...Pleurodynia, 3...Chronic rheumatism, 4...Cardialgia, 1...Gastrodynia, 3...Diarrhoea, 6...Hæmorrhage, 2...Cutaneous affections, 3...Female complaints, 4.

The season continues to be propitious to health: yet, in a large and populous city, cases of consequence daily occur, upon which weather has little influence. This, perhaps, the only report since the commencement of the series,

in which no instance of pulmonary consumption has occurred. Some cases of that fatal and unceasing destroyer of the human race, have threatened indeed, but, by using early and active means, the disease has been averted, at least for a time. The division of this complaint into two stages is undoubtedly correct, and may be useful; but in many instances error has been committed by reducing the patient in the first, or what may properly be called the inflammatory stage, too low. We may succeed in subduing a symptom; we may, by bleeding, overcome a stitch in the side, or relieve the cough and sense of tightness in the chest: but there is great danger in carrying this practice too far. The plan of treatment pursued by many practitioners in the





commencement of consumption, is calculated to reduce the strength of the patient, to render him more susceptible of injury from cold, and less able to struggle with a formidable disease. Although it may be proper to follow the antiphlogistic plan to a certain extent, it should never be forgotten, that persons disposed to consumption are exceedingly delicate and unable to bear extremes. From considerable experience, I am convinced, that, by a more tonic plan, and accustoming the patient gradually to endure more cold than is the case at present, with such gentle and agreeable exercise, particularly on horseback, or in a boat, as the case will admit of, many amiable and valuable lives might be saved. In the last purulent stage, I have nothing but palliatives to propose: where the lungs are ulcerated nothing can be effectual; and those cases said to be cured,

are either falsely stated, or the disease one which I, amongst many of my brethren, once regarded as true consumption; but which, in fact, may exist without the lungs being diseased, although the symptoms are very similar. The disease I allude to is a chronic affection of the membrane lining the bronchiæ and air-cells, from which a quantity of mucus and purulent matter is discharged: the patient is gradually reduced in strength; the cough is exceeding distressing, and pain considerable; in short, it requires considerable discrimination to distinguish the complaint from consumption. But, though the disease is sometimes fatal, the prognostics are more favourable than in consumption; and the persons whom it chiefly attacks, in general, are approaching to, or have passed, the middle period of life, though no age is exempt.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE exertion of the farmers, aided by the fine weather of last month, has secured one of the most productive harvests within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Britain's autumnal stores were never more abundant, and the grateful heart never had more cause to return thanks for the bounty which has been so liberally bestowed. It is evident, from the extended cultivation of the waste lands, and the appearance of the country, as well as from the provincial reports, that this island never contained so large a portion of human food.

The wheat crop has proved hea-

vy in hand, free from smut and mildew, and the corn large and of the finest quality, except in a few situations where the straw was thrown down. The produce is more than an average crop.

Barley is of the finest quality, both in corn and straw, from the crop being a full hovering one, by which it is much more productive than when it is laid and hedge-grown; producing more than an average crop.

Oats are equally abundant, and the quality fine.

Beans, peas, and the whole of the leguminous species are well

K k

harvested in the southern counties, and from the number and perfection of the kids, promise to be very productive.

Turnips, cabbages, cole, and the whole of the brassica tribe, are a

large crop, free from slug and mildew.

Hops are ready for the basket, and more productive than was expected at one time of the season.

ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

No. 1 and 2 is an olive chintz for furniture, designed by Mr. Allen expressly for her Grace the Duchess of Bedford, and is to ornament several of the rooms in the cottage now building in Devonshire. The linings best adapted to this lively and elegant article, are, blue, pea-green, and rose colour, with variegated fringes to correspond. We offer this pattern as a sample of those numerous and beautiful articles for furniture, which are exhibited at the splendid gallery of Mr. Allen, of Pall-Mall; where purchasers may meet with the most fashionable variety, and at the most reasonable prices.

No. 3 is a new Manchester manufacture for gentlemen's waistcoats. The lively contrast of the stripe and ground, will sufficiently recommend this article for autumnal wear. It is sold by Kestevens and Co. York-street, Covent-Garden.

No. 4 is a rich lilac-shot figured sarsnet, calculated for spencers, pelisses, mantles, and bodices. It admits trimmings of silk of the same shade, thread lace, white net, and white beads; which judgment and taste will appropriate to the article, composed so as to produce a becoming and consistent effect. It is sold by Mr. King, silk-mercier, Pall-Mall.

Poetry.

ADDRESS TO THE ALLIED ARMY IN GERMANY.

How blest, O warriors, is your patriot task!

No higher boon of Heaven could virtue ask.

'Tis your's to give a gasping world again
Her long-lost freedom, break oppression's chain:

'Tis your's to stop the tyrant's bloody hand,

And banish'd peace restore to every land;

The tender joys of social life to guard,
Give guilt its fate, and worth its right reward;

To bid the mourning mother dry her tear,
And tell the just to cease their every fear.
"Commerce is free," to Europe loud proclaim,

And grateful Europe e'er shall bless your name.

The glorious view might warm the coldest heart,

And fire the softest soul to act a hero's part.

F. C. S.

No. LVIII. Oct. 1813.

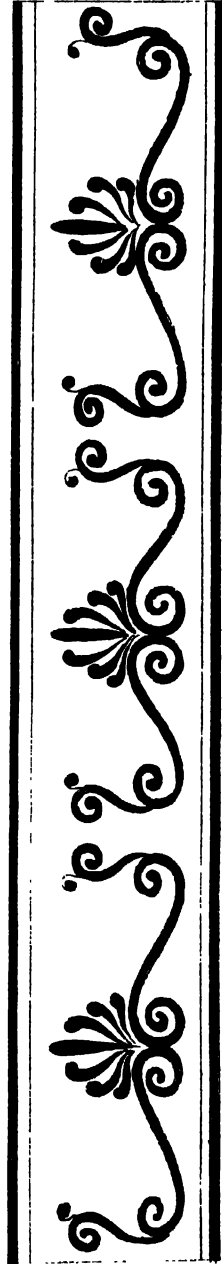


The Repository

Of Arts, Literature, Commerce, Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics.

MANUFACTURERS, Factors, and Dealers in Fancy Goods, that come within the scope of this Plan, are requested to send Patterns of such new Articles, as they come out; and if the requisites of Novelty, Fashion, and Elegance, are united, the quantity necessary for this Magazine will be ordered.

R. Ackermann, 101, Strand, London.



LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Aug. 30 to Sep. 4.

TOTAL, 7,055 quarters.—Average, 89s. 7½d per quarter, 4s. 11½d. per quarter lower than last return.

Return of Flour from Sept. 4 to 10.

TOTAL, 14,335 sacks.—Average, 89s. 1d. per sack, 0 4½d. per sack lower than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Sept. 11.

	s	d	Barley	s	d	Beans	s	d
heat	100	2	53	1	70	1		
e	57	11	36	8	64	11		
			Oats		Pease			

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	Tares, per bushel	s.	s.
heat white, per quarter	65	106	—	11	13
—red	60	100	—	12	15
—foreign	60	84	—	—	—
rye, English	40	40	—	20	25
alt	35	50	—	14	17
its Feed	16	27	—	100	115
—Friesland	30	39	—	56	63
—Poland	32	43	—	75	110
—Potatoe	56	60	—	—	—
—Horse	70	85	—	90	120
—Boiling	56	60	—	50	140
—Grey	90	—	—	—	—
—Scots	70	80	—	70	85
—Scotch	65	75	—	34	38

American Flour — s — per barrel of 19 lbs.
Rapeseed, per last — — £12 a £46 a £50.
Oil Cakes, per thousand, £16. 10s. to £20 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s	s	COFFEE, Bonded.	s	d
Muscovade, fine	95	a	100	—	—
—good	91	a	94	—	—
—ordinary	88	a	90	—	—
East India, white	—	a	—	—	—
—yellow	—	a	—	—	—
—brown	—	a	—	—	—

MOULASSES 48s. od. a cwt. od.

REFINED SUGAR.

	s	s	Jamaica.	s	d
Double Loaves	138	a	160	—	—
Hambro' ditto	132	a	136	—	—
Powder ditto	132	a	136	—	—
Single ditto	130	a	136	—	—
Canary Lumps	129	a	132	—	—
Large ditto	126	a	132	—	—
Bastard, whole	92	a	94	—	—
—faces	97	a	94	—	—
—middles	94	a	94	—	—
—tips	90	a	94	—	—

COCOA, Bonded.

	s	s	Trinidad and	s	d
Plantation	65	a	60	—	—
Spices and PEPPER, per lb.	15	0	24	—	—
Nutmegs	15	0	24	—	—
Cloves	10	0	10	—	—
Cinnamon	10	0	11	—	—
Mace	30	0	42	—	—
Pepp, white	5	3	3	—	—
—black	5	3	3	—	—
Pimento	2	0	2	—	—

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 57s 5½d.

Sugars were very brisk at the beginning of this month, and then we have had less done, and the prices have gone back about 1s. per cwt. Refined goods continue scarce, and prices steady

GINGER.

	s.	s.	Jamaica, white	s.	d
Barbadoes, ditto	82	a	200	—	—
—black	75	a	30	—	—
—Ceylon	70	a	75	—	—

RICE, Bonded.

RICE, Bonded.					
Carolina	-	24 a	26	Pepp, white	5 3 a
Brazil	-	20 a	28	— black	3 5 a
	-	20 a	28	Pimento	3 0 a
Average price of Raw Sugar, evaluation of duty					

Sugars were very brisk at the beginning of this month, and then we have had less done, and the prices have gone back about 1s. per cwt. Refined goods continue scarce, and prices steady

HOPS in the Borough.

	£	s	£	s	£
Bags	—	5	5	7	10
Kent	—	5	5	7	10
Sussex	—	5	0	7	10
Essex	—	0	0	0	0

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	s	s	Wheat.	s	s	Barley.	s	s	Oats.	s	s	Beans.	s	s	Peas.	s	s
Newcastle	11	—	56a	108	36	a	42	28	a	32	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Northampton	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cantbury	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Lewes	18	—	90a	98	50	a	53	34	a	40	36	a	60	—	—	—	—
Chesterfield	11	—	90a	112	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ashborne	11	—	110a	108	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Guildford	18	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Gainsboro'	14	—	90a	95	50	a	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Louth	15	—	80a	84	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Huntingdon	11	—	80a	90	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Newark	17	—	95a	105	32	a	56	26	a	32	50	a	66	—	—	—	—
Spishby	13	—	84a	100	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Rygate	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Devizes	16	—	98a	111	42	a	50	32	a	43	70	a	88	—	—	—	—
Reading	18	—	73a	107	51	a	52	37	a	44	30	a	70	65	a	66	—
Swansea	15	—	120a	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Henley	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Maidenhead	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Salisbury	14	—	90a	100	48	a	53	30	a	40	64	a	84	—	—	—	—
Peurth	14	—	101a	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Hull	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Basingstoke	15	—	94a	104	48	a	53	30	a	40	68	a	76	—	—	—	—
Wakefield	17	—	60a	90	30	a	50	32	a	38	70	a	78	—	—	—	—
Andover	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Warminster	18	—	99a	110	46	a	56	35	a	40	64	a	82	—	—	—	—

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d	s	d	s	d	s	d	s	d
Blaudy, Eng.	8	9	a	9	6	—	—	—	—	—
—Spanish	5	0	a	5	2	—	—	—	—	—
Holland's Gin	8	0	a	8	6	—	—	—	—	—
Run, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9	—	—	—	—	—
—Lew. Isl.	3	8	a	4	6	—	—	—	—	—
Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	0	0	—	—	—	—	—

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR AUGUST, 1813.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1813.	Wind	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain
		Bar.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
AUG										
1	S W 1	30.12	30.00	30.060	75.0°	62.0°	68.50°	cloudy	.120	
2	S W 1	30.06	29.85	29.955	75.0	62.0	68.50	rainy	.085	—
3	S 2	29.85	29.00	29.725	75.0	57.0	66.00	cloudy	.130	—
4	S W 2	29.75	29.00	29.675	67.0	54.0	60.50	cloudy	.058	.175
5	W 2	29.60	29.30	29.450	67.0	54.0	60.50	rainy	.062	.095
6	W 2	29.80	29.30	29.550	67.0	54.0	60.00	cloudy	.092	.140
7	W 2	30.05	29.80	29.925	71.0	52.0	61.50	fine	.128	
8	S W 1	30.15	30.05	30.100	68.0	51.0	59.50	gloomy	.058	—
9	S W 1	30.25	30.05	30.165	69.0	52.0	60.50	brilliant	.116	
10	S W 1	30.30	30.28	30.290	67.0	52.0	59.50	gloomy	.026	—
11	S W 1	30.35	30.20	30.275	73.0	53.0	64.00	gloomy	.108	.155
12	S W 1	30.20	30.05	30.125	71.0	62.0	66.50	gloomy	.102	—
13	S W 2	30.14	30.05	30.105	72.0	56.0	64.00	fine	.110	
14	S W 2	30.14	30.00	30.170	70.0	51.0	60.50	gloomy	.090	
15	W 2	30.00	29.87	29.935	65.0	50.0	60.50	fine	.091	
16	W 2	29.60	29.87	29.885	70.0	52.0	61.00	fine	.100	.165
17	S W 2	29.87	29.82	29.845	64.0	56.0	60.00	cloudy	.056	
18	S W 2	30.10	29.52	29.960	66.0	52.0	59.00	fine	.118	
19	S W 1	30.40	30.10	30.250	64.0	53.0	59.00	fine	.116	
20	N W 1	30.10	30.00	30.280	67.0	50.0	58.50	fine	.098	
21	N W 2	30.30	30.10	30.230	61.0	44.0	52.50	showery	.070	.165
22	W 2	30.10	29.90	30.000	58.0	40.0	52.00	showery	.062	.240
23	N W 2	30.35	29.90	30.175	61.0	43.0	53.50	fine	.100	—
24	W 2	30.55	30.45	30.500	63.0	42.0	54.00	fine	.114	
25	N E 2	30.58	30.55	30.565	65.0	42.0	53.50	fine	.079	
26	N W 1	30.68	30.54	30.600	68.0	49.0	58.50	fine	.086	
27	N 2	30.54	30.48	30.510	68.0	52.0	60.00	gloomy	.004	
28	N 1	30.50	30.48	30.490	60.0	49.0	54.50	gloomy	.074	
29	N E 1	30.55	30.40	30.525	62.0	50.0	56.00	fine	.074	
30	N E 1	30.57	30.50	30.535	62.0	52.0	57.00	gloomy	.053	—
31	S E 1	30.57	30.35	30.460	62.0	51.0	56.50	gloomy	.050	.090
		Mean 30.111			Mean 59.64				2,065	2,425

RESULTS.

Mean monthly pressure, 30.111—maximum, 30.57, wind N. E. 1.—Minimum, 29.30, wind W 2—Range, 1.27 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .50 of an inch which was on the 6th and 23d.

Mean temperature, 59.64—Maximum, 72°, wind S. W. 1 Min. 42°, wind W. 2—Range 33°.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 24°, which was on the 24th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 5,01 inches—Number of changes, 15.

Total quantity of water evaporated, 2,065 inches

Rain, &c. this month, 2,425 inches—Number of wet days, 12—Total rain this year, 19,670 inches.

WIND.

N	N E	E	S E	S	S W	W	N W	Variable.	Calm.
3	3	0	1	1	13	6	4	0	0

Brisk winds 0—Boisterous ones 0

The maximum temperature of 8.19, which occurred at the close of the preceding period, was lowered to 75° at the commencement of the present, which was the highest monthly state the maximum was on the 24th, when the greatest variation in twenty-four hours took place. On the 4th, the diurnal mean was lowered seven degrees, in consequence of a copious fall of rain, after much lightning, which occurred the day before—On the 5th, rain fell in torrents in the afternoon, and the weather continued gloomy, with occasional showers the most of the month. The greatest force of evaporation was on the 18th, being a little more than one tenth of an inch in a day—the monthly quantity is half an inch less than the evaporation for July. The lowest barometric pressure for the last three weeks has been high, and toward the end almost 30.60. Prevailing winds, south-west and west, never exceeded the strength two

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR AUGUST, 1813.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1813	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
AUG.		Max	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	N W	30,10	30,08	30,090	73°	61°	67,0°	fine	—	—
2	N	30,08	29,07	30,025	75	60	67,5	fine	—	—
3	N W	29,97	29,90	29,935	76	54	65,0	fine	—	—
4	N W	29,90	29,77	29,835	69	55	62,0	fine	.57	—
5	S W	29,70	29,64	29,670	73	55	64,0	showery	—	—
6	N W	29,98	29,72	29,840	60	55	62,5	cloud	—	—
7	N W	30,04	29,98	30,010	72	54	63,0	fine	.41	—
8	S W	30,04	30,00	30,020	70	54	62,0	clouds	—	—
9	N W	30,18	30,04	30,110	68	51	59,5	fine	—	—
10	N	30,18	30,18	30,180	71	56	63,5	fine	—	—
11	S E	30,18	30,10	30,140	77	54	65,5	fine	.43	—
12	N W	30,10	30,07	30,085	82	58	70,0	fine	—	—
13	N W	30,17	30,10	30,135	72	50	61,0	fine	—	—
14	N W	30,17	29,98	30,075	68	59	63,5	fine	.47	—
15	N W	29,98	29,95	29,965	71	56	63,5	fine	—	—
16	N W	29,97	29,95	29,960	66	54	60,0	fine	—	—
17	W	29,97	29,95	29,960	71	55	63,0	fine	—	—
18	W	30,14	29,97	30,055	73	50	61,5	fine	.59	—
19	N W	30,24	30,14	30,190	68	45	56,5	fine	—	—
20	Var.	30,24	30,20	30,220	67	45	56,0	fine	—	—
21	N W	30,20	30,00	30,100	59	53	56,0	fine	.42	—
22	N W	30,03	29,87	29,950	60	45	52,5	showery	—	.39
23	N W	30,27	30,03	30,150	67	45	56,0	fine	—	—
24	S E	30,29	30,27	30,280	68	42	55,0	fine	—	—
25	E	30,29	30,29	30,290	66	52	59,0	fine	—	—
26	N E	30,29	30,25	30,270	66	44	55,0	fine	.52	—
27	N W	30,25	30,19	30,220	64	51	57,5	fine	—	—
28	N E	30,19	30,16	30,175	62	53	57,5	clouds	—	—
29	N E	30,26	30,19	30,225	66	52	59,0	cloudy	—	.17
30	N E	30,26	30,26	30,260	67	53	60,0	fine	—	—
31	E	30,26	30,05	30,155	70	53	61,5	fine	.40	—
			Mean	30,083		Mean	60,8	Total	3,81 in	.56 in.

RESULTS—Prevailing winds, westerly. — Mean height of barometer, 30,083 inches; highest observation, 30,29 inches; lowest, 29,64 inches — Mean height of thermometer, 60,8°. — highest observation, 82° — lowest, 40°. — Total of evaporation, 3,81 inches. — Rain .56 in. — in another gauge, .59 in.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for SEPTEMBER, 1813.

Albion Fire and Life Assurance	£42 per sh.	Croydon Canal	£18 5s. pr sh
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London Dock Stock	£100 per ct.	Huddersfield Ditto	12 5s. do.
East India Ditto	119½ do.	Coventry Ditto	800 do.
West India Ditto	145 do.	Leeds and Liverpool Ditto	204 a 205 do.
Grand Junction Waterworks	£38 pr. sh.	Nottingham Ditto	210 do.
Kent Ditto	56 10s. do.	London Institution	45 do.
West Middlesex Ditto	30 do.	Surry Ditto	13 5s. do.
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Aug. 21	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	58	72 ³ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	14 ¹ / ₂	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	£22. 15.	Aug. 25
23	218 ¹ / ₂	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	58	72 ³ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	14 ¹ / ₂	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
24	219	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	58	72 ³ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	14 ¹ / ₂	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	2 Dis.	1 Dis.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
25	219	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	58	72 ³ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	14 ¹ / ₂	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	2 Dis.	1 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
26	—	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	57 ³ / ₄	72 ³ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	14 ¹ / ₂	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	2 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
27	—	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	57 ³ / ₄	72 ³ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	14 ¹ / ₂	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
28	—	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	57 ³ / ₄	72 ³ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	14 ¹ / ₂	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
29	—	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	57 ³ / ₄	72 ³ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	14 ¹ / ₂	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
30	—	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	57 ³ / ₄	72 ³ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	14 ¹ / ₂	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
31	217 ¹ / ₂	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	57 ³ / ₄	72 ³ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	14 ¹ / ₂	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
Sep. 1	217 ¹ / ₂	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	57 ³ / ₄	72 ³ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	14 ¹ / ₂	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
2	217 ¹ / ₂	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	57 ³ / ₄	72 ³ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	14 ¹ / ₂	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
3	217 ¹ / ₂	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	57 ³ / ₄	72 ³ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	14 ¹ / ₂	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
4	Shut	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	Shut	73 ¹ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	14 ¹ / ₂	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
5	—	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	—	—	87 ³ / ₄	—	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
6	—	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	—	—	87 ³ / ₄	—	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
7	—	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	—	—	87 ³ / ₄	—	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
8	—	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	—	73 ¹ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	—	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
9	—	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	58 ¹ / ₄	—	87 ³ / ₄	—	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
10	—	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	—	—	87 ³ / ₄	—	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
11	—	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	—	Shut	87 ³ / ₄	—	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
12	—	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	—	—	87 ³ / ₄	—	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
13	—	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	—	—	87 ³ / ₄	—	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
14	—	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	—	—	87 ³ / ₄	—	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
15	—	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	—	73 ¹ / ₄	87 ³ / ₄	—	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
16	—	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	58 ¹ / ₄	—	87 ³ / ₄	—	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
17	—	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	—	Shut	87 ³ / ₄	—	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
18	—	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	—	—	87 ³ / ₄	—	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
19	—	57 ⁶ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂	—	—	87 ³ / ₄	—	0 ¹ / ₂ Pm.	—	—	—	1 Dis.	3 Pm.	—	57 ³ / ₄ a ¹ / ₂
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 For NOVEMBER, 1813.
 VOL. X.

The fifty-ninth Number.

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We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.

It is impossible to mistake the motive of the Correspondent who dates from Windsor; but it must be obvious to all who are in the least conversant with the nature of a periodical work, that it would be utterly impossible to adopt every proposed alteration, without totally deranging the plan.

The Elegy by D. M. is inadmissible.

The Biographical Memoir of Mozart, which was promised in the present Number, will extend to such a length, that it has been thought advisable to reserve the whole for a new volume.

Amator's Elegy arrived too late for the present Number.

A Pedestrian is informed, that his paper is received, and shall have an early place.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

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For NOVEMBER, 1813.

The Fifty-ninth Number.

—————The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from p. 103.)

Miss *Eve*. I have read a song which treats of some eminent ladies who have been mistresses to monarchs; of Madame de Maintenon it says,

She that so long in France did rule the roast,
Was nought but Scarron's leavings.

Do you know any particulars of this lady?

Miss *K*. Her maiden name was Frances d'Aubigné. Her father, when he was very young, was thrown into prison at Niort, on what account is not known, it is supposed for being a Protestant. The keeper of the prison had a daughter who fell in love with the youth; she procured the keys, unlocked the gates, and fled with her lover, who soon afterwards married her. Returning to settle some affairs in France, he was again seized and confined in the same prison; and there this celebrated female was born the 27th of November, 1635. Her parents, on recovering

their liberty, went to America, and both died when Mademoiselle d'Aubigné was very young. She returned to France to live with her aunt, whose name was Villette. When she was between fifteen and sixteen years of age, she chanced to lodge in the same house with Paul Scarron, an eminent comic writer. As she was a very interesting girl, Scarron took great pleasure in her conversation, and felt much compassion for her. He was somewhat deformed in his person; and one day when he was alone with her, he is said to have addressed her in the following manner:—

“Mademoiselle, I am not a little moved with your misfortunes, and the great sufferings you have undergone; I am likewise very sensible of the uneasy circumstances under which you labour at present, and I have for some days been contriving with myself how to extricate you from all your difficulties. At

last I have fallen upon two ways of doing what I so much desire: I leave you to determine according to your inclinations in the choice of the one or the other, or of neither of them, should you refuse them both. My fortune is too narrow to enable me to make your's answerable to your merit; all that I am capable of doing is, either to make you a joint partaker with myself of the little I have, or to place you at my own expence in any convent you shall choose: I wish it were in my power to do more for you. Consult your own inclinations, and do what you think will be most agreeable to yourself. As for my person, I do not pretend to recommend it to you; I know I make but an unseemly figure, but I am not able to new-mould it. I offer myself to you such as I am; but yet, such as you see me, I do assure you, that I would not bestow myself upon another, and that I must have a very great esteem for you ever to propose a marriage, which of all things in the world I have hitherto had least in my thoughts. Consider, therefore, and make up your mind either to turn nun, to marry me, or to continue in your present condition without repining, since all these depend entirely upon your own choice."

Mademoiselle d'Aubigné returned Mons. Scarron the thanks he so well deserved. She was too sensible of the disagreeableness of a dependant state, not to be glad to accept of a settlement that would place her at least above want. Finding, therefore, in herself no call towards a nunnery, she answered, without hesitation, that she had too deep a sense of her obligations to him, not

to be desirous of that way of life which would give her the most frequent occasions of shewing her gratitude to him. Scarron, who was prepossessed with the flattering hopes of passing his life with a person to whom he felt himself so strongly attached, was charmed with her answer. They both agreed, that he should ask the consent of her aunt that very evening: it was given without reserve, and this match, so speedily concluded, was the introduction to all the future greatness of Madame de Maintenon. She was married in 1651, at the age of sixteen, and made a good wife to Scarron, with whom she lived nine years happily, and wanted no conveniences during his life; but at his death, in 1660, at the age of fifty, she lost all, and found herself again reduced to the same indigent condition in which she had been before her marriage. The friends of her husband exerted all their influence to prevail upon the court to continue to her the pension which Mons. Scarron had enjoyed. In order to this, petitions were frequently presented to the king, which always began with—"The widow Scarron most humbly prays your majesty," &c.—All these petitions, however, were of no avail, and the king was at last so weary of them, that he was heard to say peevishly—"Must I always be pestered with the widow Scarron?" Her friends, nevertheless, resolved not to relax in their endeavours to serve her.

Some time after this she was advised to seek all occasions of insinuating herself into the favour of Madame de Montespan, who was the king's mistress, and had an ab-

solu^te influence over him. Madame Scarron accordingly obtained an introduction to that lady, and spoke to her with so good a grace that Madame de Montespan, pitying her circumstances and resolving to make them more easy, undertook to carry a petition from her to the king, and to deliver it with her own hand. The king, upon her presenting it to him, exclaimed, "What! the widow Scarron again! Shall I never see any thing else?" "Indeed, sir," replied Madame de Montespan, "it is now a long time since you ought not to have her name mentioned to you any more, and it is rather extraordinary that your majesty has done nothing all this time for a poor woman, who deserves a much better condition, as well on account of her own merit, as for the sake of her late husband's reputation." The king, who was always glad of an opportunity to please Madame de Montespan, granted the petitioner all that was desired. Madame Scarron waited upon her patroness to thank her, and Mad. de Montespan conceived such a partiality for her, that she insisted on presenting her to the king, and afterwards proposed to him to give her the appointment of governess to their children. His majesty consented; and Madame Scarron, by her address and good conduct, won the affections and esteem of Mad. de Montespan to such a degree, that in a short time she became her favourite and confidante.

Madame Scarron was elegantly shaped, had a noble air, fine eyes, and a delicate mouth, with fresh, ruddy lips. She possessed, moreover, the art of expressing every thing with her eyes, and of ad-

justing her looks to her thoughts in such a manner, that all she said went directly to the heart. The king was astonished at the first interview; he soon became strongly prepossessed in her favour, and after conversing with her a few times, began visibly to cool in his attachment to Mad. de Montespan, whom she at last completely supplanted.

It was not long before Louis purchased for his new favourite the estate from which she assumed the name of Maintenon. Never was there an instance of a favourite having so great a power over a monarch as she for many years maintained. It was indeed his wish to make her his queen, but some powerful reasons, urged by the great men whom he consulted, and which are to be found in her Memoirs, prevented its gratification. This celebrated lady held the monarch captive till his death, which happened Sept. 1, 1715, after he had reigned 72 years and lived 77. She survived him near four years, and died at the convent of St. Cyr, April 15, 1719, aged 81.

Miss Eve. I think the abbey of St. Cyr stands in the park of Versailles?

Miss K. Yes; it is a fine building, and before the Revolution had large revenues. It was designed for the education and support of young ladies whose fortunes were inadequate to their birth: none was considered qualified for this place but such as could produce sufficient proofs of the nobility of their family on the father's side for 140 years; besides which, it was necessary to have a certificate of their poverty under the hand of

their bishop. The age at which females were admissible into this institution was between seven and twelve. It was also required, that they should have no defect or blemish of body or mind; for which reason persons were appointed to visit and examine them before their reception into the convent. When these young ladies were once admitted, their parents and friends were relieved from all farther trouble and expence on their account. They were provided with all the necessaries of life, maintenance, and education. When they attained such an age as to be able to chuse a state of life for themselves, they might either be placed as nuns at some convent at the king's expence, or be married to some gentleman, who received from this establishment a portion of 500 pistoles. Most of these marriages proved successful, and several gentlemen by these means made great fortunes, and were advanced to very high employments.

The description that is given of Madame de Maintenon's person, reminds me of Mrs. Jefferson.

Miss Eve. Who was she?

Miss K. A lady of the theatrical profession, mentioned by Davis in his *Life of Garrick*, who, though of no great abilities as an actress, merits attention. That writer observes, "There is something in Mallet's *Musque of Britannia* that deserves remembrance. Britannia was represented by Mrs. Jefferson, the most complete figure in beauty of countenance and symmetry of form I ever beheld. This good woman—for she was as virtuous as fair—was so unaffected and simple in her behaviour, that she knew not

her power of charming. Her beautiful figure and majestic step in the character of Anna Bullen, drew the admiration of all who saw her. She was very tall, and had she been happy in abilities to act characters of consequence, she would have been an excellent partner in tragedy for Mr. Barry. In the vicissitudes of itinerant acting, she had often been reduced, from the small number of players in the company to which she belonged, to disguise her lovely form, and to assume parts very unsuitable to so delicate a creature. When she was asked what characters she excelled in most, she innocently replied,—“Old men in comedy;” meaning such parts as *Fondlewife* in the *Old Bachelor*, and *Sir Jealous Traffic* in the *Busybody*. She died suddenly at Plymouth, as she was looking at a dance that was practising for the night's representation. In the midst of a hearty laugh, she was seized with a sudden pain, and expired in the arms of Mr. Moody, who happened to stand by and saved her from falling to the ground.

Miss Eve. I have heard that Mr. Moody was an excellent actor. Have you a list of gentlemen who have met with success in this profession?

Miss K. Here is an alphabetical list of many of them—above 150 names of actors, many of whom were the darlings of their days, or rather, of their nights—but Garrick, Betterton, Booth, Wilks, Henderson, and G. Powell are supposed to have been the most excellent. I never heard that Shakespeare, Jonson, Otway, Lee, Farquhar, or Savage, possessed much

excellence in this way; though some have said, that if an actor can feel what he speaks, he will be excellent; and those who wrote the best were surely capable of feeling.

Miss *Eve*. I have seen Booth's monument in Westminster Abbey, near Garrick's.

Miss *K*. Garrick and Betterton were buried in the abbey, as was also Henderson; but Booth was interred at Cowley, near Uxbridge; Wilks, in the north aisle of St. Paul's, Covent-Garden; and Powell, who was much given to drinking, in the vault of the church of St. Clement Danes. Victor, who wrote above 40 years ago, thus describes Booth:—

“Barton Booth was of middle stature, five feet eight; his form inclined to the athletic, though nothing clumsy or heavy; his air and deportment naturally graceful: he had a marking eye and a manly sweetness in his countenance. His voice was completely harmonious, from the softness of the flute to the extent of the trumpet; his attitudes were all picturesque; he was noble in his designs and happy in his execution. It was this actor's peculiar felicity to be heard and seen the same, whether as the pleased, the grieved, the pitying, the reproachful, or the angry. One would almost be tempted to borrow the aid of a very bold figure, and, to express this excellence the more significantly, beg permission to affirm, that the blind might have seen him in his voice, and the deaf have heard him in his visage. As to his abilities he was an excellent scholar, and had a fine taste for poetry, painting, and statuary. Of these he has left us eminent proofs.”

Miss *Eve*. Where was Joe Miller buried?

Miss *K*. At St. Clement Danes, with this inscription and epitaph, by the Rev. Stephen Duck:—

“Here lie the remains of honest JOE MILLER, who was a tender husband, a sincere friend, a facetious companion, and an excellent comedian. He departed this life the 15th day of August, 1738, aged 54 years.

“If humour, wit, and honesty could save
The hum'rous, witty, honest from the grave,
The grave had not so soon this tenant found,
Whom honesty, and wit, and humour crown'd:
Or could esteem and love preserve our breath,
And guard us longer from the stroke of death,
The stroke of death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteem'd and lov'd so well.”

Miss *Eve*. Can you repeat the inscription on Booth's monument in Westminster Abbey?

Miss *K*. It is as follows:—“In memory of BARTON BOOTH, Esq. descended from an ancient family of that name in the county of Lancaster. In his early youth he was admitted into the collegiate school of Westminster, under the celebrated Dr. Busby, where he soon discovered and improved a genius, which, favoured by the Muse he loved, so happily combined the expressive powers of action with a peculiar grace of elocution, as not only to procure him the royal patronage, but the grateful applause of a judicious public. He died in 1733, in the 54th year of his age, justly regretted by all who knew how to estimate abilities in an actor, politeness in a gentleman, and fidelity in a friend.”

Miss *Eve*. Miller and Booth died about the same age. Busby was an excellent schoolmaster, and taught many great men, but is said to

have been rather severe. I have somewhere read, that when the judges once went to Westminster with the chancellor at their head, he viewed them as they passed, and, turning to a friend who stood near them, said he had flogged them all. What are Busby's dates?

Miss K. Richard Busby, the celebrated master of Westminster school, was born at Luton, Lincolnshire, 1696; died 1695, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where he has a monument, with his effigy.

Miss Eve. Where was the Rev. Stephen Duck, the writer of Joe Miller's epitaph, born?

Miss K. He was son to a cottager, and born, in 1705, near Clarendon park, Wiltshire, the seat of Peter Bathurst, Esq. Like Ramsay and Burns, he was self-taught. For some time after he was married, he threshed in a barn at four shillings a week. His poetry happened to be seen by Miss Clayton, one of the maids of honour to Caroline, queen to George II. about 1730. She shewed it to the queen, who patronized and advanced him: at last he became lunatic, and, throwing himself from a bridge near Reading, was drowned in May or June, 1756, aged 51.

Miss Eve. What men of genius that you recollect were born in Wiltshire?

Miss K. Hyde and Addison.

Miss Eve. Will you tell me their dates?

Miss K. Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, father-in-law to King James II. and grandfather to Queen Mary and Anne, was born at Dinton, in 1608. He died at Rouen, in France, 1674; though another ac-

count says in 1673, and that he was buried at St. Giles's in the Fields.

Joseph Addison, son of the Rev. Lancelot A. rector of Milston, near Ambresbury, was born at Milston, 1672. He was educated first by his father, then by Mr. Naish of Ambresbury, and afterwards by Mr. Taylor of Salisbury. He became one of the principal secretaries of state; in 1716 he married the Countess dowager of Warwick; died at Holland-house, near Kensington, 1719, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He left behind an only daughter, by the Countess of Warwick, who, in 1797, died and was buried at Bilton, near Rugby, in Warwickshire, and left her estate to the third son of Lord Bradford.

Addison's dramatic works are, *Rosamond*, an opera, 1702, set to music by Mr. Clayton, in 1700, in the Italian manner, and since by Dr. Arne; *Cato*, a tragedy, 1712; *The Drummer*, or *The Haunted House*, 1715. Voltaire admires and censures Addison's *Cato* extravagantly. The higher characters he allows to be superior to any thing ever brought upon the stage, but says, that all the love scenes are absolutely insipid. I think the poetry, as well as the sentiments, in *Cato*, cannot be praised too much.

Miss Eve. In my opinion, Addison's rhyme is not so flowing, nervous, and manly as that of some of his contemporaries; but his prose has an original excellence, a smoothness and dignity peculiar to itself. He certainly contributed much to the purity of English prose. What does Dr. Johnson say of Addison?

Miss K. He says that Addison's

powers were such as might have satisfied him with conscious excellence; that, of very extensive learning, he has given us no proofs. He seems to have had a small acquaintance with the sciences, and to have read little except Latin and French: but his dialogues of medals shew that he had perused the works of the Latin poets with great diligence and skill. The abundance of his own mind left him little need of adventitious sentiments; his wit could always suggest what the occasion demanded; he had read with critical eyes the volume of human life, and knew the heart of man from the depths of stratum to the surface of affectation.

Addison's *Cato* was performed eighteen times during its first run: it first appeared, when printed, with eight complimentary verses, among which was one by Sir Richard Steele; also a prologue by Pope, and an epilogue by Garth.

Miss *Eve*. I think the scene lies throughout the whole piece in the governor's palace at Utica?

Miss *K*. Yes: it has been observed, that the beauties of poetry and the spirit of liberty which shine in the piece, scarcely more than compensate for its want of pathos and the deficiency of dramatic business. The plot of his opera of *Rosamond* exceeds, in the beauty of the diction, any English performance of the kind. It was originally but indifferently set to music, on which account it met with less success than it deserved. The scene is in Woodstock park.

Miss *Eve*. It is said, that when the *Drummer*, or *Haunted House*, was first performed, it was much condemned, its author being un-

known: but when Sir Richard Steele, in the preface, informed the public, that it was written by Addison, it was immediately revived and universally applauded. Such is sometimes the effect of partiality and prejudice.

I think two of the actors whose names are in your list, were poet-laureats—Ben Jonson and Colley Cibber?

Miss *K*. Yes. Sir John Suckling has written a poem, in which he supposes Apollo about to bestow the laureatship on the most deserving. These lines shew the names of many of the writers at that time, about 170 years ago.

Miss *Eve*. Will you repeat them?

Miss *K*.

A sessions was held the other day,
And Apollo himself was at it they say;
The laurel that had been so long reserv'd,
Was now to be given to him best deserv'd.

Therefore, the wits of the town came thither;
'Twas strange to see how they flock'd together;

Each strongly confident of his own way,
Thought to gain the laurel away that day.

There Selden and he sat hard by the chair,
Wenman not far off, which was very fair;
Sands with Townsend, for they kept no order,
Digby and Shillingsworth a little further.

There was Lucan's translator too, and he
That makes God speak so big in's poetry,
Selwin, and Walter, and Bartlett's both brothers,

Jack Vaughan, and Porter, and divers others.

The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
Prepar'd before with Canary wine;
And he told them playfully he deserv'd the bays,
For his were called works, where others were but plays:

Bid them remember, how he had clear'd the stage
Of errors that had lasted many an age;
And he hop'd they did not think the *Shew* Woman,
The Fox, &c. the Alchymist outdone by no man

Apollo stopp'd him there, and bid him not go on;

'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption,
Must carry 't; at which Ben turn'd about,
And in great choler offer'd to go out.

Those that were there, thought it not fit
To discontent so ancient a wit;
And therefore Apollo called him back agen,
And made him mine host of his own new inn.

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
That would not well stand with a Laureat;
His Muse was hard bound, and th' issue of his
brain

Was seldom brought forth but with labour and pain.

All that were present there did agree,
A Laureat Muse should be easy and free;
Yet sure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that
his grace

Consider'd he was well, he had a cup bearer's
place.

Will Davenant, asham'd of a foolish mis-
chance

That he had got lately travelling in France,
Modestly hop'd the handsomeness of's Muse
Might any deformity 'bout him excuse.

Surely the company would have been content,
If they could have found any precedent;
But in all their records, either in verse or prose,
There was not one Laureat without a no-e.

To Will Barthett sure all the wits meant well,
But first they would see how his snow would
sell;

Will smil'd, and swore, in their judgments they
went less,
That concluded of merit upon success.

Suddenly taking his place again,
He gave way to Seldon, who straight stepp'd in;
But, alas! he had been so lately a wit,
That Apollo hardly knew him yet.

Toby Matthews (p—x on him!) how came he
there,

Was whispering nothing in somebody's ear;
When he had the honour to be nam'd in court,
But, sir, you may thank my Lady Carliel for 't:

For had not her care furnish'd you out
With something of handsome, without all
doubt,

You and your sorry Lady Muse had been
In the number of those that were not let in.

Smiling next was call'd, but did not appear;
But straight one whisper'd Apollo i' th' ear,
That of all men living, he car'd not for 't,
He lov'd not the Muses so well as his sport;

And priz'd black eyes and a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit;
But Apollo was angry, and publicly said,
'Twere fit that a fine were set upon his head.

Wat Montague now stood forth to his trial,
And did not so much as suspect a denial;
But witty Apollo ask'd him first of all,
If he understood his own pastoral:

For if he could do it, 'twould plainly appear,
He understood more than any man there,
And did merit the bays above all the rest;
Out the Monsicur was modest, and silence
confest.

During these troubles, in the court was hid
One that Apollo soon miss'd, little Cid;
And having spied him, call'd him out of the
through,

And advis'd him i' th' ear, not to write so strong.

Murray was summon'd, but 'twas urg'd that he
Was chief already of another company.

Hales, set by himself, most gravely did smile,
To see them about nothing keep up such a coil.
Apollo had spied him, but knowing his mind,
Pass'd, and call'd Faulkland, that sat just
behind.

He was of late so gone with divinity,
That he had almost forgot his poetry;
Though, to say the truth, and Apollo did
know it,
He might have been both his priest and his
poet.

At length, who but an Alderman did appear,
At which Will Davenant began to swear;
But wiser Apollo bid him draw nigher,
And when he was mounted a little higher,

Openly declared, that the best sign
Of good store of wit's to have good store of
coin:

And without a syllable more or less said,
He put the laurel on the Alderman's head.

At this all the wits were in such amaze,
That for a good while they did nothing but
gaze

One upon another, not a man in the place
But had discontent writ in great in his face.

Only the small poets clear'd up again,
Out of hopes, as 'twas thought, of borrowing;
But sure they were out, for he forfeits his
crown

When he lends any poets about the town.

A TOUR THROUGH DERBYSHIRE AND PART OF STAFFORDSHIRE.

(Continued from p. 207.)

ASHBURN, Sept. 13, 1789.

Dear Friend,

You will naturally suppose, that I left Matlock with reluctance. With a few select friends and some occasional employment, I think that a few weeks in the season might be spent there very agreeably, and with much benefit to a crazy constitution. It does not seem as if Matlock, or any other watering-place, was resorted to as much as as formerly for medical purposes. One sees some, to be sure, whose complexions betray either real or imaginary ailments, and who bathe and drink the waters; but the major part are such who resort together for fashion's sake. Was it not for the variety which those places of public amusements present, how many people of quality are there, who would be at a loss to pass away their time, which would be found insupportably burthensome, if confined to their solitary country seats, but who find a continued dissipation in the variety which change of situation and company affords!

Nothing material occurred, nor did any striking prospects present themselves, worth describing, between Matlock and Derby. Just after you leave Crumford, a few minutes' attention to the country on the right hand will not be regretted: it opens very extensively, and discovers the village of Wirksworth to advantage at about a mile distance. The road then leads over Bilber Common, a barren spot of some miles extent, from which there is a sudden descent into a pleasant

valley. I arrived at Derby about eleven o'clock, and upon entering the town, met my companions in the street, in company with a Mr. Brown, a considerable dealer in Derbyshire productions. They had been to inspect the silk-mills before my arrival. We all went together to see the china manufactory, which is now carried on very extensively, and brought to great perfection. The proprietor having been under some particular obligation to Mr. Brown, is always extremely civil to any person whom he introduces. We were shewn all the different operations which the china undergoes, and were surprised to see the number of hands through which some pieces of work pass before they are completed, particularly the figured and ornamental. The fine rose and purple colours used in the painting are preparations from gold, and when laid on the china, before they are fluxed with the enamel in the furnace, appear of a dull brown or brick colour. There was a very rich assortment for inspection in the sale-room, both for use and ornament; among the rest, three elegantly finished vases, richly decorated, and painted with fine views from nature in Derbyshire. They were rated at 35 guineas. The painting in general was well executed, though Mr. Heithausen would not admit it into competition with the Dresden manufacture. From thence we went to the iron-mills, where the machinery for rolling the bars of iron into large flat plates is very

curious; also an enormously large pair of shears, worked by water, that will instantly cut a bar an inch in thickness across. The copper-mills are contrived upon a similar plan. They have a ponderous sledge for hammering out the sheets of copper into pan-bottoms, &c. which, striking when lifted up against a large beam that acts like a spring, is forced down with increased violence. After noticing every thing curious there, we walked about the town, which is neat and populous. Besides other principal buildings, it has five churches. That of All-Saints is distinguished from the rest by a fine Gothic tower, which is much admired. The body of the church is of later date, and built in the modern style. The Devonshire family have their burying-place in one corner, where a great number of the ancestors of that ancient house are deposited. We were shewn, among other antiquities, a large tomb-stone, that was found under the old floor when the body of the church was rebuilt. The date discovered it to be very ancient, and, if some antiquary had been with us, he would, no doubt, have put on his spectacles with great ecstasy, and endeavoured to decypher its contents. For my part, researches of this kind never struck my fancy, or yielded me much pleasure. Mr. Brown then invited us all to dinner at his house, where we were very well entertained. We thought ourselves under some kind of obligation to make a few trifling purchases in his line. Some bread, cheese, and cy made of Derbyshire materials, and tolerably imitated, tickled my fancy very much, and I bought them, intending oc-

asionally to practise an innocent imposition, by inviting an hungry guest to cut and eat a slice. About four o'clock, after parting with our two agreeable fellow travellers, we set off for Ashburn. Young Mr. Brown having some business to transact in those parts, accompanied us thither. We rode through a flat fertile country and several villages, as Mackworth, Longly, and Brailsford; the latter is above a mile in length, occasioned by the garden-street that separate the houses, which looked remarkably neat, clean, and rural. It is impossible to view a neat country village, with all its variety of rural objects, without the greatest delight and satisfaction.

How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm!

The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm;

The never-fading brook, the busy mill,

The decent church, that tops the neighb'ring hill.

I could not help contrasting the appearances of the villages in these parts with many in Yorkshire; as for instance, Pudsey, Bramley, and many others, which are unavoidably black and dirty, from the nature of the manufacture carried on, but are still rendered worse by the naturally filthy disposition of the inhabitants, whose noses have been so long accustomed to the effluvia of urine and swine's dung (two essential ingredients in the coloured cloth business), that, if they do not actually esteem them fragrant, they however find nothing at all disgusting in the smell. It was half-past seven and dark before we reached Ashburn, where we proposed lodging that night; put up at the George, and found ourselves not disappointed of the good usage we had been assured

of meeting with. Mr. Heithausen, either being, or imagining himself to be, a little indisposed, ordered a mess of water-gruel for his supper; but we chose something more substantial, which we considered as necessary after a fatiguing and busy day. We rallied him a good deal on account of his choice, which we supposed he would repent of when our's was brought in; and so it proved: for the sight and smell of roast fowls and mutton-chops, induced him to lay aside his flimsy beverage—forget that his stomach was out of order, and make as hearty a meal as any of us. The people of the house carried their officiousness to serve and please us to a troublesome extreme; we wished to be left alone, but they would insist upon waiting at table, snuffing the candles, and making continual enquiries if this or that was done to our satisfaction. The hour of rest then drew on, and we found excellent beds. A few minutes' conversation after we had stretched out our weary bones, soon ended with wishing each other good night; and this reminds me of its being high time to wish you the same, or rather, I should say, farewell, for the present. Your's, &c.

* * * *

Buxton, Sept. 11, 1798

Dear Friend,

Though I am well convinced of the advantages of early rising, particularly on a journey, when much is to be undertaken the following day, yet I generally find a total want of resolution in the morning. Prudence and necessity for a few minutes maintain a contest with indolence, but the latter

generally proves too powerful and comes off victorious, if I have not a companion, who, either by persuasion or by force, can get me out of bed. My friend Heithausen generally effected this; and though he did not exactly take me by the heels, and pull me down upon the ground, yet he gave me no rest till I was up. I was sometimes secretly vexed with what I at such lazy periods thought a hurrying disposition, but, disguising it as well as I could, seemed to comply without reluctance; and before the day was past, I commonly saw the advantages we reaped from dispatch in the morning. As it was dark when we entered Ashburn, and we left it early the next day, I had no opportunity of viewing the town, therefore must omit giving you a description of it. We made a very hearty breakfast in the good Irish fashion, with a bit, besides tea, coffee, &c. to have some boiled eggs. It is very customary

the inns in England, to serve like conjurers when such a thing is ordered in the morning; but that does not make it less serviceable. I would advise all persons on the road, except such as have very squeamish stomachs, to try the experiment, and will be answerable for the good effects. Upon consulting together about our day's route, we found it necessary to relinquish our intended visit to Oakover, the seat of ——— somebody or other, Esq; no matter for his name, he has a very capital collection of paintings, one in particular of the Holy Family, for which the owner is said to have refused £3000. As this place is situated in a direction quite contrary to Dove-dale, to

which we were going, we should have sustained too great a loss of time, and have entirely disconcerted our plan, had we gone thither. Accordingly we set off, and having rode about a mile, parted with Mr. Brown. Mr. Heithausen and I were once more left alone, and directed our course towards Thorp, an inconsiderable village near the entrance of Dove-dale. The poor inhabitants find a principal part of their support by being employed as guides through the dale, or to care for the horses, which, as there is no possibility of riding through, must be taken round to a farmhouse at the other extremity, where they are held in waiting till the owners arrive. We gave our's into the custody of a girl, and took an elderly woman with us as guide. On the left hand, just before you enter the dale, is Thorp-Cloud, a very large hill, in the form of a cone, which figure is peculiar to many of the hills in these parts. Dove-dale is an exception to an observation I have generally made, at least with respect to myself, that upon hearing or reading descriptions of places, fancy has represented them with such exaggerations, that, on seeing them afterwards, I have frequently been disappointed: but here I experienced the contrary, and found the scenery exceed any ideas or expectations I had formed concerning it. It differs from Middleton and Matlock Dales in this, that the rocks stand mostly detached from the sides of the hills, in many places formed like spires of church-steeple, and in others, into all manner of grotesque and fanciful shapes. Soon after entering the dale, you are shewn a place where, 20 years ago, a young gentleman and lady tumbled down. It is a very high, steep hill, covered with rocks: they wanted to distinguish themselves by riding where few ever ventured, but paid very dear for their temerity; for, going too near the precipice, the horses and riders both rolled down a considerable way over the rocks: they were stopped by some bushes, and the former was taken up terribly bruised and shattered; he was conveyed to Ashburn, where he expired the following night. The young lady recovered, though she was also much bruised. It is impossible to view the place where those accidents happened, without sensations of horror, even from below; but certainly it must be doubly tremendous to look down, especially to those acquainted with the melancholy catastrophe. We had no reason to doubt the authenticity of the story, as its fabrication would answer little purpose; besides that, our guide informed us of the name and circumstances of the family to whom it happened. Having imagined, on giving our horses to be taken round, that there was no absolute necessity for it, but that we might have rode, or at least led them, through the dale, supposing that the road could hardly be worse than what we had traversed in going from Glossop to Castletown, we were now convinced of the total impracticability of any such thing; for we were frequently obliged to leave the river-side, where the passage was interrupted by large rocks that lunged over the water, and to climb the steep hill to get round. We found the walls of a building

standing, which was formerly a stable belonging to Sir Wm. Fitzherbert, to whom the Derbyshire side of the dale belongs. He used frequently with a select party to penetrate so far with horses, but they were obliged, with much difficulty and hazard, to ride up the bed of the river. They brought refreshments of all kinds with them, and dined amongst the rocks. This is customary with companies who choose to spend the whole day there. We regretted much that this was not in our power, as there were many inducements to loiter in the dale, if time would have allowed it.

The river Dove, from which the valley takes its name, divides Derbyshire and Staffordshire; on the Staffordshire side the hills are principally covered with wood. You are shewn a very large rock, called Dove-dale Church, from its bearing a rude resemblance to such an edifice, which has been dilapidated by time; it is mostly covered with ivy, and on one side there is a hollow in the rock from bottom to top, that may pass for the steeple.

At a great height we discovered a cave, with an arched entrance, which, on enquiry, we found to be Buttercake-Hall; but it was too high for us to visit, had there even been the prospect of a repast upon the article from which it derives its name. The entrance appeared so regularly arched, that I asked our guide whether art had not lent some assistance in its formation; but we were assured, that it was just as it pleased God to make it. We found the echo to be very astonishing, and on trying with a loud crack of the whip, were much entertained with a long successive rattle, which,

as it encountered the different positions of the hills, increased and diminished in force with wonderful variations. We climbed up a very steep ascent to an opening in a very large rock, called Reynard's Cave. You enter by a large arch into a place which you may easily fancy the inside of an old castle, especially when you look through the entrance down upon the river and objects below. Within the large one are several small caves, that run under the rocks in very singular forms, but to no great breadth. This was the most curious group of rocks amongst the whole, and it is, indeed, wonderful to see how nature sports in all manner of antique shapes. As we advanced, we came to a narrow pass between two high rocks, which just leave an opening for the current of the river: it is called Cheshire Leap. The rocks are much increased in grandeur of appearance, by being covered with ivy. In many places at the bottom of the dale, there are several flats of rich meadow, where some herds of cattle were fattening. Any person, upon looking round, would wonder how ever they got thither, as there seems no possible access, except for man. There were many sheep, but these keep on the declivities amongst the rocks, and feed upon the edge of the precipices as unconcernedly as if they were on a level pasture. Accidents sometimes happen, and they tumble down, which it is a wonder does not occur more frequently. Two old venerable goats, belonging to Sir William Fitzherbert, have their residence here, and live like hermits, roaming at large up and down the dale. We did not

see the long-bearded gentlemen, but it seems they are very sociable with strangers; for when our friend Harris was there, some days before us, they followed him the whole way, and seemed very desirous of cultivating an acquaintance with him. The many caverns with which Dove-dale abounds* afford them very convenient retreats at night. I could not refrain from representing to myself the situation of a traveller, who, passing along in the dusk of the evening, should see one of these animals standing at the entrance of his cave, and seemingly defying the approach of any intruder. For my part, though I am not the most credulous person in the world respecting hobgoblins, apparitions, &c. yet, were I passing along at night, and without any previous expectation of seeing the goats, should discover one or both of them at the mouth of a gloomy cavern, I doubt not, that I should be much frightened.

We passed by a number of rocks, called Sugar-Loaves, from their resemblance to them in shape. They stand on the mountain side in great numbers, and are from ten to thirty feet in height, making a very curious appearance. Further on to the right, you are shewn a range of caverns, close by each other, called Doves'-Holes; there are three distinguished in size from the rest, and shaped like Gothic doors at the entrances; they are only about four yards deep in the rock, and have several smaller caves at their extremities. Having heard it asserted, that the prominent parts of the rocks on one side of the dale, correspond with the cavities on the other, and exhibit evident marks

of their having been once joined together, I paid particular attention, but could not discover appearances in any part sufficiently striking to support the favourite hypothesis with many, that these rugged dales and mountains are not coeval with the creation, but have been formed since by some extraordinary revolution or convulsion in nature. We then reached the end of the dale, which is closed with two vast perpendicular rocks, that stand on each side of the dale.

There is a great variety of very rich herbage in Dove-dale, which being effectually sheltered by its rocks and banks, produces many plants that do not grow spontaneously any where else. The river also abounds with many luxuriant productions, which, with their flowers, greatly ornament the stream between its frequent, gentle falls. We were informed that various kinds of aromatics, such as thyme, marjoram, mint, &c. grow there; but as time would not allow us to make a search, I will not vouch for the truth of it, though, from the uncommon warmth of the place, it is not at all improbable. Thomson recommends a retreat to those who want to read or study undisturbed: if any such should live in the vicinity of Dove-dale, I would by all means advise them to resort thither; and,

when the sun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scatter-
ing clouds,
Then seek the bank where flow'ring elders
crowd;
Where, scatter'd wild, the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes; where cowslips
hang
The dewy head; where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade:
There let the classic page thy fancy lead

Through rural scenes, such as the Mantuan
swain

Paints in the matchless harmony of song ;
So catch thyself the landscape gliding swift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye.

Indeed, the beauties of Dove-dale quite eclipsed all that we had seen before, even those of Middleton and Matlock. We conjectured our course through Dove-dale to be two miles and a half. We found our horses waiting for us at the other end, and having satisfied our guide, we rode on to Mill dale. The hills now wore a very different aspect from those we had left behind us, being entirely without any rocks or wood, and clothed with rich green verdure, which gave them a very beautiful appearance. About eleven o'clock we reached Alstonfield, a curious ancient village. Our guide had recommended us to the King's Head; but on riding up to it, the house and people did not appear at all inviting; and, on enquiry, finding that we could not have any corn for our horses, we had a good pretext for turning about, and going to another inn; in which, though both house and furniture were very homely, yet a good-natured landlady made amends for all. Upon calling for some brandy, we had some brought in a large black pitcher. We dined upon beans and bacon, which proved a substantial repast previous to our descent into Acton mine. Mr. Harris, who had given us our route from Ashburn thither, upon paper, had been very particular in recommending us to lay in here a good store of belly-timber (as he termed it), and to furnish ourselves with a bottle of brandy; a precaution

which we afterwards found serviceable.

We met here with a very singular character, which appeared something extraordinary in so remote a situation. When we entered the house, a man sat opposite us by the fire-side, asleep on an old couch. His whole appearance, countenance, and dress marked his character very distinctly; and I found, upon farther acquaintance, that my conjectures were not too hastily formed: his face was flushed with a glow, but not the glow of health; excessive drinking had tinged it; and the shades of red, which began at his ears, gradually increased, and centering at his nose, formed a deep dyed purple: his locks were grey, which were ornaments but ill suited to such a countenance: his clothes were shabby and ill matched; they seemed to have been collected at different periods, for their fashions did not correspond; the waistcoat had just a sufficiency of colour left to discover that it had originally been green; his breeches were well secured from the effects of wind and weather by a thick coat of grease, and to give the more scope for action, had a rent three inches wide in the right knee; his hat one might well suppose to have hung for several seasons on the top of a pole in a corn-field, to frighten away the crows, and it looked as if some of those ravagers had revenged themselves for the terror it had occasioned them, by tearing it at the edges with their bills. In short, his whole figure, from head to foot, denoted indolence, filth, and drunkenness. We had not sat long before he opened his eyes and stretched his arms:—"Good mor-

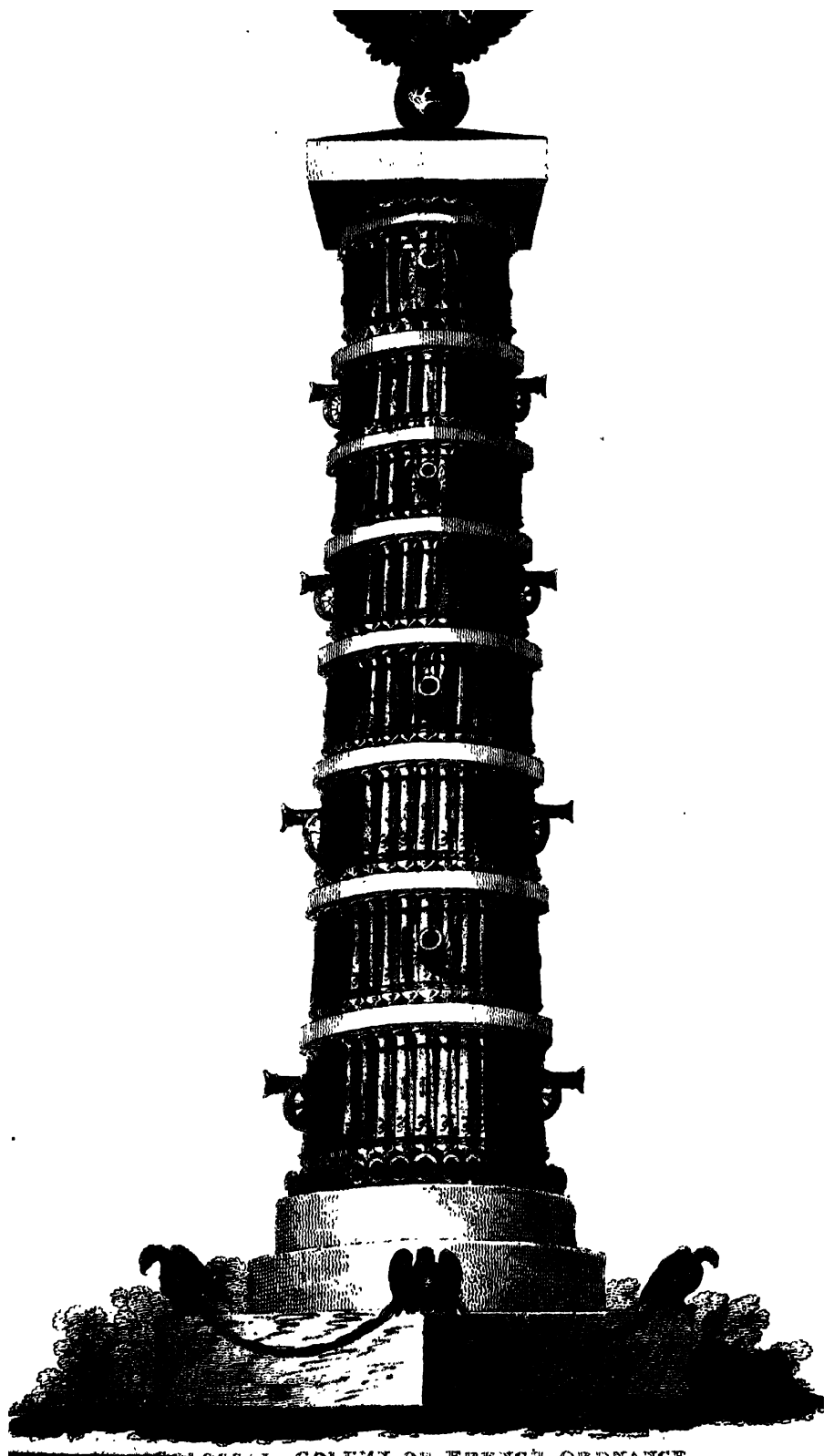
row, sir," says I.—"Good morrow to your holiness," he replied, with a degree of humour that immediately convinced me I had a curious fellow to deal with. Without any farther ceremony, his reply was followed by several quotations from Butler's *Hudibras*, upon which he made many shrewd remarks, that discovered very good sense and natural parts, with an extraordinarily retentive memory. We found by his conversation, and had it also confirmed by others in the house, that he had been well educated, read a good deal, and was well versed in most English authors, particularly our celebrated poets, out of which he repeated a great number of poems and passages, some of considerable length. He informed us, that his grandfather was a man of learning, could calculate an eclipse, and understood the art of dialling; as also clock-making, at which business our drunken hero worked up and down the country, when he did any thing. He repeated a curious Irish pectioun, which pleased me so much, that I wrote it down. I hope that my dear countrymen will pardon me, for being so much pleased with an ingenious bull, though I am an Irishman by birth; and as there is something very characteristic in the following, I cannot refrain from inserting it:—

The humble Petition of BLARNEY O'BLEARY and PATRICK O'CONNOR, to be appointed immediately, directly, and indirectly, Inspectors, and Surveyors, and Overlookers, vulgarly called Excisemen, for the

County of Cork, in the Kingdom of Ireland.

And whereas we, the aforesaid petitioners, both by day and by night, and all night and all day, will come and go, and walk and ride, and take and bring, and send, and fetch, and carry; and say all, and more than all, of every thing, and nothing at all at all. And we, the aforesaid petitioners, at all times and at no time at all at all, will be present and absent, and backwards and forwards, and here and there, and every where, and no where at all at all. And we, the aforesaid petitioners, will come and inform, and give notice duly and truly, and honestly and wisely, according to the matters that we know and don't know, by the knowledge of ourselves and every one of us, and no one of us at all at all; and will not cheat nor rob the king any more than what is lawfully practised. And we, the aforesaid petitioners, are gentlemen of reputation, and are Protestants. We love the king, and value him, and will fight for him, and run for him, and from him, and after him, and behind him, and before him, and on one side of him, and on the other side of him, to serve him or any of his acquaintances or relations, as far, and much farther than lies in our power, dead or alive, as long as we live, and longer too. Witness our several and separate hands in conjunction one after another, two of us both together,

BLARNEY O'BLEARY,
PATRICK O'CONNOR.



TWO PRINCES AND TWO PILLARS.

(With an Engraving, representing the Plan of the colossal Columns of French Ordinance to be erected in Russia.)

BONAPARTE'S audacious invasion of the empire of the Czars, its disgraceful and destructive failure, and the fatal shock to his sway immediately resulting from it, are events of such momentous historical celebrity, that tradition alone will unquestionably hand down their remembrance to our latest posterity, without any additional memorial in aid of their perpetuation. Yet, while the fact stands indelibly recorded in blood, its leading features may need positive commemoration; and that, too, has been provided for in more than one manner, not only by the triumphant, but, oddly enough, even by the disgraced party.

THE PRINCES.

The immortal veteran KUTUSOW, after delivering his country from the innumerable host of civilized barbarians that had insulted its soil, and after wielding with terrible hand the fatal scourge of divine vengeance, was, by his grateful monarch, created PRINCE OF SMOLENSKO; because at Smolensko his sword passed deadly muster on the famished wrecks of the hostile legions.

The fugitive General NAY, after accompanying Napoleon to Moskwa, and (somewhat faster than he had come) back again to Smolensko, where he abandoned his corps of walking skeletons to the fury of Russian bayonets, or to bondage, was, by his infatuated monarch, created PRINCE OF MOSKWA, because (one cannot tell why)

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well) no doubt, because, thanks to his horse, he had the good fortune to escape with a frost-bitten nose to the Berezyna.

So much for both sides of our commemoration-account by means of rank. Inasmuch, however, as (granting even to both parties a perpetuity of lineage), the duration of the princely title in one or the other, might, by some desponding genealogists, be deemed a subject of greater doubt, we feel pleasure in having it in our power to work with somewhat more solid materials.

THE PILLARS.

In their promenade to Russia, the French were, according to an official return since published, accompanied by 1195 pieces of brass ordnance: of these, a considerable number was, rather reluctantly, ceded by them to the Russians, *against value received*; and a much greater proportion was dropped, *en passant*, between Moskwa and the Niemen; so that, according to another official return*, 1131 remained in Russian possession on Christmas eve, 1812. The use to be made of this massy relic of the French invasion, is pointed out by an imperial decree of the Emperor Alexander. The captured cannon are to be employed in the construction of a colossal pillar, to be erected, in the first instance, in the city of Moskwa; and next—as there will be more than enough for two—of a similar one which is to adorn

* Vide *Reponitory*, No. LI. p. 172.

St. Petersburg, the other capital of the Russian empire.

The French have, for ages, been remarkable for dictating in fashion, and leaving other nations to copy their inventive ingenuities. But, among the strange changes which the Russian campaign has worked in them, and is still likely to produce, the adoption of a reverse course, in some fashions at least, is not the least worthy of our curiosity. As soon as that campaign had produced a Russian prince, Napoleon thought he might as well have one of his own make; and he no sooner heard of the Moskwa pillar, than he determined (in a solemn imperial decree too!) to order one on his behalf. Whether this proceeded from some profound political motives, or from a persuasion, that, when the laugh is against you, it is best to join in it, we will not presume to decide; nor is it in our power to anticipate whether this decree, bearing date the 3d of May last, from the field of battle of Lützen, is one of those *paper*-decrees of his comprehensive mind, the execution of which remains confined to his vast comprehension alone. We will take his word, that he expects to have a pillar of his own *one of these days*, and as much *à la Russe* as circumstances will permit; for we must allow for difference of materials and of locality. To construct it of brass ordnance would seem rather difficult, except it were with his own; and in that article too, his stores, after the Vitoria sweep, and the Katzbach and Dennewitz averages, may not be supposed quite so flush as to permit of architectural appropriation. Hence it has been wisely determined to let the Gallic Mosk-

wa pillar be of good homely French stone, one of the few articles that have not become scarcer in France since the reign of Napoleon.

As to locality, some of our readers will, perhaps, expect, that, in imitation of the Russian Alexander, Bonaparte has fixed upon the capital of his empire, upon his good city of Paris, as the fittest place for so important a monument.—They are far from the mark!—Napoleon's thoughts soar much higher!—The very tip of Mount Cenis has been selected as the most appropriate spot; in order, as the decree states, that his French as well as his Italian subjects may behold that memorial of the famous Russian campaign. To our limited faculties, we confess, this situation at first appeared rather extraordinary: Mount Cenis, if we recollect rightly, boasts of an elevation of about 12,000 feet; a height at which the said pillar would be pretty nearly as visible as a candlestick on the top of Bow church, leaving atmospherical impediments out of the account. But if we further consider, that the summit of this mountain is almost all the year round enveloped in clouds, the good people of France and of Italy appear to us scarcely to have the chance of a peep at the pillar above the clouds!—But what of that?—He that has fought battles above the clouds, surely may please his fancy in having a monument in such exalted regions, be it even a monument not made to be seen, like razors not made to shave.

Of this invisible pillar, the editor of the *Repository* made no small exertions to procure a plan, for the gratification of his readers. His enquiries, however, have proved

utterly abortive. Nobody on the Continent knows any thing about it, except the decree which orders its erection: no preparations are made, no funds provided; all which seems to give strength to the supposition of its being, thus far at least, a mere paper effusion of Napoleon imagination.

The case stands otherwise with Alexander's column: the preparations for its erection are in great forwardness; the plan of the monument has been given in by the artist charged with the structure, and finally approved of by the Russian government. Through the kindness of Mr. Bennett, of Lloyd's Coffee-house, we are enabled to present our readers with a correct drawing of the column, received from St. Petersburg, and with a brief description of its component parts and principal proportions.

The cannons, as will easily be perceived, are placed vertically beside each other, in eight distinct tiers; those of the heaviest calibre stand lowest, and thus the size of every range diminishes as it rises towards the top, where cannon of the smallest size are employed. A ring of Russian marble forms the separation between each tier. The two circular ranges, one at top and the other at bottom, are composed of mortars and howitzers horizontally placed, so as to present the mouths towards the exterior surface. In imitation of the Roman rostral column, two cannons with brass wheels project from each tier in alternate situations; these we see in the drawing, sideways in one tier, and facing the eye in the next above it. The diameter of the lower circular range of mortars and how-

itzers, is quoted at 17, the horizontal sides of the granite square forming the plinth, at 28, and the whole height of the column at 84 feet. We are not informed whether the interior of this structure is solid, or whether there be a hollow space throughout, to be filled up with the myriads of skulls and bones which point out the track of the French retreat. At the summit is placed the Russian eagle, grasping in his talons a globe (*this, we hope, is rather ornamental than symbolical!*) and holding in his beak a serpent convoluted into a ring, the emblem of eternity, in the most obvious and common sense; yet, perhaps, at the same time allusive to the conquest of a foe whose insidious and venomous friendship had nearly brought ruin upon the Russian nation. At the *base* of the pillar are placed the French eagles. This, no doubt, is their fit place, although we cannot help thinking, that their attitude is mightily erect and fierce: they did not look quite so piteous at *Moldoschino!*—*He* would have turned them on their backs, with their heads hid under the wing-like geese (never mind the artistical effect!) For this oversight, however, the Russian artist has made ample amends, by representing these imperial birds—not “covered with glory”—but *covered with chains*; an incomparable idea! which combines picturesque effect with historical truth, with moral lesson, and, perhaps, with an anticipation of the future doom of the proprietor of the Napoleon *menagerie*.

We have not learnt in what quarter of the city of Moskwa this column is intended to be erected.

No situation would, in our opinion, be more eligible than the Kremlin, which, during Bonaparte's short stay, was his head-quarters; and which, from its elevation, would exhibit the monument, not only to the citizens of that capital, but to the inhabitants of the surrounding country to a great extent. As it is stated that the French prisoners are now compelled to work at the

re-edification of the city, we make no doubt but their co-operation in the erection of this pillar will likewise be "put in requisition."—CrUEL as the task may appear, the punishment is no more than what an outraged country is warranted in inflicting on the remains of a presumptuous and lawless horde of invaders.

G. L. E.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Through wild extremes of ignorance they pass,
And by their braying soon expose the ass;
The many depths of nonsense they explore,
And prove at last, that two and two make four.

AFTER dining the other day with my old friend Will Trope, of Lincoln's Inn, I proposed an excursion to the theatre; but he excused himself, by assuring me, that, being Thursday, he could not possibly absent himself from the Athenian Rooms, and begged I would accompany him thither. I am always agreeable, as the ladies say, so resolved to be of the party, and away we went.

After a dirty walk, we were admitted, through the mediation of a shilling cach, into a spacious room, well lighted up, and uncommonly crowded. The group was one of the most whimsical I had ever seen, and the countenances were in general divisible into the *classical*, the *supercilious*, and the *vacant*; and the ranks would have been equally distinguishable, but that the introductory shillings, like death and stage-coaches, had levelled all distinctions, and jostled wits, lawyers, politicians, and mechanics into the confusion of Bartholomew fair.

My friend very obligingly opened

to me the *dramatis personæ*, and informed me, who was most approved in *declamation*, and who was the keenest at *reply*. When suddenly every one took his seat, and Mr. Christopher Climax, who always presides there, having taken the chair amidst a murmur of applause addressed the audience as follows.

Gentlemen,

Before we enter upon the debate of this evening, I shall beg leave to state a few questions, which have been handed up to the chair, and only await your approbation to be set down for argument.

These were proposed in the following order:—

"Is it most salutary to clean your teeth with brick-dust or Cayenne pepper?"

"Does not the custom which precludes a virtuous woman from shewing her legs, originate in false delicacy?"

"Whether is it more polite in a minister to tax porter, or table beer?"

"Whether is it more derogatory to the dignity of man, to be kicked

down stairs or tossed out of the window?"

"Whether is a jack-boot a simple or a complex idea?"

"Does not the heterogeneous concomitancy of a roll and tracle manifestly militate against the eternal fitness of things?"

These questions being all received by a great show of hands, Mr. President proceeded to name the following question for immediate discussion:—

"Does not the throwing at cocks on Shrove-Tuesday threaten a general countenance of the Popish tenets, and tend ultimately to bring in the Pretender?"

Silence followed the proposing of this question for about the space of half an hour, when I at length saw, to my unspeakable satisfaction, my particular acquaintance, Bob Argue, rise and deliver himself to this effect:—

Mr. President,

The numerous and *respectable* appearance of this learned society, indigates in my animal frame a stupor of diffidence. The exuberances of my fancy, and the eccentricities of my incubatory faculties, are sempiternally devoted to the irradiation of oratory and the elevation of science. The supine languor of the oratorical blossoms in the garden of eloquence, creates astonishment in my mental system. I was inducted hither by my idolatry for learning, and hope I shall reap instruction with the sickle of my expectations. The question before us gentlemen is mixed and speculative. It savours alternately of logic, politics, religion, and antiquity: and syllogistically considered, I shall maintain

the negative side; but politically, the affirmative.—Now I define a cock to be a vociferative, aligerent, and matutine biped. In throwing at cocks, there is the *actio* of the blackguard, and the *passio* of the animal. The stick, or *jaculatum*, is the *quomodo*; Shrove-Tuesday is *quando*, or *designatio temporis*; and the Pope and Pretender, the *quibus el quos*. Having established these premises, what is the result? All exercises of superstition savour of Popery; but throwing at cocks is an exercise of superstition; *ergo*, throwing at cocks savours of Popery. I mention these questions only with a view to the logical part of the question, but am of a different opinion in other respects. I think we may divest ourselves of apprehension on this subject, by observing the ignorance of the vulgar, and that they have no retrospective views to the Holy See in their exercises. Now I look upon throwing at cocks, with regard to the robust tendency of the *jaculation*, to be highly commendable, rather than worthy of parliamentary annihilation. I grant, that knocking gingerbread off a post, and throwing at oranges, or tin boxes, are only generative of idleness and puerile satisfaction: but the cock being the emblem of vigilance, and the knocking him down a matter of skill, all these objections subside; and simply considered, this pastime is as innocent as a game at *all fours*. I could urge many reasons against eating salt-fish as productive of Popish doctrine; but when I consider, on the other hand, the comburations of his Holiness on the 5th o' November, I think there is no reason, physical or rational, for

the total execration of Romish ceremonies. I have just hinted thus much to open our present debate, and shall pay unlimited attention to any subsequent suggestion—(*A clap*).

I had not much time to chew the cud upon these opinions, for Mr. Giles Metaphor, of the Middle Temple, rose and harangued as follows:

Mr. President,

Wholly unprepared as I am, and conscious of my own inability, I should not have dared to speak on this question, but that its importance, in a civil and religious view, calls for support from the whole artillery of eloquence. Let the voluptuous man, sir, at other societies declaim for the transient rewards of orgie and *potter*, and other sublunary gratifications of time and sense; but my voice shall be dedicated to my country gratis: yes, gentlemen, gratis will we rant, gratis will we storm, gratis will we swear, rebuke, reply, convince—hurl the thunder of argument, let rush the torrent of reproof, defend our country, check monarchy, and sink slavery into the gulph of oblivion—"leave not a rack behind," *Shakspeare's Tempest*—(*Applause*). Now with respect to the question, I

do not mean to trace religion to the midnight of monkish ignorance, or search for the custom of throwing at cocks in the nursery of superstition; but to level my arguments against the bulwark of Popery, and prop up our liberties with the rafters of conviction. Liberty, gentlemen, is like a way-post, it directs to glory and emulation; while Popery is like a salamander, whose element is fire!!! and it cannot exist in any other—(*A prodigious clapping*). But, sir, shall we suffer these burning ruffians to lay their Popish claws upon us? Never! let them go on with their persecutions, we *will* not be convinced. Let them glory in their ignorance, for they have no more business with liberty than a toad has for a side pocket—(*A clap*). Look into the liberties of other countries, look at the petty extent of their privileges: what was the cause of the fall of Portugal and Spain? and in France, their liberties are not so extensive as they would have us believe, they only savour of liberty, and are no more like Magna Charta, than a pig is like a fortnight—(*Last and long clap*).

(*To be continued.*)

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

SINGULAR REASON FOR RELEASING PRISONERS.

In the *Memoirs of the Minority of Louis XIII.* it is related, that, on the death of Richelieu, many persons who had been exiled were recalled; and that the Marshals Vitry and Bassompierre were set at liberty, for this curious reason, "because they devoured too much in the Bastille."

SAFFRON.

In Ray's *Historia Plantarum*, we are told that saffron strengthens the stomach, but if taken to excess, may produce a mortal laughter; that this accident befel a lady of Trent, who, three hours after taking the drug, laughed herself to death. Such a death, however laughable it may seem, is very far from being so; and we should be glad to know

whether any modern experiments have been made on this subject.

ERRATUM IN THE SPECTATOR.

The *Spectator* gave his readers the following recipe for preserving health:—Eat as long as you have an appetite, but never of more than one dish, and that without any artificial sauces.—As to drinking, Sir William Temple used to say, that he drank the first glass to himself, the second to his friend, the third to good humour, and the fourth to his enemies.—“Very good,” exclaimed a jolly toper, on reading this passage; “but *glass* is an error of the press, it ought to be *bottle*.”

FRIENDSHIP OF CLEMENT XI.

Signor Toti, a Roman prelate, lived in great intimacy with Pope Clement XI. when only Signor Albani, and also after he became a cardinal; but on his elevation to the papal chair, their intercourse ceased. However, not long afterwards the post of auditor of the Rota having become vacant, Toti imagined that if he applied for it, the Pope would recollect the friendship which had formerly subsisted between them. He therefore inscribed his name in the list of those who desired an audience of his Holiness. When this list was brought to the latter, that he might appoint the hour, and he observed Toti's name, he guessed his errand, and ordered him to be admitted at the moment when he expected a cardinal. Just at this time Prince Eugene, with his army, had struck terror into all Italy. As soon as Toti entered, the Holy Father fell about his neck, shed tears of joy, and was transported that at such a critical juncture he could pour forth the troubles of his heart into the bo-

som of an old friend. With the utmost affability he communicated to him all the bad news which he had received, never allowing him time to put in a word, but whenever Toti attempted to speak, clasping him closely in his arms. Toti was exceedingly affected by so much grace and condescension, and wept as heartily as his Holiness. This farce was kept up by the Pope till the cardinal was announced. It was the custom of the papal court, that when a visitor of this class arrived, every other should retire. Clement therefore bestowed the pontifical benediction in the greatest haste, and Toti was obliged to walk into the anti-room, where he dried his tears; and it was not till then that he recollected, that he had not said a word concerning the business which brought him to his Holiness. It would now, indeed, have been superfluous, for the Pope had just nominated another person auditor of the Rota. He was doomed to experience a still greater mortification: his Holiness diverted himself on the subject of this occurrence with an evening party of his friends, and was even pleased to act it over again for the entertainment of his guests. This came to the ears of Toti, who fell sick and died. The poor man knew not that the most sacred ties are dissolved by circumstances, and that when these change, the friendship of the great is not at all to be depended upon.

IMPORTANT ARTS LOST.

In former times there resided at Nurnberg a celebrated dyer, named Krisel, whose *chef d'œuvre* was a piece of cloth dyed on one side scarlet and on the other violet.—

What art could be more difficult, unless that mentioned by Athenæus in his ninth book, namely, to dress a sucking pig in such a manner that it should appear boiled on one side and roasted on the other?—What a pity that such important, such admirable arts should be lost!

PROHIBITED BOOKS.

On occasion of a catalogue of prohibited books, Bayle observes, 'There are things which have so much for and against them, that it is difficult to steer a middle course; and in such cases passion or obstinacy generally decides.' Such, too, is the case with suspicious books. If you forbid them, you seem to be afraid to meet the arguments of the authors; if you permit their circulation, the public is in danger of being led astray by their sophistry. Hence arise violent disputes; and the example afforded by two natives of our own country, is worthy of remark. John and William Reynolds, two brothers, were brought up separately, the one in the Catholic, the other in the Protestant faith. When they had grown up, and again came together, they disputed with such warmth, and at the same time with such ability, respecting their religious tenets, that both were converted: the Catholic became a most zealous Presbyterian, and the Protestant so sincere a Catholic, that he even wrote a book, entitled *Calvino-Turcismus*, in which he labours to prove, that the Protestants are at bottom Mahometans.

When Nero commanded the satires of Fabricius Veiento to be burned at Rome, they were sought up and read with the greatest avi-

dity, especially so long as it was attended with any danger, says Tacitus.

VARISOT.

A Frenchman named Varisot, who wrote an irreligious book under the title of *La Religion dévoilée par la Raison*, employed a singular expedient for the perfection of his work. He paid a divine, a physician, and a chemist a dollar per hour, for hearing his book read over to them, and giving their opinions upon it. In this way he is said to have got rid of a great number of dollars. Would to Heaven that all the *beaux esprits* who sometimes torment people with their readings, were obliged to pay for it at last!

MILTON'S PERSON.

Many years since the two Richardsons, father and son, painters, published Remarks on Milton's *Paradise Lost*, to which was annexed a life of the author. In this precious piece of biography the poet's person was thus described:—"He was rather a middle-sized than a little man, and well-proportioned: latterly he was—no, not short and thick, but he would have been so, had he been something shorter and thicker than he was."

COMPARISON OF A LADY TO THE SUN.

The French poet Theophile, who lived in the 17th century, was earnestly solicited by a lady to make a comparison between her and the sun. Vexed at her importunities, he at length sent her the following *quatrain*:—

Que me veut donc cette importune,
Que je la compare au soleil?
Il est commun, elle est commune,
Voilà ce qu'ils ont de pareil.

ANTIQUITY OF ROUSSEAU'S ARGUMENTS AGAINST THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

It is well known, that the Academy of Dijon proposed the celebrated prize question, Whether the sciences and fine arts be more advantageous or detrimental to morals? and that Jean Jacques Rousseau's essay obtained the prize: but it is not equally notorious, that almost all the arguments which he adduces against the sciences, are to be found in an old Italian author. Lilio Giraldi, who flourished in the 16th century, and whose works were printed in 1580, at Basel, in two volumes folio, in his letters to Prince Pico de Mirandola, inveighs against the sciences on the very same grounds, asserting that they have banished all faith and integrity from the world, and become the cause of licentiousness and every species of vice.

ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

Lamberg, in his work entitled *Memorial d'un Mondain*, gives the following account of an eccentric character, who, about 40 years ago, attracted considerable notice on the Continent:—The Marquis d'Aymar, or De Belmar, known at Venice by the name of St. Germain, is an extraordinary character. He employed himself among women in making experiments upon flax, which he turned white, and rendered equal in quality to the raw silk of Italy. He imagines that he is 350 years old; and that he possesses an elixir which renews in him the vigour of youth. On the arrival of the Duke of York (brother to his Majesty) at Venice, he insisted on the right of precedence, because he was ac-

quainted with the rank of the duke, but the latter was ignorant of his quality. He is said to have been at Pekin, without giving himself any name, under pretext that he did not know what it was, because he had received so many different appellations at the various places which he had visited. He received letters at Venice, without any other direction than the single word *Venice*, and his secretary applied in his behalf, for the letters that belonged to no other person. Nobody knows who this remarkable man can be, but he is thought to be a Portuguese: he possesses great erudition, and an extensive and, at the same time, local memory. He speaks much and with propriety, and asks all those with whom he converses such questions as astonish them. He plays very well on the violin, but behind a screen; and you would suppose that you heard five or six instruments altogether. He writes with both hands at once; and the writing of both looks exactly alike. He is said to have communicated to Wildman the secret of taming bees, and rendering serpents attentive to music and singing. He also asserts, that he is able to make diamonds, and that he learned this art in a voyage to India with Col. Clive, in 1755.

TRIAL OF LOVE.

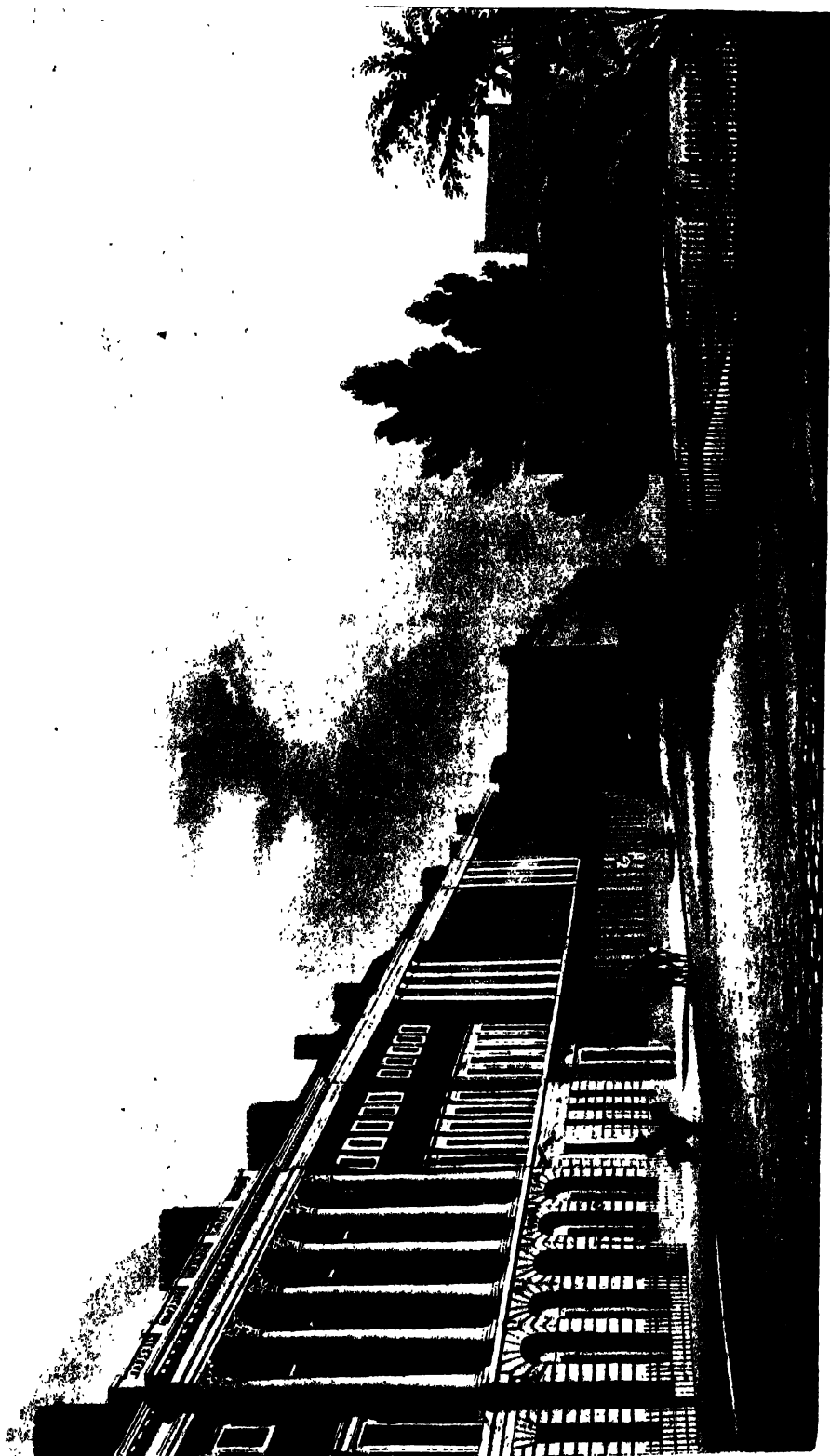
Marshal Oudequerque was once riding by the side of his mistress, and professing that his devotion would stand the test of the severest trials. She took him at a word, and desired him to leap from the bridge to which they just at that moment happened to come. Without the least hesitation, the mar-

shal clapped spurs to his horse, and made him leap into the Scheldt, which flowed at a great depth below the bridge. This trial did not indeed cost him his life, but it completely cured him of his passion.

IWAN IV.

Iwan IV. who ascended the Russian throne in 1534, and reigned fifty years with equal ability and cruelty, was accustomed to stroll about in his dominions, to learn what his subjects thought concerning him and his government. He once applied, in the character of a poor traveller, for a night's lodging, in a village not far from Moscow. All the inhabitants shut their doors against him except one, who was poorer than any of his neighbours, but compassionately received him into his hut, and shared with him his frugal supper. The same night, the peasant's wife was delivered of a child; and next morning early the czar, thanking his host for his attention, and promising to bring him a godfather for his infant, was about to depart, but the honest peasant insisted that he should stop to breakfast. He thought no more of the matter, as the promise of a poor man did not seem likely to be of any advantage to him. The following morning, to his astonishment, he beheld the czar and all his retinue approaching his humble cottage. "Do you know me?" asked the czar, as he alighted from his horse.—"O yes," answered the peasant, "you are our most gracious czar."—"I am," rejoined the emperor, "and also the poor traveller whom you so hospitably received. Don't you recollect," continued he, "that I promised to bring you a godfather

for your child? Well, I am come to stand for it myself, and make preparations, that it may be baptised to-day." The czar held the infant at the font, and, instead of the present usual on the occasion, he gave the peasant a written obligation, which secured himself and his family for ever from want. Penetrated with silent gratitude, the poor man, who at length ventured to consider his good fortune as something more than a dream, threw himself at the feet of the prince, while tears alone expressed the language of his heart. "You gave me more," said the czar, raising him, "than I have given you. But now I have not time to hear you—other business demands my attention." Turning to his ministers, "I command," said he, "that all the houses in the village, this alone excepted, in which I was not denied admittance, be levelled with the ground." The ministers were filled with consternation, for they knew how seldom Iwan could be prevailed upon to alter his decrees. The honest peasant felt sincerely for his neighbours, who were to be punished with such severity. He sunk at the feet of the monarch, and implored his mercy for them, but in vain. "No," said the czar, "I cannot grant you this request. You know not how bad people ought to be punished. If I do not teach your neighbours in an impressive manner how to behave with kindness and hospitality to poor travellers, they will never learn. But when they find, from their own experience, how uncomfortable it is to be obliged to lie abroad in the cold, they will be



convinced of their own cruelty and amend their conduct." The ministers were obliged to announce this royal injunction to the delinquents, and the very same day all the houses of those hard-hearted people were demolished.

PLATE 31.—GROSVENOR-SQUARE.

THIS square received its name from Sir Richard Grosvenor, Bart. who was, in right of the manor of Wimondham, Herts, grand cup-bearer at the coronation of George the Second. This gentleman had a great passion for building, and covered a considerable plot of ground in the neighbourhood, between New Bond-street and Hyde Park, which now produces an immense income to his descendant, the Earl of Grosvenor. Grosvenor-Square covers six acres of ground, is situated on the south side of Oxford-street, and is considered the handsomest in the metropolis; not indeed from the regularity of its buildings, but from the general appearance, and it has ever been held the first for fashionable residence. The garden, which is very picturesque from all points of view, was laid out by Kent. It has of late years, however, been deprived of much of its shrubbery, in consequence of the cover afforded by it to the servants in the neighbourhood, whose noise disturbed the nobility and gentry during their morning repose. The eastern side of the square exhibits some regularity of architecture; the other three offer specimens of various species of domestic buildings. The center house on the eastern side was won by raffle, in the year 1730, by two persons named Hunt and Braithwaite, who sold it to the

Duke of Norfolk for seven thousand pounds. The statue in the center of this place was executed by Van Nost; it is an equestrian figure of George I. and was placed there by Sir R. Grosvenor. This statue, in the year 1726, stood near the redoubt called Oliver's Mount; some disaffected person there mutilated it, and affixed a traitorous paper to the pedestal.

Were we to attempt to form a list of the noble and illustrious persons who have inhabited this place, we should make our catalogue very extensive. Mr. Malcolm, in treating on this subject, says, most of his readers must know that it is "the very focus of feudal grandeur, elegance, fashion, taste, and hospitality; the novel-reader must be intimately acquainted with the description of residents within it, when the words Grosvenor-Square are to be found in almost every work of that species written in the compass of fifty years."

Here long resided Mr. Wilkes, the champion of liberty, in the house at the corner of South Audley-street. His daughter had etched the six lower panes of glass in each parlour window, which were broken by a mob during a public disturbance a few years ago. At the corner house on the north side, has long resided Sir George Beaumont, Baronet, whose taste for the fine arts is not only displayed by his

valuable collection of pictures by the greatest masters, ancient and modern, but also by his own admirable productions in landscape.— Here too reside the Earl of Derby, the friend of the illustrious Fox, and his countess, formerly Miss Farren, whose beauty and transcendent talents upon the stage, were exceeded only by her exemplary virtue in private life; and also Sir Gilbert Heathcote, and his amiable lady, who has long shone in the great world as one of the most distinguished luminaries of taste and fashion.

We must not omit here to mention the Picture Gallery of the nobleman the proprietor of this estate, whose residence is in the immediate neighbourhood of the square, in the magnificent house in Upper Grosvenor - street. Part of this splendid gallery was collected by

the father of the present earl; a vast addition was made to it by the purchase of a great proportion of the grand collection the property of the late Welbore Ellis Agar, Esq. for the sum of thirty thousand pounds. Lord Grosvenor, to gratify the public, has munificently thrown open this gallery one day in each week, for a certain period, during the spring of the last few years.

We cannot too much respect those noblemen and gentlemen, who thus liberally furnish an intellectual feast for the lovers of the fine arts. The possession of fortune dignifies the holder when it is thus liberally used, and is the most certain means of securing the respect of the world, and exemption from that hatred, or envy at least, which mankind is wont to feel towards those whom fortune has selected for her favourites.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXXII.

*Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et variis inducere plumas
Undeque collata membris; aut truncum atrum
Dentat in præcæm mulier formosa superne,
Spectatum admissi nunc teneatis amici?*

HOR. Ar. Po.

Suppose a painter, to a human head,
Should join a horse's neck, and wildly spread
The various plumage of the feather'd kind
O'er limbs of different beasts, absurdly join'd;
Or if he gave to view a beauteous maid,
Above the waist with every charm array'd,
Should a foul fish her lower parts infold,
Would you not laugh such pictures to behold?

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

Sir,

DURING my rambles through different parts of this island, in the course of last summer, I visited Edinburgh; and I must own, that the pleasure I enjoyed in viewing that fine city, and its magnificent as well as beautiful vicinities, re-

ceived a sensible interruption, when, on examining Holyrood-House, the royal palace of Scotland, I perceived that its beautiful chapel was without a roof. To what cause this extraordinary negligence is to be attributed, it is not for me to enquire; I shall only beg leave to suggest, that the reparation of this

interesting structure would require but a small comparative expence, which, if no regular and established means are at hand, might be effected by a subscription of the Scottish nobility, with his Royal Highness the Duke of Rothsay at their head; when the chapel royal of Scotland would be restored to its former figure, and be applied to its original intentions and characteristic functions. The thing speaks for itself; and I should presume, that these brief observations are not the first which have been made respecting this disgraceful dilapidation. Not only a nation's honour, but the dignity of the crown and the veneration due to religion, are involved in the maintenance of this structure.

I am also induced, by an emotion arising from a similar principle, to pass to another object which has awakened my sympathising attention. It is in a part of the kingdom very remote from that which contains the object of my former dissatisfaction.

In a tour through the Isle of Wight, I proved myself so little of an antiquary, as to be astonished when, on visiting the parish church of Newport, which is so well known to be the principal town of that insular paradise, my conductor solicited my particular attention to the spot which contained the ashes of an English princess, the daughter of Charles I. who died in Carisbrook castle during her royal father's confinement in that place. No monument marks the spot, and tradition alone sanctifies it as the grave of a person whose exalted rank, and the peculiar circumstances attendant on whose life, as well

as the period of her death, render her memory interesting, beyond expression, to our reflection, and calculated to awaken the tenderest sentiments of commiseration and regret. I do not hesitate to say, that the loyal spirit of the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight has slumbered over the grave of this princess, when it ought to have erected some memorial suited to the character of the misfortunes and early fate of the daughter of an excellent man, though an unfortunate prince, and whose cruel end is annually commemorated with religious deprecation by the ritual of our church. I hope it will not yet be thought too late to redeem past negligence, and that the bones of this princess will be hereafter protected with due distinction by that pious loyalty, which, if it appeared only in one individual, would soon cause a similar feeling to animate the bosoms of many others. I should feel an uncommon satisfaction in promoting, in any way, the erection of such a memorial, nor should it want the support, as it would, when completed, receive the warmest approbation of

Your obedient humble servant,

HUGO DE MORVILLE.

I have inserted the suggestions of my correspondent, which appear to have arisen from emotions very honourable to himself; and it may be hoped, that I am not the only one whose wishes may look forward to see his ideas realized.

It is not my intention to enlarge upon his complaints, or to add any recommendations or notions of my own respecting the removal of them, but the subject recalls to my mind various observations which the *old*

and *new ruins*, that solicit our veneration on the one hand, and call forth our admiration and ridicule on the other, have induced me at different times to make; and I shall now take the liberty of presenting them to the attention of my readers.

The modern taste for ruins and Gothic architecture, amidst all its absurdities, has had one good effect: it has proved a guardian to the former, and has saved many an old castle and antique abbey from prevailing neglect and wanton dilapidation. How many instances might be named where these venerable, interesting, and beautiful piles have been considered as quarries above ground, to furnish materials for the reparation of farm-houses, cottages, out-houses, and walls, when they were left to the mercy of country stone-masons and bricklayers, village surveyors and provincial stewards. Among many others which might be named, Nectley Abbey, in the vicinity of Southampton, an object so well known and so much admired for its picturesque character and beautiful situation, and which the artist and poet have employed their best powers to delineate and describe, was once threatened with being snatched from the slow, progressive corruptions of time, by the pick-axe of the artizan and the claims of tenants. But the elegant poem of Mr. Keate awakened the spirit of preservation in the bosom of the owner of these remains, and, from that time, no inroad has been made upon them, but such as the natural course of decay has produced.—**A contrary extreme has now taken place, and ancient ruins are not only carefully preserved, but, in**

some instances, curiously repaired, and new ruins constructed. They seem to be essential decorations in the art of modern gardening; and though fancy cannot, like Don Quixote, turn windmills into giants, I could name instances of water-mills wearing the forms of abbies, or convents, or priories, or some of the shapes of those buildings where solitary Sanctity took up her abode. Nay, examples might be produced, where ruins have been purchased, and carefully removed to be rebuilt in other situations, and become the ornaments of other sceneries.

If a fanciful genius were to animate some of these ancient structures, and to make them hold dialogues with their new neighbours, in the same manner and with the same spirit as Le Sage inspired certain chimnies of Madrid in his entertaining novel of the *Devil upon two Sticks*, some curious and laughable raillery might be introduced on the taste that deals in these varieties. By way of example, a cross, which for centuries stood neglected and despised in one of the dismal streets of Bristol, before the spirit of improvement had introduced its useful widenings, local enlargements, and illuminating dilapidations, now occupies a riant spot in the Arcadian Paradise, the British Tempe of Stourhead, in Wiltshire, where the chaste beauty of Grecian architecture and its Palladian imitations, unite with all the sylvan exuberance of the surrounding scenes, and the bold diversified range of distant prospect. Carfax, the celebrated conduit, which, for two hundred years, occupied the central point

of the four principal streets in the city of Oxford, has been removed to a woody brow, commanding a most splendid prospect in a fine tranquil part of the park at Nuneham, the seat of Earl Harcourt. With what sentiments this fine pile of stone might be inspired, in its present noiseless state of repose, after having existed for such a length of time amid the perpetual roll and rattle of its former position, I shall leave to the invention of some one who has more genius for fabulous composition than I can boast.

Such transpositions of old ruins are, however, for obvious reasons, less subject to ridicule than the construction of new ones: because, if the character of a new situation is appropriately suited to the subject that is removed, one of the objections to the transferral of it is done away; and when it is considered what a change has taken place in the appearance of the country that surrounds an ancient structure since its first erection, it may lose little of its individual originality; antiquarian prejudice may alone be wounded by the change. As for modern ruins, they now appear to have become an additional branch of architecture, and books of designs for their construction are published, so that modern gardening may find them readily assorted in all the varieties of tumble-down towers, mouldering gateways, roofless chapels, and broken arches; nay, if I am not mistaken, they may be had ready made in artificial stone. Indeed, I have heard it said, that some gardener near Bethnal Green has discovered the art of transplanting

ivy in a way to give it the appearance of the growth of half a century. Such an addition as ready made ruins must heighten the display of the various manufactories round London for pavilions, summer-houses, alcoves, cottages, lodges, dairies, gateways, dove-cotes, aviaries, and other buildings useful and ornamental, which are peculiarly calculated to assist the picturesque, in lawns of half an acre of surface to parks of several miles in circumference.

Various are the ridiculous circumstances which have attended this rage for ruins, and I shall beg leave, for the amusement of my readers, to relate two or three of them on the authority of a curious observer, whose information has never yet misled or deceived me.

A gentleman, who thought a pig-gery would admit of a ruined form, and give a solemn variety to the scene where he wished to place it, employed an architect to make the design and carry it into effect. The sties, therefore, were correctly formed for the purpose; so that the hogs grunted beneath broken arches and decapitated pinnacles, while they sucked up their wash from troughs adorned with florid traceries. Ivy had already begun to creep up the pillars, and all the promise of Gothic beauty in ruins was anticipated, when a landscape-painter, who was employed to take a view of the spot, objected to its deficiency in the picturesque. The walls, he thought, were not sufficiently broken, nor the irregular decays and corrosions of time naturally displayed. In short, the ignorance of the builder of these ruins was so completely exposed,

in the opinion of the proprietor of the place, that he determined to give the structure such a shock, as to throw it back a century or two beyond its actual appearance. He was afraid to trust to the pick-axe and the mallet, as they would be too minute in their operations, and not give a sufficient boldness to the irregularity of their destruction. It was, therefore, determined to employ gunpowder, whose wild, fantastic, shattering power would give the best possible effect to the premeditated destruction. The painter, who had been a corporal in the volunteer association of St. Anne's, Soho, undertook the business; but, never having had the conduct of a larger quantity of gunpowder than would charge a musket, and of course being ignorant of the comparative force of combustible power, he placed such a quantity of it under the archway, that, instead of giving it a mild shock, disordering a battlement, shattering a mullion or two, and producing a fanciful fissure in the wall, the explosion blew up the gate altogether, with a sow and nine pigs and seven fat porkers; besides doing an irreparable injury to a Chinese boar, which, but a few days before, had been presented, by the captain of an Indiaman, to a young lady of the family to whom he paid his addresses.

Another circumstance of a similar nature will long be remembered in the neighbourhood where it happened.

A gentleman, who had purchased an estate about twenty miles from London, being anxious to give the lawn which surrounded his mansion all the decorations of modern

improvement, determined, among the rest, to have a set of ruins; and, having selected a design from a drawing-master's book of instructions, he employed a Marybone builder to erect them; which he did with Marybone bricks, and of the usual solidity of Marybone houses. Marybone plaster was also to give them the appearance of stone: but, one fine morning, while the plasterer was at work on his scaffold, to effect the antique purpose, the whole new-built ruin fell in with a sudden crash, and buried the poor workman in the rubbish; who was so bruised, that several weeks' residence in the Marybone hospital were necessary to restore him to his family.

I have not said all I could say on this subject, and perhaps I may, on a future occasion, be disposed to renew it. It was, indeed, my intention, if the space allotted me would have allowed it, to have said something on the prevalence of Gothic designs, or rather what are so denominated, for country houses, cottages, &c. There is a kind of prettiness in some of them which attracts attention; and as irregularity is a prevailing and, I believe, allowable feature in their construction, no small convenience may, in certain cases, result from them. If a house is clad with Grecian uniformity, and the owner wishes to enlarge it, he must either sacrifice his accommodation or destroy the simplicity of the elevation, or wait with patience till trees will grow to hide the new erection: while a new room may be added to a Gothic design in any form, and towers may rise in any part, to give new closets and staircases,

without injuring the character, and sometimes with additional picturesqueness to the figure of the building. But to see what shapes are called Gothic, is one thing; and to see what purposes the most beautiful Gothic forms and enrichments are applied to, is another. I know a gentleman whose stable lanterns are made in the shape of a cupola in the cathedral of Gloucester. I have seen cradles, where the first hours of life are cherished, made after the outlines of the receptacles of the dead. I was once surprised with the sight of a Gothic wheelbarrow, applied to the sole use of a Gothic green-house, whose wheel was made to imitate the rose window in the north transept in Westminster Abbey. The late Lord Orford was very much devoted to this kind of appropriation; and Strawberry-Hill is full of it, with some prettiness and much absurdity. I shall conclude my remarks with some very sensible observations which I have read in Hakewill's *History of Windsor*.

The prevailing taste of the day has fallen upon an imitation of the pointed architecture for almost every purpose; a style of building entirely incompatible with the ar-

rangements of modern convenience, if the character of its principal features be strictly attended to. These are, however, in most instances, sacrificed, and while good taste is violated, comfort is scarcely secured. The larger openings for windows are made to exhibit the pointed arch, but the characteristic tracery has given way to the modern, though uncongenial adaptation of a French casement; the smaller ones are robbed of their mullions; and the paramount necessity, in the climate of England, of opposing all the frontage we are able, to the cheering influence of the sun, obliges us to avoid those numerous projections and irregularities which can alone, by the depth and variety of their shadows, produce the effect of Gothic solemnity. But the principles which have brought these imitations of the pointed architecture into use, to the exclusion of those examples which the Greeks, and indeed the Romans, have left us, deserve to be well considered before we sanction, even were the copy more perfect, this novel adoption of what has been termed Ecclesiastic architecture, for domestic purposes."

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXXVI.

It appears also, by the account of Baron de Vaux, that on the sixth evening, the English made an attempt to land, but, by an artifice of the baron's, they were prevented. He says, "As I was attentive to guard the coast, I hastened to this point (where the at-

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tempt was made) with some small pieces: I saw the frigate and the sloops furling their sails opposite to me, whilst the latter appeared to be approaching the opening of the river; I immediately ordered my artillery to play, and at the first discharge, the drums, which were

P P

scattered about in different places, at some distance, with orders to come to me at that signal, came beating a march, which made the English suspect that my force was very considerable, and they accordingly retired from the shore." He concludes by saying, "The enemy were certainly deceived by appearances, and concluded from circumstances, which are very fallacious, that we were in a state of defence very superior to our actual capacity." Admiral Cornish also, who was cruising in these seas in 1761, might have taken these islands with great ease, had he been so instructed. Captain Munro, already cited, in a former number says, "I think it very much to be regretted, that the British government, in the last war, did not direct its first efforts against these islands: a well directed blow against the *root of the tree*, would have caused all its branches to fall. It would have been the most certain and quickest mode of subduing the French power in this quarter of the globe. Had this measure been adopted, the English would not only have been able to overthrow Hyder Ali, but even the Dutch and Spanish settlements in the East Indies. The principal inhabitants laugh at our not having sent Sir Edward Hughes's squadron to attack it, on its way to Madras: one

of the most respectable persons in the town frankly assured me, they were much afraid of it, and that the island was in such a sad state of defence, that, anticipating this event, they had already begun to think of the articles of capitulation. The Islands of France and Bourbon would have infallibly fallen into our hands, for at this time scarcely any works of defence had been raised, and there were not beyond 500 European regular troops in the two islands. I doubt not but the French will take care for the future not to be surprised in such a weak state." He proceeds (after having lamented that Commodore Johnstone's force had not been directed against these islands):—"It may be considered as presumption in me, to give my opinion on a subject of such importance; but, after having attentively examined the matter, I am so perfectly convinced of the inutility of any attempt to overthrow the French power in the Indies, without first reducing the Isles of France and Bourbon, that, were another war to break out, I should humbly and strongly recommend to our government, not to lose time in making a vigorous attack upon these islands, as the most efficacious and quickest means of gaining our object."

MERCATOR & Co.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. PYNE, author of *The Microscopist*, *The Costume of England*, and *Rustic Figures*, lately published by R. Ackermann, is now preparing a new work of very small *Rustic Figures for decorating Land-*

scapes, which will be published, about January next, at R. Ackermann's Repository of Arts.

A new novel, entitled *A Bachelor's Heiress, or a Tale without a Wonder*, by the authoress of *The*

Daughter of St. Omer, will be shortly published.

A new edition of Sir William Dugdale's *History of Embanking and Draining*, with a Continuation to the present time, extracted from records, manuscripts, and other authentic testimonies, and accompanied with maps of the principal marsh-land and fen districts, is preparing for publication by subscription.

Mr. William Dodsworth is preparing for the press a *Description of Salisbury Cathedral*, including an account of its monuments and biographical memoirs of its bishops, in a quarto volume, with engravings.

Mr. Barker is preparing for publication, a *View of all the best and most valuable Editions of the Classics, and of Works on Latin Criticism and Antiquities*.

A Picturesque Voyage round Great Britain, illustrated by coloured engravings, to commence with a voyage from the Land's-End toward Anglesea, will soon appear, in imperial 4to. The narrative will be written by Mr. Richard Ayton, and the prints will be engraved by Mr. Wm. Daniell from his own drawings.

In a few days will be published, *The Art of preserving the Sight unimpaired to extreme old Age, of re-establishing it and strengthening it when it becomes weak*, with instructions how to proceed in accidental cases which do not require the assistance of professional men.

Miss Holcroft has nearly ready for publication, a novel in three volumes, entitled *The Wife and Lover*.

A prospectus has been circula-

ted, announcing a new monthly miscellany, illustrated with engravings, under the title of *The East Anglian*, a magazine of literary and miscellaneous information for the counties of Suffolk, Norfolk, Essex, and Cambridge; to which will be appended, the History of Suffolk, written and arranged by Thomas Harral, from original documents founded upon actual survey taken by the Rev. W. Betham and others.

The Society for promoting Christian Knowledge are preparing to publish, periodically, a *Family Bible*, in two quarto volumes, with notes by the Rev. George D'Oyly and the Rev. Richard Mant, and appropriate engravings.

Mr. Dyer's *History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge* is in the press. It will be published in 4to. and 8vo. to correspond with Chalmers' Oxford. The engravings will be executed by Messrs. Greig and Storer. *

Mr. Wm. Playfair has in the press a work, entitled *Political Portraits*, with explanatory notes historical and biographical.

Earl Stanhope has been for some time past engaged in a series of experiments, the object of which is, to multiply or to renovate copper-plate engravings, so that they may produce an indefinite number of impressions, all equal to proofs.

Mr. Caulfield has prepared a new edition of his *Collection of Remarkable Characters*, completing the Twelfth Class of Granger's Biographical History of England, with the addition of many valuable portraits never before published, which will speedily appear in 3 vols. 4to. and 8vo.

Mr. Robert Walpole is engaged in editing a work on certain *Parts of Turkey*. It will contain manuscript journals and remarks on parts of Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, by late travellers; and the Statistics, Antiquities, Natural History, and Geography of those countries, will be elucidated by drawings and observations which have never yet been before the public.

Mr. Singer has in the press, *Elements of Electricity and Electro-Chemistry*, comprehending a summary of the present state of electrical knowledge, with a full exposition of the subject of galvanism, or Voltaic electricity. A few copies will be printed on superior paper, and illustrated by real specimens of the beautiful figures that are produced on paper by the electrical oxidation of various metals.

The Rev. David Williams, A. M. has in the press, and will speedily publish, *An Historical Sketch of the Opinions and Doctrines of the various Religions in the World*; to which will be added, a View of the Evidences of Christianity and of the Reformation, in a small pocket volume.

In the course of December will appear, *The Pocket Companion to the Law of Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes, Check, Draft, &c.*; to which will be added, the stamp duties, &c.: by the editor of the Mercantile Magazine. This little manual will be peculiarly adapted for merchants, tradesmen, and all others who have any dealings in bills.

Leamington Spa, near Warwick, is now become a place of considerable resort; and the rides, walks, and drives in its vicinity, are beau-

tiful beyond description. Mr. Bisset, of Birmingham, has lately removed his elegant museum to that fashionable spa, and likewise established a very splendid picture-gallery and news-room in the villa. An assembly-room has recently been opened upon a very extensive scale. A theatre is just finished; and the new pump-room and baths now erecting, are the most superb edifices of the kind in Europe. The expence of the pump-room alone will far exceed £20,000; and several baths are to be appropriated for the free use of necessitous invalids. The waters have all the properties of the Cheltenham springs, and Leamington is the most central spa in the kingdom.

Mr. Bisset has in the press, *A General Description of Leamington*, with an account of all the objects of curiosity and consequence in its vicinity.

A bill has been introduced into the House of Lords, and deferred till the next sessions, the object of which is to prevent the spreading of the infection of the small-pox. Its preamble states, that whereas great mortality has occurred in the last and prece-ling year amongst his Majesty's subjects in the metropolis and in many parts of the united kingdom, from the disorder of the small-pox: and whereas from the extended, and in many places almost universal practice of vaccination in many parts of the world, the mortality from small-pox has in such countries altogether or in great part ceased: and whereas the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons respectively in London, and the physicians and others superintending other medical establish-

ments, have, in authentic reports and communications, recorded their opinion as to the security afforded by vaccination against the variolous infection : and whereas it is expedient, for the security and preservation of the lives and health of his Majesty's subjects, that certain rules and regulations should be established for the giving notice of persons communicating by inoculation, or receiving by inoculation, or otherwise, the variolous infection, that precautions may be adopted against the spreading of such infection, in order that persons preferring inoculation to vaccination, may resort to the same with as little danger as possible to others of his Majesty's subjects: be it therefore enacted, &c.—The following is a summary of its provisions :—That notice be given of inoculation by the practitioner, and also by the parents of children, &c.;—that no person practise inoculation for small-pox without obtaining printed forms, &c. from his Majesty's Colleges of Physicians or Surgeons, &c. such printed forms to be returned, with particulars, to the College of Physicians, &c.;—that practitioners give a certificate when infection has ceased;—that persons be not exposed under inoculation;—that persons attacked with natural small-pox be received into houses appropriated for the cure thereof, &c.;—and that no churchwarden, overseer, &c. of the poor, order any person receiving parish relief to be inoculated with small-pox, nor medical person to act under such order.

The fourth Annual Exhibition of the Liverpool Academy of Arts is now open. The *Liverpool Mercury*

remarks, that “the present exhibition in the rooms of the Liverpool Academy is particularly of a character to encourage the rising artist, while it affords high gratification to the amateur, and pleasure to the general spectator. The pictures which have been sent by West, Beechy, Westall, Ward, and other men of the first rank among British artists, are rich specimens of their powers. It would be tedious to particularize the merits of particular performances. The *Triumph of Love*, by West, is a spirited performance, uniting grandeur of conception with elegance, if not brilliancy of execution. His picture of *Lot and his Daughters*, though a subject very different in its nature, may be characterized in the same words. Westall's *Adoration of the Shepherds* has, undoubtedly, great merit, and will be admired by many. In his *Solitude*, he has ventured upon a subject not usual to his splendid and animated pencil; and has succeeded in depicting the solemn gloom of a retired glen, of which the only visible inhabitant is the heron. Drummond's *Death of Nelson* is an admirable picture. Among other pictures that demand attention, is, the *Henry and Emma* of Woodfoorde, and the *Raising of the Daughter of Jairus*, by Halls. The first of these is an elegant specimen of the effect of reflected light in a picture; the expression is also of the highest character. Ward's pictures of *Asses and Pigs*, possess all the excellence for which, in those subjects, his pencil has been so highly esteemed. In portraits of *Horse*, Towne, of Liverpool, is, perhaps, without a rival: he has

in this exhibition three paintings, which do great credit to his talents, both with respect to his knowledge of the anatomy of the animal, and the brilliancy with which he fills up his accurate outline."

The excavations among the ruins of Pompeii continue to be prosecuted with much industry; and a great number of workmen have been constantly employed within the last twelve months. On the 21st of November several skeletons were found of inhabitants who had endeavoured to escape, perhaps after having ineffectually tried various ways of extricating themselves, for the ashes around them were ten feet deep: some of them had gold rings on their fingers, one of which resembles a serpent coiled up; and several had ear-rings, with two pendants terminated by a pearl. There are similar sets of ear-rings in the cabinet of the *Bibliothèque Impériale*; they were found in an excavation made by order of Gen. Championnet. It would seem as if all these skeletons belonged to one family: the bones of an infant, so small that it could scarcely have seen the light, or perhaps it was still unborn, induce a belief, that in this family there was an unfortunate mother, who was flying with her child from the effects of the eruption. A slave seems to have been charged with the family treasure, contained in a cloth folded several times around it; the external surface is calcined, but the interior bands are still entire. Its contents were about three hundred pieces of silver coin and eight of gold. Pompeii affords a mine which will long supply ample funds of instruction and amusement, to the

learned. The new Neapolitan government intend to clear away the rubbish from around the walls, in the first instance; and when these are well defined, the different streets and squares will be traced, and the houses and buildings more easily examined: the excavations around the walls have been, as might be expected, unproductive; but this is not the case with those which were made at the same time in the *Via Consularis*, leading from Naples to Pompeii. Several monuments are already described, such as the tombs of the family of Arria; the hemicycle, or semicircular bench, of a form so elegant, that the priestess Mammia had established it to serve as a resting-place to the inhabitants of Pompeii, near a place which a decree of the Decurii had appointed for her sepulchre. Within these four months, four tombs have been discovered; two of them are of a remarkable form, and placed within separate inclosures: the first is decorated with bas-reliefs, which represent the games of the gladiators, and the hunting matches which were exhibited to the populace in the amphitheatre, to render the funeral of the defunct more magnificent. The bas-relief in which the gladiators are represented, also exhibits inscriptions traced with a pencil in a black colour. Time and the action of heat have obliterated a great part; but what remains, still furnishes us with some additional particulars as to the gladiators. This tomb is square, and the roof is in steps, like that of King Mausolus. Probably the statue which must have terminated this pyramid, will be found. The

second tomb is round, like those of Cecilia Metella, near Rome, and Munatius Plancus, at Gacta. The bas-reliefs which adorn the wall of the inclosure, consist of mystic allegories relative to the state of souls after death, which announce, that he who was buried within it, studied sacred mysteries and the dogmas of some philosophical sect. The third form is a cippus, but of a very agreeable figure: it covered the remains of a priestess of Ceres. A fourth tomb has been discovered, but it has not yet been entirely cleared.

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MUSICAL REVIEW.

Lanza's ELEMENTS OF SINGING,
Vol. I. Nos. 7 and 8.

MR. LANZA'S assiduity almost keeps pace with the wishes of his subscribers and the musical public; for the last of the foregoing numbers closes the first part of his Elements, and probably completes about one third of the whole work. Thus we may look with confidence to the termination of this valuable vocal code in a reasonable space of time. The present two numbers continue the solfeggios for one, and for two voices with the support of the piano-forte, in every species of key, of time, and of general form. The time is invariably indicated by the length of a pendulum; but we ought to remark, that this excellent method does not supersede the expediency of adding the usual signature to direct the nature of the movement, andante, allegro, &c. frequently omitted in the Elements. Many of those Italian words carry more with them than mere directions for the time; and, besides, by seeing the pendular

signature added to the one hitherto used, the pupil will acquire an intuitive knowledge, a habit for timeing the latter, when he sees music without the former. We suppose Mr. Lanza has reserved his exercises for the tenor and bass cleffs to a future portion of the work. Hitherto none have appeared; and as we take a lively interest in this undertaking, we venture to suggest, when the work has arrived at the proper stage, the expediency of giving some classic *arias*, &c. with an accompanying analysis of their texture, indicative of the style, the feeling, the expression, vocal modulation, in short, of every peculiarity with which their component parts are to be appropriately delivered by the singer.

Martini's celebrated Overture to Henry the Fourth, arranged for the Piano-Forte, Harp, and Flute, and inscribed to Miss Hodges of Hanwell, by J. Mazzinghi. Pr. 5s.; single, 3s. 6d.

This overture, which some of our readers may better recollect under the title of the *Battle of Ivry*, has deservedly maintained its reputation to the present day; and the form under which Mr. M. now exhibits it, will certainly not impair its good name. The support of the harp must add much to its inherent brilliancy, especially under the judicious and rich arrangement which has been given to the whole. The additional staves of the harp solos, subjoined to the piano-forte score, render the execution, on the latter instrument *alone*, perfectly practicable and complete.

"Le Retour du Guerrier," the favourite Indian Divertissement by Mons. Didelot, performed at the

King's Theatre, Haymarket; the Music composed, selected, and arranged for the Piano-Forte, by F. Venua. Pr. 5s.

All the several movements of this *divertissement* partake more or less of the light and pleasing French style of Mr. Venua's ballet compositions. Among those which preferably interested our attention, we will name the *largetto* No. 3, for Miss Mori's *pas-seul*—the *allegretto scherzando* No. 5, to which some uncommon harmonic turns impart a certain degree of novelty—the *allegretto grazioso* *p.* 8, on account of its lively subject in the polacca style, and of one or two good bass passages—and the finale, which concludes in a shewy manner. The whole is by no means fraught with any executive difficulties for either hand, and least of all for the left.

"*Entre nous*," a *Duet for two Performers on the Piano-Forte. No. 27. Pr. 2s.*

Ditto, ditto. No. 28. Pr. 2s.

We are not aware of having before noticed a collection of duets published, under the aforesaid title, by Messrs. Goulding and Co. of which the two preceding portions form a part. Their advanced numbers impress us with a favourable opinion of the popularity of the undertaking. Both, in the present instance, are sacred subjects, arranged by Mr. T. L. Smith; viz. No. 27, a theme by Marcello, "O Lord our Governor," and No. 28, Pergolesi's "Gloria in excelsis." The name alone of these authors, especially of the latter, is a passport of some weight, and Mr. Smith's arrangement appears perfectly creditable. We are not at all adverse to good church music

being occasionally exhibited in this form, and the scrupulous will thank Mr. S. for having thereby furnished them with the means of enjoying the pure pleasures of harmony even on the Sabbath-day.

"O Lord, who never failest," the *Collect for the second Sunday after Trinity, set to Music, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte or Organ, by Charles Lacy. Pr. 1s. 6d.*

A piece of sacred composition for four voices, in no respect deviating from the ordinary style of plain church music. There is nothing uncommon either in the harmony or the melody; the rhythm is irregular and confused, and to the metrical quantity the author has likewise not shown the greatest attention. *Perpetual*, for instance, is very singularly scanned.

Kyrie Eleison, composed by D. Pilbrow, of Exeter. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Another sacred glee for four voices, also plain in harmony and melody; but considerably superior to the foregoing on the score of rhythmical construction. The periods are regular and well determined, an advantage which gives to the piece a more perfect character of roundness and finish.

The white Cockade, a celebrated Scotch Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Mary Shears, by T. Howell. Pr. 2s.

The well known theme of this rondo may be said to have been respectfully treated in this instance: there is nothing peculiarly striking on the score of originality in the thoughts deduced from the subject, nor can we point out any instance of superior harmonic combination;

all proceeds soberly and decently, so as to merit, if not strong recommendation, yet a fair title to have its turn in the practice of the common scholar.

"La Violette," a Divertimento for the Harp or Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for a Flageolet or Flute, ad libitum, composed and dedicated to the Countess of Landaff, by J. Blewitt. Pr. 2s. 6d.

An andante and rondo in E b, conceived in a pleasing mellow style, without any striking originality of invention or display of science; but put together with propriety and good taste, so as to excite agreeable interest throughout. In the andante we particularly meet with satisfactory specimens of Mr. B.'s style, both as to melody and harmony. The subject of the rondo is cheerful, in the manner of Pleyel's rondo themes: it is terminated by a respectable coda; which, however, might, in our opinion, have been more closely connected with the conclusion of the theme, upon which it has been made to follow rather suddenly.

In Pity hear—the celebrated Trio, originally sung in the Opera of the Circassian Bride, and since sung with the greatest applause at the Public Concerts, composed by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 3s.

In our former critique on the Circassian Bride, this trio was not included, not having been inserted in the piano-forte extract published at the time; an omission which it certainly little deserved, since, in our opinion, it is one of the best pieces in the opera. This praise it claims on more than one account: the various feeling infused into the several divisions of the melody,

the dramatic effect which is produced by appropriate change of key and time, and, above all, by a very ornamental accompaniment, impart interest to every portion of the composition. Among a number of interesting ideas, we will notice the elegant *motivo* of the allegretto moderato (p. 3)—the sudden burst in G sharp minor at "my solemn oath," (p. 4)—the active instrumental support, pp. 5, 7, 8—the highly appropriate exclamation, "Ah!" (p. 8) by means of the unexpected (B sharp, 3, 6), &c. Much merit, too, is due to the skill with which the three voices are fitted into each other.

Two Duets, in a familiar Style, for two Flutes, composed by M. P. Corri. Op. 4. Pr. 3s.

No instrument has been more abused by a multitude of trash composed, compiled, or pilfered by Grub-street composers, than the poor German flute. It is therefore a sight the more welcome, to discover occasionally something intended for rational ears. Of this latter description are the two duets before us. They combine executive facility with neatness of expression; the melodies are agreeable, and of that judicious nature to which the addition of only another part gives a sufficient harmonic support. The various passages, responses, and imitations, are conceived in the true character of the instrument; so that, whether for practice or for amusement, these duets merit the attention of the amateur.

A Divertimento for the Harp and Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, ad libitum, composed, and dedicated to the

Hon. Lady Cockerell, by G. G. Ferrari. Op. 54. Pr. 6s.

A chasteness of expression, free from even the shadow of extravagance, forms the merit of this divertimento, as it does generally of Mr. F.'s compositions. With little apparent labour, this author is particularly successful in producing considerable effect. Hence it is natural, that his works should have attained that degree of public esteem in which they are held. In the present instance, we are carried with agreeable ease through an andantino in C, a minuetto *ballabile* in F, and a waltz movement in C. Profundity of ideas was not the author's aim in any of them; we therefore meet with just enough of modulation for the *chiaroscuro* in harmony: the bass, too, is any thing but overcharged with notes. This general simplicity, consequently, renders the divertimento accessible to moderate proficient on the piano-forte, and on the harp likewise. Both instruments, however, have their share of alternate melody assigned to them, so that neither can be dispensed with in the performance.

"*Her Eyes the Glow-Worm lend thee*," a Glee for four Voices; the Poetry by Herrick, the Music composed by W. Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 2s.

The beginning of this glee is not unsimilar to that of Beethoven's charming air, "*Know'st thou the land*," &c.; but it immediately deviates into a different cast of melody, which attracts the ear by its fanciful *nuances*, well suited to the text. The harmonic arrangement of the parts is very creditable; and the slow portion, p. 3,

so perfectly analogous to the poetry, is particularly happy; and its transition to C sharp, at the pause, well and aptly brought in.

A second Concerto, performed at the Oratorios, Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, by Mr. Henry Horn, for the Harp, with Accompaniments for two Violins, two Hautboys, Tenor, Bass, and two French Horns, composed, and dedicated to the Right Hon. Lady Montgomery, by John Baptiste Mayer. Price, with Accompaniments, 10s. 6d.; without, 8s.

The perusal of this concerto (which consists of three extended movements—an allegro in E b, an andante in B b, and a rondo in E b,) has given us much satisfaction. It not only bears ample evidence of Mr. M.'s abilities as a harp-composer, but also carries every where the marks of matured labour and diligence. The innumerable solo-passages are devised with good taste, and, not unfrequently, in a novel style. In his modulations, too, Mr. M. more than once, has successfully aimed at originality (pp. 8 and 9). In the latter page, towards the end, we observe also a set of well contrived responsive imitations. The theme of the andante possesses much pleasing simplicity, although, in one or two instances, the accompaniment of the left hand appears susceptible of improvement, even taking into account the support of the other instruments. The portion of variation merits unqualified approbation. With the elegant pastoral subject of the rondo, it is impossible not to be pleased, especially under the chaste accompaniment of the left hand, the tenths and

ninths of which infuse a peculiarly attractive effect into the melody. We must pass over a variety of interesting ideas from want of room: *p.* 20, we find the theme well conducted to and represented in the key of A b. But the musical curiosities of the enharmonic triplets, *ll.* 3, 4, we would not recommend for imitation, were they ever so practicable; which, however, is not the case, except on an instrument of Mr. Erard's ingenious and excellent invention.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

GERMAN WAR.

As the greatest part of our last narrative of the occurrences in Germany, rested, from necessity, on the obscure and spurious authority of French accounts, we deem it a duty we owe to historical truth, to amend, in the first instance, several imperfections in our former statement. This we are enabled to do by the arrival of a multiplicity of authentic documents received from Lord Cathcart and Sir Charles Stewart, as also by an abundance of official bulletins from all the Continental belligerents.

UPPER ELBE—BOHEMIAN ARMY.

The loss of the allies in the abortive attack on Dresden (26th Aug.), amounted to 4000 killed and wounded. On the next day, when they were in their turn assailed by Bonaparte, they lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, about 7000 men. But their greatest misfortune on that day was, the mortal wound which General Moreau received while in conversation with the Emperor Alexander. A cannon-ball carried away both his legs. These were successively amputated: he supported the operation and his subsequent sufferings with the fortitude of a great mind, and every appearance warranted the hope of

a cure; but on the 2d of September an alarming change took place, in consequence, as it is stated, of over exertion in a conversation with the allied generals; and on the 3d, at six in the morning, this illustrious French patriot expired at Laun, in Bohemia. His body is to be conveyed, embalmed, to St. Petersburg; and his widow, now in England, has, in a letter from the Emperor Alexander himself, received the most kind and solemn assurances of the especial protection of that beneficent and magnanimous sovereign.

The disaster which befel the French corps under Vandamme on the 30th August, was infinitely greater than we had stated it. Vandamme, it appears, would have succeeded in intercepting the retreat of a great part of the allied army, had not the Russian general, Count Ostermann, with about 10,000 men of the Russian guards and other infantry, bidden defiance, on the 29th, to the unceasing attacks of upwards of 30,000 Frenchmen. With the loss of 3000 men did these brave troops maintain their important post during the whole day, and thereby not only save the best part of the allied army, but give time to concert the arrival of troops from all sides, so as to inflict the

fatal blow the next day, when Vandamme's corps, the 1st, may be said to have been destroyed.—Himself, together with Generals Guyot, Haxo, and Heimbrodt, all his staff, a multitude of other officers of rank, and 10,000 men, were taken prisoners. General Prince Reuss and about 6000 French were killed, 60 pieces of cannon and six pair of colours were taken in the first instance, and 20 more cannon collected in the pursuit the next day.

Since this victory nothing decisive has, as far as our accounts extend, taken place on the side of Dresden. To have maintained himself in that city thus far, is now the poor boast of the once irresistible and overwhelming Bonaparte. The plan of the allies on the Bohemian frontier appears to be to defer serious offensive operations until the Swedish Crown Prince has passed the Elbe. Meanwhile they have not left Napoleon undisturbed in his tenure of the Saxon capital. Twice have they sallied in force from the Bohemian mountains, to bait, as it were, the lion in his den. The first movement commenced on the 5th September; they forced their way through Gieshübel and Pirna, as far as Dohna, within a few miles of Dresden; but, on the 8th, when they found that Bonaparte came out with his whole army, they retreated in good order to their former positions. Napoleon followed their steps into the mountains, and appeared desirous of giving battle: an Austrian column, therefore, which had been detached towards Lusatia, was hastily called back, and the coalesced forces, formed in position, chal-

lenged the combat (12th Sept.); but Bonaparte, on finding his opponents in such good countenance, with a front of 100,000 bayonets and 800 cannon, retraced his steps and broke up the roads. The allies, in their turn, now followed him through the passes, and once more entered Saxony as far as Gieshübel. There Napoleon, reinforced by some divisions from MacDonald and Ney's armies, again faced about: the allies once more fell back into their mountains; a partial, but severe action ensued at Nollendorff (17th Sept.), the success of which forced Bonaparte to give up all future thoughts of penetrating into Bohemia. This affair at Nollendorff cost the French, besides killed and wounded, 2000 prisoners, including Gen. Kreutzer, seven cannon, and one standard.

While these serious demonstrations occurred in the immediate vicinity of Dresden, several allied partisan corps, under General Thielmann, General Schlutberg, and Colonel Mentzdorff, simultaneously entered Saxony in various directions. They spread themselves without opposition over the whole country, quite across the only communication left to Bonaparte with France, intercepted all his couriers and many convoys, took Naumburg and Weissenfels, where Thielmann captured 1500 prisoners, and Freyberg, where General Bruno with a garrison of 600 was taken, and seized the royal stud of the King of Saxony. General Thielmann finally put himself in junction with the light troops which the Crown Prince of Sweden had already pushed across the Elbe, near Dessau, and the latest

French accounts do not inform us of the departure of any of these partisan corps from the left bank of the Elbe. The letters which they have intercepted give a deplorable description of the situation of the disheartened French troops. Want and disease are operating their destruction as much as the sword. At Dresden provisions have begun to fail, and the incessant marches and counter-marches Bonaparte has been forced to undertake, with generally the same troops, in order to make head alternately on one side or the other, have disabled a great proportion of his raw conscripts. Berthier himself lies ill of a fever. To replenish his ranks, Bonaparte's guards of honour have been incorporated with the disposable forces, and the army of reserve, which had begun to form itself at Wurzburg, under Augereau, has been suddenly marched up to the Saal.

SILESIAN ARMY.

The above appellation, thanks to the energetic Blücher, has become a misnomer. Blücher has the Silesian frontier far behind him; his head-quarters were at Bautzen on the 22d September, and his advanced posts within a few leagues of Dresden. The battle of the Katzbach (26th August), slightly mentioned in our last, has been an irretrievably fatal blow to the army of Marshal Macdonald. By that battle, and still more in the subsequent retreat, especially across the Bober [where a whole French division, with its general (Puthod), was put to the alternative of being taken or drowned], Macdonald's army has nearly been destroyed. As an army it ceases to exist. On

the 2d of Sept. when Blücher entered Lusatia, the tangible fruits of his valour were, according to official returns, 103 cannon, 250 ammunition-waggons and tumbrils, all the French camp hospitals, their forges and bakery, one general of division, two generals of brigade, a vast number of officers of rank, 18,000 prisoners, two French eagles, and many other less important trophies. That after such a tremendous loss, Macdonald could no longer oppose the victorious Silesian army, is natural. To arrest Blücher's progress, Bonaparte once or twice brought out troops from his central store at Dresden: but these, even when greatly superior to their opponents, effected nothing beyond a momentary suspension of hostile advance. The cautious veteran, whenever he deemed himself outnumbered, fell back a march or two, well aware, that the threatened situation of Dresden would not admit of the absence of Napoleon and his guards for many days. Thus the moment Bonaparte retired, Blücher advanced again, and thus he gradually and continually gained ground, so as to arrive at last at Bautzen, where our latest accounts leave him; his right in complete junction with the Prussian left wing of the Swedish Crown Prince, under General Tauenzien; and his left, with the right wing of the grand Bohemian army, which, for that purpose, had been extended across the Bohemian Elbe, and pushed eastward, under the command of the Austrian Count Bubna, who, after forcing the Bohemian passes and taking Rumburg by assault, had penetrated into Lusatia. Independently of this ac-

cession of an Austrian corps, a Russian army of reserve, under General Bennigsen, has likewise reached Zittau, in Lusatia.

BRANDENBURG ARMY UNDER THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN.

Marshal Oudinot, in consequence of the severe check he experienced at Gross Beren (23d August), and still more in consequence of the knowledge, derived from that contest, of his opponent's moral and numerical superiority, continued his retreat upon Wittenberg and Torgau, closely pursued by the Crown Prince's army, which, without much opposition, advanced to the Elbe, and blockaded Wittenberg. The Crown Prince deeming his left wing, composed of 40,000 Prussians, sufficient to observe the movements of Oudinot's dispirited army, extended it in the direction of Juterbock; and himself, with all his Swedes, and his Russian infantry and cavalry, moved to the right, down the Elbe, with a view of crossing that river between Wittenberg and Dessau.

Bonaparte had, in his bulletins, presumptuously foretold the day on which Oudinot would arrive in Berlin. Falsified in this prediction, it appears that the blame of the failure was by him cast upon his marshal. Oudinot was divested of his command, and Ney substituted in his room; with positive orders to force his way to Berlin, and with the reinforcement of an additional entire corps, to enable him to carry the peremptory mandate into execution. This new disposition the Crown Prince was not aware of when he separated his Swedish army from the 40,000 Prus-

sians for the purpose above-mentioned.

Accordingly, on the 4th Sept. Ney's army, consisting of the four corps of Oudinot, Regnier, Arrighi, and Bertrand, resumed the offensive; and its advanced guard attacked, on the same day, the Prussian advance under General Dobschütz, near the village of Zahne, with great obstinacy. Dobschütz, however, by the valour of his troops, was enabled to maintain his post during the whole day. But the next day the French renewed the attack with great numerical superiority, and forced the Prussian general from Zahne, and Tauenzien from Seyda. The whole Prussian army now fell back in good order upon a position at Dennenwitz, near Juterbock, where, on the 6th September, they were attacked at all points by the whole French army of at least 70,000 men and 200 pieces of cannon. Against these odds, however, the 40,000 Prussians made a determined stand. Not an inch of ground did they cede, although their ranks were dreadfully thinned by the enemy's fire.

As soon as the Crown Prince was informed of the danger to which his brave Prussians were exposed, he instantly broke up with his Swedes and Russians, to the amount of 70 battalions of foot, 10,000 horse, and 150 pieces of cannon, and hastened to their relief by forced march. He appeared seasonably in the afternoon of the same day (6th), with his whole force on the flank and partly on the rear of the enemy, and in one instant changed the aspect of the battle. The Swedish and Russian infantry

fell upon the French battalions, broke them, and put them to flight, while the allied cavalry completed the rout. Whole battalions were cut down or forced to beg for quarter. The direct road to Torgau was cut off for them; every one fled whither he could. Ney himself, with his head-quarters and staff, saved himself by striking through a cross road to Dahme, where he had nearly been captured by the enterprising Prussian General Wobeser, who, having broken up from Luckau, arrived on the 7th at Dahme, not, indeed, in time to take Ney himself (he was now as nimble as on the Berezyna), but time enough to take part of his staff and 2,500 men prisoners. Generals Hirschfeldt and Czernicheff, and other allied chiefs, continued the hunt on the 7th, and brought in prisoners and trophies from every place they entered; so that, on the 8th September, in the morning, the enemy's loss amounted to 18,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners; 80 cannon, and 400 ammunition-waggons. But in the succeeding days these totals were still more increased. Sir Charles Stewart (whose dispatches on all occasions are distinguished by their truth and luminous precision) affirms, that of the whole force engaged under Ney, only 16,000 escaped unhurt! Ney himself, in a groaning dispatch, states his loss at 8000 men and 12 cannon; adding, ludicrously enough, that he had taken many prisoners, *but that they disappeared in the night.*

Of the 10,000 prisoners taken at Dennewitz, all the Saxons wished to enter the ranks of the liberators of Germany; and their number

has been made the nucleus of a Saxon legion in the service of the allies.

Marmont, who had previously been dispatched in further aid of Ney's operations, arrived on the 8th at Hoyerswerda, where he not only learned the misfortune of his brethren in arms, but partook of them; inasmuch as he was involved in the common retreat, and his rear-guard severely handled, ere he could make good his hasty return to Dresden, whence he had marched a few days before.

To repel, in some measure, the boldness of the allied cavalry, which had overrun the country beyond the Elster, Bonaparte next sent ten regiments of horse, under Murat and Latour-Maubourg, to Grossenhayn; but we have heard nothing of any achievements of theirs, and believe they have returned.

After the decisive victory of Dennewitz, the Crown Prince appears to have once more resorted to his former plan of crossing the Elbe in the vicinity of Dessau. Accordingly, the Prussian part of his army was again left to continue the operations southward, while the Crown Prince, with the Swedes and Russians, marched down the Elbe. On the 22d September, the date of the last Swedish bulletin in our possession, the Prussian corps was posted at and about Elsterwerda, with its left, under Tauenzien, connected with Blücher; General Bülow was charged with the siege of Wittenberg; and the Crown Prince's head-quarters had moved down to Zerbst. His advanced guard had already crossed the Elbe, and was in possession of Dessau

and Acken. Ney had likewise transferred his head-quarters to the left bank of the Elbe, and was centrally posted at Duben. Some French bulletins of a later date notice several subsequent affairs in that quarter, which we purposely pass over, since by the arrival of the allied accounts our correcting pen would in our next probably have to walk the same ground over again.

LOWER ELBE.

Davoust's brisk movement upon Schwerin and Wismar with 18,000 French, 12,000 Danes, and 100 cannon, has likewise ended in as brisk a retreat. From Wismar a French corps advanced towards Rostock, but General Vegesack marched out of that city on the 28th August, forced the French corps to fall back on Wismar in the first instance, then to evacuate Wismar likewise, and retire upon Schwerin. At the same time General Walmoden, being considerably reinforced, resumed offensive operations, and was on the point of attacking the French advance under General Loison, when, to his great surprise, he learned that the French army had, in the night of the 2d September, suddenly evacuated Schwerin, and hastily retreated towards the Stekenitz. Upon this, General Walmoden marched in a parallel direction towards the Elbe, harassed Davoust's retreat, and arrived at Domitz, where he crossed that river on the 14th. Having there learned that a French corps of 5 or 6000 men, under General Pecheux, had already likewise been detached to the left of the Elbe, and had advanced as far as Görde, he made very judicious

dispositions for surrounding the enemy. On the 16th, he attacked Pecheux at Görde, who retired upon Dahlenberg. There the French general met with two more allied columns advancing on his flank and rear, and the contest now became extremely obstinate. All the desperate valour of the encircled foe, however, did not avail to save him. Nearly 2000 were killed and wounded, 1500 taken prisoners, 8 cannon and 12 ammunition-waggons captured. General Pecheux himself, with 5 or 600 men only (or as Davoust expresses himself, "with all that were not put *hors de combat*"), saved himself by flying on foot to Hamburg. The loss of the allies was about 500 killed and wounded.

After this brilliant exploit, Count Walmoden recrossed the Elbe the next day, in order to observe the movements of Davoust himself, whose situation at Hamburg is nearly as critical as that of Bonaparte at Dresden. The Danish corps, if it have not quite separated from him, appears at least no longer to act with him; General Walmoden intercepts him from Magdeburg, and the allied flying corps that are still spread over the Hanoverian territory as far as Lüneburg, Zelle, and even to the vicinity of Hamburg, render his communication with Bremen extremely precarious.

SOUTH OF GERMANY.

Nothing of importance has occurred on the Bavarian frontiers. But in the Tyrol, the French accounts themselves confess the existence of insurrectionary movements. A second Hoffer, of the name of Speckbacher, infests the neighbourhood of Inspruck with a

band of these patriotic mountaineers. As it does not appear that Austria has hitherto given great countenance to the insurrection of the Tyrolese, and as the Austrian and Bavarian armies on the Ens, although almost within sight of each other, have not, to our knowledge, fired a shot, we suspect that the same sort of preliminary understanding subsists between them which last winter prevailed between the Russians and the Austrian corps under Prince Schwartzenberg.

Of the operations in Illyria we are almost fearful to treat, so unsatisfactory and confused are the accounts on both sides. If we may credit the French account, an engagement took place near Lipa on the 13th September, which obliged General Nugent again to evacuate Fiume so suddenly, that the Archduke Maximilian was under the necessity of seeking safety on board the English fleet of Admiral Freemantle. We doubt the correctness of this statement, and hope by the arrival of more credible intelligence to be enabled to speak, in our next report, with more precision of the events in Illyria, should their complexion appear more important than what we have hitherto judged them to be.

Having thus far briefly glanced over the important occurrences of the colossal contest in Germany, we cannot suppress the cheerful feelings which their aspect inspires us with. For the first time, we see Bonaparte reduced to a defensive warfare; a careful computation of his losses in one short month since the rupture of the armistice, yields a total of 250 pieces of cannon and 100,000 men. He is now nearly

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encircled at Dresden, he is undone if he remains there much longer; and, on the other hand, if he leaves that city to retreat towards the Rhine, Germany is lost to him, the confederation of the Rhine is not only blotted out from the muster of his strength, but will be added to the patriotic and victorious banners of the allies, who, with every forward step, gain an immense accession of numbers, not of raw conscripts, but of stout warriors, ready drilled for the patriotic cause. Napoleon's situation is almost hopeless, he feels his danger, and, like a desperate gamester, he stakes every thing to retrieve his fallen fortune. A fresh conscription, the *fourth* within eight months, has been demanded from his mock senate, and granted of course. The ill-fated Maria Louisa has been dragged to this assembly of sycophants (7th October), to rouse the dejected French and call them to arms, in order to march against her own father and countrymen. "Frenchmen! your emperor, your country, and your honour call you!" were the cruel words put into her mouth by her tutors; and, lo! by a race against time, the year 1815 is put in requisition to complete a new levy of 280,000 men. Vain attempt, to stem the overwhelming torrent of German patriotism!—Great events which have, perhaps, before this taken place, or must inevitably happen immediately, will probably shorten the march of this new levy by some hundreds of miles.

SPANISH PENINSULA.

FRANCE! we should say: for on French soil, on the ancient and legitimate soil of France, flutter

R R

the victorious banners of the nation of "shopkeepers." Little did the arrogant Corsican, when, in his impotent rage, he upbraided us with that epithet, suspect that we should dare to *open shop* even in France. But to the event itself.

The castle of St. Sebastian, La Motte, did, as we stated, surrender to General Graham on the 9th of September. Its governor, Rey, 80 officers, 1730 men, and 93 cannon, are in British keep.

Pampluna, still only blockaded, is expected to surrender soon, from want of provisions. Of several sorties undertaken by its garrison, that on the 27th September proved the most serious, but was, like the others, repelled with great courage by the Andalusian army. That army has since joined the active force under Lord Wellington, having been relieved in the blockade by the army under the Duke del Parque, which for that purpose was withdrawn from Catalonia, and marched up the Ebro.

The operations which, by carrying the line of French entrenchments, brought our army into France on the 7th of October (a day ever memorable in the history of Great Britain), were follow:—The left of the allied army under General Graham (who, as soon as he had finished this operation, resigned the command, from ill health, to Sir John Hill) consisting of the 1st and 5th divisions and one Portuguese brigade, as also of part of the 4th Spanish army under Don Manuel Freyre, crossed the Bidasson at several fords on the above-mentioned day, attacked the enemy's redoubts about Andaye and on the Montagne Verte, carried

all of them in succession, generally by the bayonet, and took eight pieces of cannon. At the same time our right, consisting of the light division and some brigades of Spanish troops under General Longa and Giron, attacked the French entrenchments on the mountain of La Rhune. These were in like manner conquered by the bayonet, and it was only in the further progress against the French camp of Sarre, and the works on a mountain called the Hermitage which protected the camp, that the valour of our troops was defied by the inaccessible nature of the rock. All the assaults of that day failed. But the next day (8th), Lord Wellington was enabled, by the dispersion of a thick fog, to ascertain more favourable points of attack. The Hermitage was now carried, and so would the camp of Sarre have been had not night supervened. The enemy, however, finding the camp no longer tenable, retired in the night. In these assaults of our right three pieces of cannon were gained. Lord Wellington not only does ample justice to the valour of the British troops, but expresses himself in the highest terms of admiration at the determined courage and excellent order with which the several Spanish divisions executed their share of the operations, and amply gives his valuable praise to the skill of the Spanish generals and officers. The price we paid for this first footing in France is not exorbitant.

KILLED WOUNDED. MISSING.
Offrs. Men. Offrs. Men. Offrs. Men.

British	4	75	40	455	0	5
Portuguese	5	13	11	168	0	8

Total	9	118	51	623	0	13
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Officers. Men.

Total British and Portu-

guese, *hors de combat* 69 754

Spaniards estimated do. — 750

Forming an aggregate loss of 1504 men and officers. It is said, that in this defeat the French were commanded by Suchet, who had been called from Catalonia, to replace Soult, whom report states to have gone to join Bonaparte in Germany. Other accounts mention Soult as being at the time employed in forming an army of reserve in the south of France.

In Catalonia, the Anglo-Sicilian army has yet to gather its first laurels. After the repulse it met with near Tarragona, detailed in our last, Lord William Bentinck resumed the advance again as soon as Suchet had turned his back, established himself at Villa Franca, and pushed his advanced guard to the Col d'Ordal. This post was attacked, or rather surprised, by Suchet on the 13th September, with a very superior force. Our troops and the Spaniards made, for several hours, the most gallant resistance; but being overpowered by numbers, were finally forced to give way and disperse, with the loss of four cannon and 150 men, or, as Suchet states, 3500. On the 14th, Lord William deemed it advisable to make a general retrograde movement upon Vendrills, and from thence to the neighbourhood of Tarragona; but Suchet, in like manner, retired after his success to the Llobregat, whence he had come. Our army continued near Tarragona on the 3d of October, its command being assumed by Lieutenant-General

Clinton; Lord Wm. Bentinck having, on the 22d Sept. embarked for Sicily, owing to the unsettled and turbulent state of affairs in that island, which required his personal interference and authority.

Strong symptoms of pestilential fever manifested themselves at Gibraltar early in September, although the cases of infection have not hitherto proved numerous. At Cadiz, too, some similar cases have spread such alarm as to agitate the question of the expediency of the government of Spain being removed from that city. In Malta the plague had, according to the latest intelligence, considerably subsided.

UNITED STATES.

The war on the Canadian frontier, furnishes no decisive event. On the 31st July, a small flotilla of Americans landed at York-town, where some stores of our's were plundered or destroyed, and even private property not respected by the enemy. A few days after (8th Aug.), the American Ontario fleet, under Commodore Chauncey, was met by our fleet on that lake under Sir James Yeo: a series of manœuvres succeeded during that and the two following days, in which each commander was trying to cut off part of his opponent's force. In these endeavours, two American schooners, in tacking to avoid the English, were upset and lost; and on the 10th, at night, two others were cut off from the main body, one of them captured, and the other sunk. This loss damped Chauncey's previous eagerness for battle, and induced him to retire

to Sackett's harbour; whence, by the latest accounts, he was stated to be on the point of once more sallying out in search of the British fleet.

In another quarter, Sir George Prevost sent, by way of diversion, an expedition against the American shores of Lake Champlain. On the 2d of August it landed at Plattsburg, where it destroyed a dépôt of military stores, burnt the barracks for 1500 men, and then proceeded to several other settlements, which met the same fate.

The principal American army is still closely hemmed in at Fort George, and should our fleet on

the Ontario gain the ascendancy on the lake, it stands in evident danger of being forced to surrender to our army.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Parliament will meet on the 4th November. This early convocation of the legislature has been thought necessary, in order, as is reported, to submit further subsidiary conventions with some Continental powers, to devise an arrangement for defraying the Continental subsidies without encroaching sensibly on the present revenue of the empire, and to increase considerably the strength of our military force.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

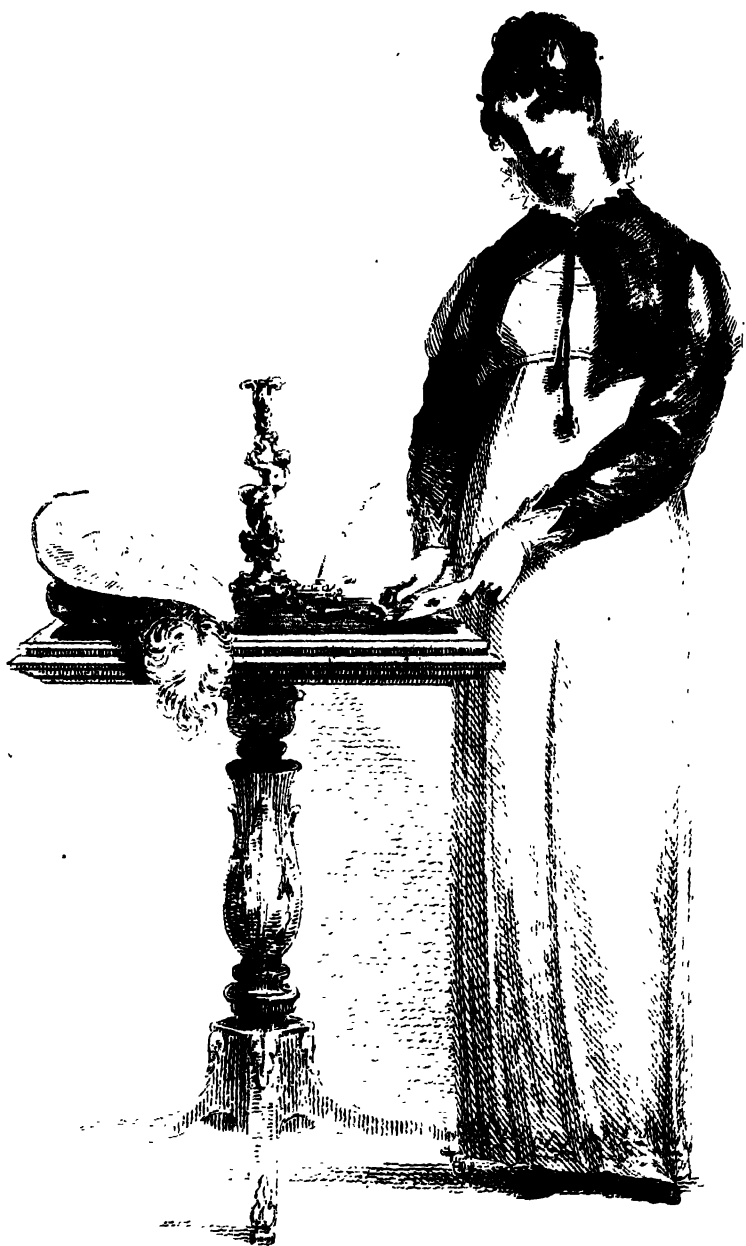
PLATE 33.—MORNING DRESS.

A FINE cambric or jaconot muslin round robe, a walking length, with round bosom, a demi height; long sleeves, and shirt, with deep fan frill of vandyke lace: the dress ornamented at the bottom, to correspond. A spencer of Peruvian green velvet or satin, with Spanish slashed sleeves, and deep cuffs of vandyke lace, to correspond with the frill of the shirt, which rises above the spencer, confined at the throat with a pearl or other suitable brooch, from which are suspended tassels and cord. The spencer appears unconfined in front, and is lined with white satin, decorated with small cord and buttons. The hair disposed *à la Madonna*, flowing in loose curls on the crown of the head, a small sprig of barberry in front. The Swedish slouch hat is worn with this dress in the out-door costume: it is composed

of the same material as the spencer, lined with white satin, and ornamented with a curled ostrich feather. Half-boots of velvet, or kid, the colour of the spencer. Gloves, a pale lemon colour.

PLATE 34.—EVENING DRESS.

A round robe of blossom-coloured crape, with demi train, worn over a white satin slip, gathered frock back, and stomacher front; the sleeve unusually short, and back and bosom uncommonly (not to say unbecomingly) exposed. The sleeves and neck of the robe ornamented with puckered white satin, and a fancy border round the bottom, composed of white satin and crape, the same as the dress; belt of the same round the bottom of the waist, confined with a pearl, or other appropriate clasp, in front. The hair in irregular curls, divided in front, and confined on the crown of the head with white beads, and





blended with small autumnal flowers of various hues. Necklace, a single row of pearl, or the satin bead; a small elastic chain of Oriental gold, from which is suspended a large convent cross of dia-

monds. Ear-rings and bracelets of pearl, with diamond studs. French kid gloves, below the elbow. Slipper of whitesatin, decorated round the step with silver fringe. Indian fan, of carved ivory.

MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of Sept. to the 15th of October, 1813.

Acute Diseases.—Fever, 2...Scarlet fever and sore-throat, 4...Inflammatory sore-throat, 2...Hooping-cough, 4...Erysipelas, 2...Catarrh, 9...Acute rheumatism, 6...Phrenitis, 2...Peripneumony, 1...Acute diseases of infants, 8.

Chronic Diseases.—Asthenia, 7...Paralysis, 2...Tabes, 1...Cough and dyspnœa, 15...Consumption, 3...Rheumatism, 5...Lumbago, 3...Dyspepsia, 6...Gastrodinia, 4...Colic, 1...Hæmorrhage, 3...Head-ach, 2...Dysure, 2...Diarrhœa, 5...Worms, 2...Dropsy, 3...Cutaneous affections, 4...Female complaints, 5.

The weather of late has been remarkably wet, and considerable changes of temperature have been experienced. In the mean time inflammatory complaints have increased. Scarlet fever and hooping-cough have occurred very frequently, and with great severity. In general, scarlatina is a mild disease, and goes through its course without any dangerous symptoms: when the throat is also affected, the complaint becomes more serious, and when accompanied with ulceration, it sometimes assumes the most malignant character. This occurred in three of the cases now recorded. In one, an infant, the

physician was not called in till a few hours before death, when the child was totally incapable of swallowing, and the mouth and lips thickly coated with a black and offensive sordes. The brother of this poor infant, aged fourteen, was soon afterwards attacked with the complaint: he had not long recovered from a fever, and was still extremely weak. As the scarlet fever in the beginning did not appear violent, and the throat not very sore, it was treated with the usual evacuants and saline draughts. The complaint, however, shortly assuming a worse character, bark, acids, and occasional opiates were administered, as freely as they could be taken, and proved decidedly beneficial. The patient is now convalescent. Nearly the same symptoms occurred in another of the cases, a young man about 22. I did not see him in the commencement of the disorder, but had no hesitation, from the livid state of the tonsils, the thick brown fur of the tongue, and the sinking condition of the subject, nearly exhausted and insensible, to give bark and sulphuric acid, as freely as he could be made to swallow, which was accomplished with pain and difficulty. Porter was refreshing to him; and he recovered under very unpromising circumstances.

It has been very common of late years to treat scarlet fever and sore-throat upon a strictly antiphlogistic plan; and much success has attended it. But this is doubtless more owing to the mildness of the disorder, than to the efficacy of the treatment. In most instances, sponging the surface of the body, whilst hot, with vinegar and water, drinking freely of any cool aqueous beverage, and keeping the bow-

els in a proper state, will suffice; but this should never deceive our caution, nor prevent a most strict attention to the condition of the tonsils, and the general appearance of the patient; for where the throat is affected, the change in this disease, from a favourable to a malignant state, is not unfrequent. Hence the danger of using the lancet, or too strictly enforcing the depleting plan.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE dry weather in the early part of last month, impeded the wheat-sowing upon clover lay, and bean and pea cshes; but the fallows have worked most kindly, the soil having a good time, according to the farmer's phrase, to settle. The new wheats yield abundantly, even on those soils that were slightly touched by the mildew; these wheats are small and steeley, but yield an average crop.

Barley is not so fine and bright in quality as was expected, but in yield abundant, more than an average crop.

Oats are small in size, but yield to the acre a full average crop.

Beans, peas, and the whole of

the pod tribe, are of fine quality, and yield more than for several years past: they have received less injury from the maggot than is customary.

The soiling crops, such as rye, tares, winter barley, &c. have the most promising appearance.

Turnips, in the southern counties, have suffered considerably from the drought, particularly the early sown. The late crops are in a high state of verdure, and promise to grow late if the frosts keep off.

Threshing must take place earlier this winter, for the straw, in consequence of the scarcity of lat-
termath.

ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

NO. I is an animated and lively sample of the true Circassian cloth, beautifully coloured, and similar in effect to that worn by those formerly celebrated and graceful people, whose natural symmetry and dignity of deportment are acknowledged not to be surpassed by any other nation. This article of seasonable introduction is admirably adapted, both for dresses of various descriptions, and also for the coat *à la surtout*. It is nearly two yards wide, extremely light and adhesive, and, like the Chinese crape, falls in graceful folds with the move-

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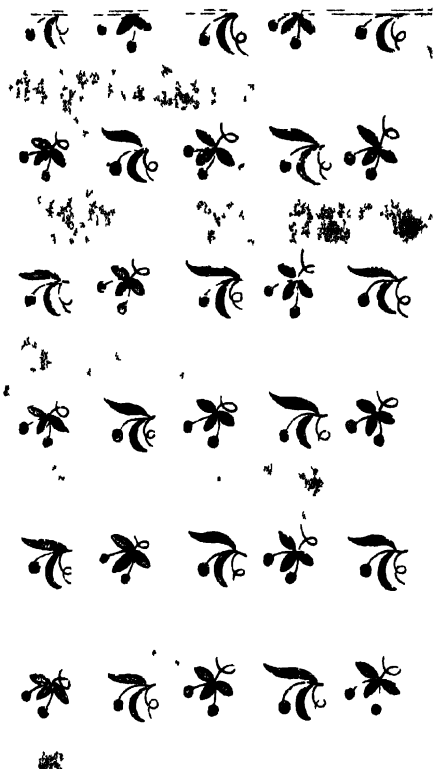


The Repository

Of Arts, Literature, Commerce, Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics.

MANUFACTURERS, Factors, and Dealers in Fancy Goods, that come within the scope of this Plan, are requested to send Patterns of such new Articles, as they come out; and if the requisites of Novelty, Fashion, and Elegance, are united, the quantity necessary for this Magazine will be ordered.

R. Ackermann, 101, Strand, London.







ments of the figure. It is to be procured at the celebrated East India warehouse of Millard & Co. 16, Cheapside.

No. 2 is a specimen of the new patent twine cloth, for sheeting, yard and half wide; possessing those rarely united qualities of great delicacy, economy, and conduciveness to health. It is equal in appearance to the fine Holland, yet without the chilly properties of the latter, whilst it is obtained at one half the expence. The mathematical principle on which it is manufactured, renders it at once durable and delicate. The apparatus and machinery are of great extent, and extremely curious,

being worked by steam. It is sold at Millard's, as above, and at no other house, in pieces of two pair each.

No. 3, a Manchester muslin, composed of cotton and silk, and of tastefully contrasted colours. It is equally adapted to the domestic or evening costume, distinguished only by its construction and its trimmings. It is sold by T and I. Smith, Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden, at 2s. 6d. per yard, silk width.

No. 4 is a silk chequered shawl pattern for gentlemen's waistcoats, and is sold by Messrs. Kestevens and Co. York-st. Covent-Garden.

Poetry.

THE BIRTH OF THE BUTTERFLY.

THE shades of night were scarcely fled,
The air was mild, the winds were still;
And slow the slanting sun-beams spread
O'er wood and lawn, o'er heath and hill:

From fleecy clouds of pearly hue,
Had dropt a short, but balmy shower,
That hung, like gems of morning dew,
On ev'ry tree, on ev'ry flower:

And from the blackbird's mellow throat
Was pour'd so long and loud a swell,
As echoed, with responsive note,
From mountain side and shadowy dell:

When bursting forth to life and light,
The offspring of captiv'd *May*,
The BUTTERFLY, on pinions bright,
Launch'd in full splendour on the day.

Unconscious of a mother's care,
No infant wretchedness she knew;
But as she felt the vernal air,
At once to full perfection grew.

Her slender form, ethereal light,
Her velvet-textur'd wings unfold,
With all the rainbow's colours bright,
And dropt with spots of burnish'd gold.

Trembling awile, with joy she stood,

And felt the sun's enlaving ray,
Drank from the skies the vital flood,
And wonder'd at her plumage gay;

And balanc'd off her broider'd wings,
Thro' fields of air prepar'd to sail;
Then on her vent'rous journey springs,
And floats along the rising gale.

Go, child of pleasure, range the fields—
Taste all the joys that Spring can give—
Partake what bounteous Summer yields,
And live, while yet 'tis thine to live.

Go sip the rose's fragrant dew—
The lily's honeyed cup explore—
From flower to flower the search renew,
And rifle all the woodbine's store:

And let me trace thy vagrant flight,
Thy moments too of short repose;
And mark thee, when, with fresh delights,
Thy golden pinions open and close.

But, hark! while thus I musing stand,
Pours on the gale an airy note,
And breathing from a viewless band,
Soft silver tones around me float.

They cease—but still a voice I hear,
 A whisper'd voice of hope and joy:—
 "Thy hour of rest approaches near—
 "Prepare thee, mortal! thou must die!
 "Yet, start not! on thy closing eyes
 "Another day shall still unfold,
 "A sun of milder radiance rise,
 "A happier age of joys untold.
 "Shall the poor worm that shocks thy
 sight,
 "The humblest form in Nature's train,
 "Thus rise in new-born lustre bright,
 "And yet the emblem teach in vain?
 "Ah! where were once her golden eyes,
 "Her glittering wings of purple pride?
 "Concealed beneath a rude disguise,
 "A shapeless mass, to earth allied.
 "Like thee the hapless reptile liv'd,
 "Like thee she toil'd, like thee she spun;
 "Like thine, her closing hour arriv'd,
 "Her labours ceas'd, her web was done.
 "And shalt thou, number'd with the dead,
 "No happier state of being know?
 "And shall no future morrow shed
 "On thee a beam of brighter glow.
 "Is this the bound of power divine,
 "To animate an insect frame?
 "Or shall not he who moulded thine,
 "Wake at his will the vital frame?
 "Go, mortal! in thy reptile state,
 "Enough to know to thee is given;
 "Go! and the joyful truth relate,
 "Frail child of earth, high heir of
 heaven."

THE KISS.

By J. M. LACEY.

'Twas wrong, 'twas very wrong, I own;
 And doubtless, dear one, 'twas alarm-
 ing;
 But like a radiant sun you shone,
 And look'd, my love, so very charming:
 Such beauty swam in either eye,
 'Twas vain to hope I could resist you;
 Your lip to mine was *some how* nigh,
 And so, dear, tempting girl, I kiss'd
 you!

But, oh! 'twas wrong, I do confess;
 And now I mourn my sweet sad error:
 To wound *thy* soul, mild loveliness!
 Fills *mine* with grief, with shame and
 terror!

But, be advis'd by me, sweet maid!
 Keep from my sight thy charms so
 winning;
 Or very much I am afraid,
 My lips once more may yield to sin-
 ning!

FEMALE CELIBACY;

OR,

THE GRAVE OF CYNTHIA.

Where youthful circles make resort,
 Nightly to flaunt in trim array;
 Where meet in Fashion's airy court,
 The light, the giddy, and the gay,
 I would not seek
 To wet one cheek
 With gentle Pity's holy dew:
 Why shade with clouds a summer's sky?
 Why dim the lustre of an eye
 Which sorrow never knew?

But lives there one whose feeling breast
 Those festive scenes can bear to leave,
 To wander where the weary rest,
 And feel how sweet it is to grieve?
 If such there be,
 O! come with me,
 And view poor Cynthia's lowly bed:
 'Tis yonder little fresh green sod,
 Where seldom mourner's foot hath trod,
 Or pious tear been shed.

O Time! I would not blame thy power,
 For Cynthia's youth and beauty flown;
 I mourn that but so sweet a flower
 Should bloom and wither all alone:
 For she was fair
 Beyond compare,
 And ever was her heart so blithe,
 By gay, good-humour'd mirth upborne—
 O Time! she would have laugh'd to scorn
 Thy very glass and scythe.

For her, soft dreams and slumbers light
 Succeeded calm, unruffled days;
 Each eye beamed on her with delight,
 Each tongue was tuneful in her praise;
 And at her feet,
 With reverence meet,

A crowd of flattering suitors strove;
 Some proffer'd glittering gems and gold,
 And some of endless transports told,
 And everlasting love.

But little could their prayers avail,
 Nor one could win the maiden's choice;
 She little heeded Flattery's tale,
 She scorn'd the sound of Mammon's
 voice:

The gay attire,
 Could she admire,

Of beaux that glitter'd by her side?
 While every vagrant butterfly,
 That frisks beneath a summer sky,
 Could rival all their pride.

Yet had she seen some gentle youth,
 Of manners mild, by sense refin'd,
 Whose pure integrity and truth
 Spoke manly dignity of mind;
 And had he sued
 In plaintive mood,
 And sighing looked his anxious pain;
 And had he dropp'd a silent tear,
 The tribute of a soul sincere,—
 It had not sued in vain.

What though the charms which Nature
 spread,

With raptur'd eye she oft survey'd;
 What though, "by heavenly music led,"
 She lov'd to wander through the shade;
 Still from her breast,
 Forlorn, distress'd,

Would sometimes break unbidden
 sighs,—

That she had none whose feeling heart
 In all her griefs might bear a part,
 And share in all her joys.

Vain was the oft repeated sigh,
 For friends her youthful years had
 known,

Who now had owned the sacred tie
 Which binds all charities in one:—

No. LIX. Vol. X.

The moon's still beam
 On lake or stream,

Dark woods and precipices rude,
 Would then inspire sweet melancholy,
 That shunn'd the world, its noise and folly,
 In love with solitude.

And now her charms are fading fast,
 Her spirits now no more are gay;
 Alas! that beauty cannot last!

That flowers so sweet so soon decay!

How sad appears

The vale of years,

How changed from youth's too flatter-
 ing scene!

Where are her fond admirers gone?—

Alas! and shall there then be none

On whom her soul may lean?

Poor Cynthia! friendless and forlorn!

When youth's gay flowers were all
 turned sere,

Thou yet could'st shun the world's dread
 scorn,

And hide thy faded beauties *here*:

But in thine end,

A more than friend

Was needed, who could watch each
 breath,—

Still near thy sickly couch could wait,—

Support thee on the brink of fate,

And cheer the gloom of death.

Thou who could'st mourn o'er Friendship's
 bier,

Why was thine own unwept to be?

Thou who could'st give to all a tear,

Why was there none to weep for thee?

Now, o'er thy grave

The wild weeds wave,

Who shall thy perish'd worth deplore?

Or say, the breast which lies beneath,
 Though doomed its sighs unheard to

breathe,

Was never cold before?

Adieu, poor Cynthia! though thy bier

By widow'd love has not been press'd;

What though no child, with starting tear,

Shall view thy place of holy rest;

This little mound

Shall still be found

S s

In Spring's soft verdure first arrayed;
The snowdrop, earnest of the year,
Spotless like thee, shall flourish here,
Like thee shall early fade!

A BROKEN HEART.

Ye sons of Esculapius, tell,
(If any of you know it well,)
If a simple, or compound,
Has been found, this world around,
Of any sort, in any part,
That can cure—a *broken heart*?

Can competence give no relief?
Nor company assuage its grief?
Can change of climate, air, or place,
Give it no gleam of happiness?
Can wine and friendship not impart
Comfort to—a *broken heart*?

Can contemplation's ample field,
Nor love, nor learning pleasure yield?
Nor children's prattle? nor the sage
Advices of maturer age?
Can neither science, man, nor art
Ever mend—a *broken heart*?

Ah! no!—a *broken heart* like mine
Can no alleviation find—
One broken by a *bosom friend*
It is impossible to mend:
Till in death's struggles I depart,
No cure is for my—*broken heart*!

ADDRESS TO THE DAISY.

Come lift up thy head,
The winter is fled,
The frost and the snow gone away;
The lark's on the wing,
For now it is spring,
So be blithe, little Daisy, and gay.

Thou'rt the first of the year
That I've seen appear,
Since Winter resign'd his storn reign;
But soon beside thee,
Many more shall there be,
So gaily to deck the green plain.

See, the Sun in his pride,
Wooes the earth as his bride,
And ere his love-tale he has done,
She plenteously pours
Her earliest flow'rs,
Of which, modest Daisy, thou'rt one.

Since all things look bright,
And all do invite
To join in the general lay,
Though thou canst not sing
In praise of the Spring,
Yet, sweet little Daisy, look gay.

R. B.

TO * * * * *

The air is still, the day is gone,
I turn aside to weep;
And meet it is that I alone,
With tears, thy watch should keep.
Oh! sacred is thy mystic sleep,
And ne'er should sigh or groan
Molest thy urn, where death-flow'rs
creep,
In green gloom, round the stone.
I will not sigh, that fools may hear,
I will not weep aloud;
I will not shed the dewy tear
Before the heartless crowd;—
But I will sorrow o'er thy shroud,
Alone in death be near,
Bend o'er thee like a winter cloud,
And mourn upon thy bier.

J. H. R.

WEST FELTON, Aug. 15, 1813.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Sep. 27 to Oct. 2.

TOTAL, 5779 quarters.—Average, 90s. 1½d per quarter, or 0s. 6½d. per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from Oct. 2 to 8.

TOTAL, 15,552 sacks.—Average, 38s. 4½d. per sack, or 4s. 8½d. per sack lower than last return

Average of England and Wales, Oct. 9.

	s	d	s	d	Beans
Wheat	94	11	Barley	52	0
Rye	59	4	Oats	32	10
					Pease

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	Tares, per bushel	s.	s.
Wheat white, per quarter	52	90	Turnip	11	12
—red—	49	90	Mustard,	15	18
—foreign—	50	75			
Rye	40	46	—brown—	19	25
Barley, English	40	56	—white—	10	19
Malt	60	94	Canary, per qr.	90	131
Oats Feed	16	27	Hempseed	60	70
—Friesland—	—	—	Linseed	—	90
—Poland—	24	39	Clover, red,	—	90
—Potatoe—	31	42	—white—	—	90
Beans, Pigeon	34	58	—white—	90	120
—Horse—	70	90	—foreign,	86	140
Pease, Boiling	56	60	—white—	72	100
—Grey—	85	—	—red—	90	140
Flour per sack	70	75	Trefoil	—	4
—Seconds—	60	70	Caraway	—	36
—Scotch—	—	—	Co-lander	—	30
American Flour	—	—		30	34

Rapeseed, per last — — — £44 a £50 a £52.

Oil Cakes, per thousand, £18. 0s. to £20 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

COFFEE, Bonded.

Muscovade, fine	94 a 98	Dominica, Surinam, &c.	s	d
—good—	59 a 94	Fine	75	0
—ordinary—	55 a 88	Good	70	0
East India, white	98 a 108	Ordinary	67	0
—yellow—	91 a 97	Triage	36	0
—brown—	86 a 90	Jamaica.		

REFINED SUGAR.

Double Leaves	159 a 190	Good	60	0
Hambro' ditto	134 a 140	Ordinary	40	0
Powder ditto	134 a 140	Triage	20	0
Single ditto	130 a 137	Mocha	300	0
Canary Lump	124 a 132	Bourbon	90	0
Large ditto	122 a 128	Domingo	60	0
Bastards, whole	94 a 96	Java	90	0
—fairs—	95 a 103	COCOA, Bonded.		
—middles—	90 a 96	Trinidad and		
—tips—	92 a 95	Plantation	65	0

GINGER.

Jamaica, white	82 a 200	Nutmegs	18	0
Barbadoes, ditto	75 a 80	Cloves	10	0
—black—	70 a 75	Cinnamon	10	0

RICE, Bonded.

Carolina	24 a 26	Pepp. white	35	0
Brazil	26 a 28	—black—	25	0
		Pimento	2	0

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 58s. 11½d.

Sugars have been very dull this month, and raw sugars are a little lower.

HOPS in the Borough.

Kent	6	0	9	0	0
Sussex	5	15	8	10	0
Essex	0	0	0	0	0

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	s.	s.	Wheat, Barley.	Oats.	Beans.	Peas.
Newcastle	9	68	88	40	35	—
Northampton	—	—	—	—	—	—
Causterbury	—	—	—	—	—	—
Lewes	16	99	94	50	34	30
Chesterfield	9	80	90	50	30	36
Ashborne	—	100	110	—	—	—
Guildford	10	—	—	—	—	—
Canabon	12	93	95	50	35	58
Louth	13	80	90	50	30	—
Huntingdon	9	72	90	50	35	—
Newark	13	90	90	50	30	—
Spilshy	11	80	90	50	35	—
Styegate	—	—	—	—	—	—
Devizes	14	88	100	40	55	—
Reading	16	76	105	40	50	—
Swansea	13	92	—	—	—	—
Benley	—	—	—	—	—	—
Vaidenhead	—	—	—	—	—	—
Salisbury	12	78	88	44	50	—
Pearth	—	—	—	—	—	—
Hull	—	—	—	—	—	—
Basingstoke	13	89	100	46	53	—
Walsfield	15	60	90	50	40	—
Andover	—	—	—	—	—	—
Warminster	16	81	99	46	60	—

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Brandy, Cogn.	8	9	9	6	Mol. Spirits	—
—Spanish—	5	0	5	2	British	13
Tollands Gun	8	0	8	6	Irish	10
Am. Jamaica	4	6	4	6	Scotch	0
Lew. Isl.	3	9	4	6	Spirits of Wine	24

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR SEPTEMBER, 1813.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1813. SEPT	Wind	Pressure.			Temperature			Weather.	Evap	Rain
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S 1	30.35	29.90	30.125	66.0°	40.0°	56.0°	fine	.080	—
2	S E 1	29.90	29.80	29.850	68.0	52.0	60.0	gloomy	.060	—
3	S 1	29.85	29.65	29.750	66.0	52.0	59.00	gloomy	.100	—
4	S 2	29.95	29.40	29.525	64.0	54.0	61.00	gloomy	.136	—
5	S W 1	29.50	29.45	29.475	67.0	53.0	60.00	fine	.102	.438
6	S 4	29.45	28.50	28.975	61.0	45.0	53.00	rainy	.042	—
7	S W 3	29.50	28.50	28.990	68.0	56.0	62.00	rainy	.038	—
8	W 2	29.65	29.30	29.475	55.0	41.0	49.50	rainy	.032	.815
9	N W 2	30.30	29.05	29.975	64.0	43.0	53.50	fine	.064	.840
10	N W 1	30.35	30.30	30.325	58.0	41.0	49.50	gloomy	.058	.290
11	N W 1	30.35	30.25	30.300	68.0	52.0	60.00	gloomy	.036	—
12	S W 1	30.25	29.95	30.100	63.0	55.0	61.50	gloomy	—	—
13	S W 1	29.95	29.95	29.950	63.0	46.0	54.50	gloomy	.084	—
14	S W 1	30.30	29.95	30.125	61.0	52.0	56.50	brilliant	—	.450
15	S W 1	30.30	30.20	30.250	62.0	45.0	53.50	brilliant	—	—
16	S W 1	30.30	30.20	30.350	63.0	52.0	57.50	brilliant	.194	—
17	S W 1	30.50	30.50	30.500	64.0	50.0	57.00	brilliant	.088	—
18	N W 1	30.50	30.30	30.100	65.0	42.0	55.00	fine	.100	—
19	N E 1	30.30	30.18	30.240	64.0	44.0	50.00	brilliant	—	—
20	N E 1	30.18	30.18	30.180	67.0	43.0	57.50	brilliant	.180	.105
21	N W 1	30.18	30.18	30.180	64.0	50.0	57.00	brilliant	.090	—
22	N W 1	30.30	30.18	30.240	63.0	51.0	57.00	brilliant	.089	—
23	N E 1	30.35	30.30	30.325	63.0	52.0	57.50	gloomy	.085	—
24	N W 1	30.35	30.35	30.350	61.0	50.0	55.50	gloomy	.082	—
25	N W 1	30.15	30.35	30.500	59.0	48.0	53.50	gloomy	.040	—
26	N 1	30.45	30.40	30.425	59.0	49.0	54.00	gloomy	—	—
27	Var. 1	30.40	30.27	30.325	62.0	52.0	57.00	gloomy	—	—
28	S W 1	30.40	30.30	30.375	56.0	46.0	51.00	gloomy	—	.070
29	N E 1	30.51	30.35	30.445	55.0	44.0	49.50	gloomy	—	—
30	E 1	30.51	30.40	30.470	60.0	50.0	53.00	fine	.260	—
		Mean 30.083			Mean 55.91				2.040	3.008

RESULTS.

Mean barometrical pressure, 30.083—maximum, 30.55, wind N. W. 1. — Minimum, 28.50, wind S 4.—Range, 2.05 inches.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .95 of an in. which was on the 6th.

Mean temperature, 55°.91.—Maximum, 68°, wind var. —Min. 41°, Range 27°.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 26°, which was on the 18th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 6.6 inches.—Number of changes, 13.

Total quantity of water evaporated, 3.008 inches.

Rain, &c. this month, 2.040 inches.—Number of wet days, 10.—Total rain this year, 21.710 inches.

WIND.

N	N E	E	S E	S	S W	W	N W	Variable.	Calm.
1	5	1	1	4	9	1	7	1	9

Brisk winds 1—Boisterous ones 1.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR SEPTEMBER, 1813.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1813	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
SEPT.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S E	30.05	29.85	29.950	65°	56°	60.5°	cloudy	—	—
2	S W	29.90	29.85	29.875	67	48	57.5	showers	—	—
3	S	29.95	29.85	29.900	75	58	66.5	cloudy	—	—
4	S	29.85	29.75	29.800	73	60	66.5	showers	—	—
5	S W	29.75	29.25	29.500	70	56	63.0	showers	—	.69
6	S W	29.49	29.27	29.380	68	52	60.5	windy	.61	—
7	W	29.67	29.49	29.580	64	44	54.0	showery	—	—
8	N W	29.85	29.67	29.760	56	43	49.5	cloudy	—	—
9	N W	30.19	29.85	30.020	50	41	45.5	fine	—	—
10	N W	30.24	30.19	30.215	61	49	55.0	fine	—	—
11	S W	30.24	30.13	30.170	70	58	64.0	fine	.55	—
12	S W	30.06	30.00	30.030	72	51	61.5	fine	—	—
13	N W	30.06	30.05	30.055	63	51	57.0	fine	—	.19
14	N W	30.18	30.06	30.120	64	42	53.0	fine	—	—
15	S W	30.18	30.17	30.175	70	51	60.5	fine	—	—
16	N W	30.28	30.17	30.225	67	51	59.0	fine	.63	—
17	Var.	30.28	30.26	30.270	70	54	62.0	fine	—	—
18	E	30.26	30.10	30.180	67	46	56.5	fine	.13	—
19	E	30.10	29.92	30.010	67	42	54.5	fine	—	—
20	N E	29.90	29.89	29.895	67	46	56.5	fine	—	—
21	N E	29.91	29.87	29.890	65	51	58.0	showery	—	—
22	N E	29.96	29.90	29.930	65	49	57.0	showers	—	—
23	N	30.01	29.96	29.985	61	52	56.5	showers	—	—
24	N	30.11	30.01	30.060	63	47	55.0	fine	—	.20
25	N	30.11	30.03	30.070	60	51	55.5	fine	—	—
26	N	30.03	30.01	30.020	65	49	57.0	fine	.73	—
27	E	30.01	29.94	29.975	65	45	55.0	cloudy	—	—
28	N E	—	—	—	60	47	53.5	cloudy	—	—
29	N	30.12	29.94	30.030	61	47	54.0	fine	—	—
30	Var.	30.12	29.84	29.980	60	37	48.5	fine	.33	—
		Mean		29.967	Mean		57.0	Total	3.03in.	1.07in.

RESULTS—Prevailing winds, northerly.—Mean height of barometer, 29.967 inches; highest observation, 30.28 inches; lowest, 29.25 inches—Mean height of thermometer, 57°.—highest observation, 75°—lowest, 37°.—Total of evaporation, 3.03 inches—Rain 1.07 in.

Notes.—1st. Slight showers in the evening.—2nd. Very cloudy morning.—5th. Heavy rain between six and seven o'clock A. M.—a lunar halo at night—6th. Rainy morning—wind high.—7th. Showery, with high wind.—9th. Very fine moonlight night.—14th. A shower of rain in the morning.—16th. A solar halo about five o'clock P. M.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for OCTOBER, 1813.

Albion Fire and Life Assurance	£42 per sh.	Grantham Canal	£120 per sh.
Globe Ditto	103 do.	Kennett and Avon Ditto	20 a 20.5s. do.
Imperial Ditto	42 10s. do.	Ellesmere Ditto	66 do.
London Dock Stock	£100 per ct.	Oxford Ditto	64s do.
West India Ditto	144 a 145 do.	Croydon Ditto	18 15s. do.
Grand Junction Waterworks	£38 pr. sh.	Nottingham Ditto	210 do.
Colchester Ditto	12 5s. do.	Shrewsbury Ditto	110 do.
East London Ditto	63 do.	London Institution	43 do.
West Middlesex Ditto	30 do.	Surry Ditto	15 15s. do.
Birmingham Canal	54s do.	Drury-Lane Theatre, Old	240 do.
Grand Junction Ditto	210 do.	Ditto Ditto, New	355 do.
Coventry Ditto	800 do.	Gas Light Company	5 do.
Huddersfield Ditto	12 5s. do.		

WOLFE & Co. 9, Change-Alley, Cornhill, & FORTUNE & Co. 13, Cornhill

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr Ct Consols	3 Pr Ct Red.	4 pr ct Cons.	Navy 5 pr ct.	Long Ann.	Omanium	Impt 3 pr ct.	Impt Ann.	Irish 5 pr ct.	5 S. Sea Stock	5 Sea Ann.	India Stock	India Bouas.	Exchng. Bills 31d.	St. Lofdy Tickets	Cons. for ac.
Sep. 21	Shut	58 3/4	Shut	Shut	88	Shut	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	Shut	—	Shut	171	Par.	2 Pm.	£24. 8.	Oct 43
22	Shut	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	58 1/2
23	—	58 1/2	58 1/2	7 1/2	88 1/2	14 1/2	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	58 1/2
24	—	58 1/2	58 1/2	7 1/2	88 1/2	Shut	7 1/2 Pm.	57 1/2	—	—	6 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	58 1/2
25	—	58 1/2	58 1/2	7 1/2	88 1/2	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	173	2 Dis.	2 Pm.	—	58 1/2
26	—	58 1/2	58 1/2	—	88 1/2	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Dis.	2 Pm.	—	58 1/2
27	—	58 1/2	58 1/2	—	88 1/2	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	2 Pm.	—	58 1/2
28	—	58 1/2	58 1/2	—	88 1/2	—	7 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	2 Pm.	—	58 1/2
29	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	58 1/2
30	—	58 1/2	58 1/2	—	88 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	58 1/2
Oct. 1	—	58 1/2	58 1/2	—	88 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	58 1/2
2	—	58 1/2	58 1/2	—	88 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	174	3 Dis.	Par.	—	58 1/2
3	—	58 1/2	58 1/2	—	88 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	Par.	—	58 1/2
4	—	58 1/2	58 1/2	—	88 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	Par.	—	58 1/2
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19	217	58 1/2	58 1/2	—	88 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 Dis.	2 Pm.	—	58 1/2
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L. Harrison & J. C. Leigh, Printers, 373, Strand.

THE
Repository
 OF
ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,
Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,
 For DECEMBER, 1813.

VOL. X.

The Sixtieth Number.

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Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any Part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne Lane; to Hamburg, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne Lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

At the close of another volume of the Repository, the Publisher begs leave to express his usual acknowledgments for the flattering support and patronage which his exertions have experienced; and to assure his friends and the public in general, that they shall be unremittingly used to secure to his work those original and interesting features by which it has hitherto been recommended. In the present Number alone, the extraordinary press of important matter has induced him to give, without any extra charge, several pages beyond the usual quantity of letter-press.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.

Though we cannot at present give any precise promise on the subject of N. A. I.'s suggestion, yet it is not impossible that we may be able to gratify him on some future occasion.

C.'s communications for our Fragments and Anecdotes are received.

Some Notices of literary works arrived too late for insertion in our present Number. We once more repeat, that all such should be transmitted not later than the 15th of each month. We are also under the necessity of reminding our correspondents, that it is not within the plan of the Repository to notice works already published.

We should willingly oblige Parodus by the insertion of his lines, but fear they would do neither him nor us much credit.

The contributions of several of our poetical correspondents are necessarily deferred for want of room.

The first portion of the interesting Memoir of the celebrated Mozart, shall appear in our next.

Humanitas, also, shall be given next month.

If Vasco de Gama will turn to Vol. VIII. of the Repository, p. 91, he will find, that he is either guilty of as gross a piracy upon him-self as ever engaged the attention of a court of justice; or that some audacious rogue, counterfeiting his signature, had the art to appropriate to himself, about a year and a half ago, not only all his ideas, but, in general, the very words in which they are expressed.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.

ERRATUM.—P. 344, col. 1, l. 7, for *Historical painter and engraver, &c.* read—*Historical engraver to his Sicilian Majesty and H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex.*

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—————The suffrage of the wise,
 The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
 - By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from p. 265.)

MISS EVE. Do you know Carew's and Davenant's dates?

MISS K. Thomas Carew was born in Gloucestershire, and died in 1639. He was cupbearer to King Charles I. as Suckling observes, was very intimate with Charles II. and highly respected by Killegrew, Ben Jonson, Sir William Davenant, and other wits.

Sir William Davenant was the son of an innkeeper at Oxford, where he was born in 1605. According to some writers, he was a natural son of Shakspeare, who, as they relate, conceived a passion for the landlady of the inn where he used frequently to put up in his visits to Warwickshire. Be this as it may, Davenant obtained the appointment of poet laureat on the death of Ben Jonson, in 1637. He died in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1668, and was buried two days afterwards in Westminster Abbey.

MISS EVE. Do you think that

Shakspeare was really the father of Davenant?

MISS K. Many writers assert, that Shakspeare was too moral a man to be so.

MISS EVE. Is it true, that he shewed no excellence as an actor?

MISS K. It is said that neither Shakspeare, Jonson, Lee, Otway, Farquhar, nor Savageshewed much excellence in that line.—Shakspeare generally performed such characters as the ghost in Hamlet. This is known by some of the play-bills yet extant, and the *dramatis persona* prefixed to the plays printed at that time.

MISS EVE. Some writer has observed,

New Otways, Southernns, Rowes, and Lees may rise,

A Shakspeare comes but once from the indulgent skies.

MISS K. It has also been remarked, that if six of the best of Shakspeare's plays were selected,

T T

and six of the best of all other writers, Shakspeare's would carry the palm of pre-eminence. Gray, in his *Progress of Poetry*, has thus characterized Shakspeare and Milton :

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time where lucid Avon stray'd;
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face—the darling child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take, she said, whose colours clear,
Richly paint the vernal year;
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy,
This can unlock the gates of joy,
Of horror that and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

Nor second be that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy;
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and
time,
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze;
He saw—but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

Miss Ece. How would you describe the talents of our best actor, Garrick?

Miss K. An ingenious author, who wrote about 50 years ago, in 1762, says—"David Garrick, the modern Roscius, in his person was low, but well shaped and neatly proportioned, and having added the qualifications of dancing and fencing to that natural gentility of manner which no art can bestow, but with which our great mother, Nature, endows many, even from infancy, his deportment was constantly easy, natural, and engaging. His complexion was dark, and the features of his face, which were pleasingly regular, were animated by a full black eye, brilliant and penetrating. His voice was clear, melodious, and commanding, and although it might not possess the strong overbearing powers of

Mossop's, or the musical sweetness of Barry's, yet it appears to have had a much greater compass of variety than either; and, from Garrick's judicious manner of conducting it, enjoyed that articulation and piercing distinctness which rendered it equally intelligible to the most distant parts of an audience in the gentle whispers of murmuring love, the half smothered accents of in-felt passion, or the professed and sometimes awkward concealment of an aside speech in comedy, as in rants of rage, the darings of despair, or all the open violence of tragical enthusiasm. As to his particular forte or superior cast in acting, it would perhaps be as difficult to determine, as it would be minutely to describe his several excellencies in the very different casts in which he at different times thought proper to appear. Particular superiority was swallowed up in his universality, and should it even be contended, that there have been performers equal to him in their respective fortes of playing, yet even their partizans must acknowledge, that there never existed any performer who came near his excellence in so great a variety of parts. Tragedy, comedy, and farce; the lover and the hero; the jealous husband, who suspects his wife's virtue without a cause, and the thoughtless, lively rake, that attacks it without design, were all alike open to his imitation, and all alike did honour to his execution; nay, even time itself seemed to stand or advance as he would have it. Rage and ridicule, doubt and despair, transport and tenderness, compassion and contempt, love, jealousy, fear, fury, and simplicity,

all took in turn a possession of his features, while each appeared in turn to be the sole possessor of those features. One night Old Age sat on his countenance as if the wrinkles she had stamped there were indelible; the next, the gaiety and the bloom of youth seemed to overspread his face, and smoothed even those marks which time and muscular conformation might have really made there. Of these truths no one can be ignorant who has ever seen him in the several characters of Lear or Hamlet, Richard, Dorilas, Romeo, Lusignan, in his Ranger, Bayes, Druggier, Kitley, Brute, or Benedict. In short, Nature, from whom alone this great performer borrowed all his lessons, being in herself inexhaustible, and her variations not to be numbered, it is by no means surprising, that this her darling son should find an unlimited scope for change and diversity in his manner of copying from her various productions; and, as if she had from his cradle marked him out for her true representative, she had bestowed on him such powers of expression as no performer ever yet possessed; not only for the display of a single passion, but also for the combinations of those various conflicts with which the human breast is at times fraught; so that in his countenance, even when his lips were silent, his meaning stood portrayed in characters too legible for any to mistake it. In a word, the beholder felt himself affected, he knew not why; and it may truly be said of him by future writers, as the poet has said of Shakspeare,

His powerful strokes prevailing truth imprest,
And unresisted passion return'd the breast."

Miss Eve. Was George Stevens, the editor of Shakspeare, a relation of George Alexander Stevens?

Miss K. No—the names are different: the latter was named Stevens, the former Steevens. In 1765, he published an edition of twenty of Shakspeare's plays, in four octavo volumes; and, in 1773, he negotiated a coalition between that book and Dr. Johnson's edition, which appeared in ten volumes octavo. To this edition the late Edmund Malone, a native of Ireland, and son to a late attorney-general of that kingdom, published a supplement in 1780. Mr. Malone appears to have possessed more critical acumen and ingenuity than any of the commentators upon Shakspeare. He was also the author of several prologues and epilogues.

Mr. Steevens, who died Jan. 22, 1800, aged 65, was a very eccentric man, like many other persons of genius. This reminds me of a Mr. Johnson, also a very eccentric man, who was something of an actor, a dancing-master, and a dramatic writer. He was the author of *Hurlo Thrumbo* (1729), *All Alive and Merry* (1732), and *The Blazing Comet*, which, like his other writings, is a mixture of madness, absurdity, and bombast, intermingled with some surprising strokes of genius and imagination. In this play he himself performed a character, in which he made his appearance and walked about the stage on a high pair of stilts, which eccentric absurdity made the audience laugh till they cried.

Miss Eve. It is said that all men of real genius are in some degree eccentric, that genius is allied to

madness. But how did Mr. Steevens shew his eccentricity?

Miss K. In this newspaper is a character of him written just after his death.

Monday, January 27, 1800.

On Wednesday last died at his house at Hampstead, Mr. Steevens, aged 65, one of the most distinguished commentators on Shakspeare. Mr. Steevens was one of the most valuable members of the literary world, and the brightest star in the constellation of editors of that century in which the names of Pope, Thobald, Rowe, Warburton, Garrick, Johnson, Capel, and Malone are conspicuous. — Adorned with versatility of talents, Mr. Steevens was eminent both by his pen and pencil: with the one there was nothing he could not compose; with the other he could imitate so closely, as to leave a doubt which was the original and which the copy. But his chief excellence lay in his critical knowledge of an author's text, and the best pattern of his great abilities is his edition of Shakspeare, in which he has left every competitor far behind, and even Johnson, with his giant strides, could not walk by his side. It is to his indefatigable industry that we are indebted for the most perfect edition of our immortal bard that ever came from an English press. Mr. Steevens was a man of the greatest perseverance in every thing he undertook; often constant, but not always consistent, as he would sometimes break off his longest habits without any ostensible reason. He discontinued his daily visits to White's, the bookseller, after many years regular attendance, for no real cause; and left

Stockdale, whom he took up on quitting White, all at once, in the same eccentric, unaccountable manner. He never took a pinch of snuff after he lost his box in St. Paul's church-yard, though it had been the custom of his life and he was much addicted to the practice, and in the habit of making his memorandums by bits of paper in his box. He was rich in books and prints: he bought largely at Sir Clement Dormer's, where he got his Xenophon worth forty pounds for twelve guineas. He had the second folio of Shakspeare, with notes and alterations of the scenes by Charles II. in his own hand. He never would sit for his picture, but had no objection to illustrate his own Shakspeare with 1500 portraits of all the persons mentioned in the notes or text of whom he could make drawings or procure engravings. He had a happy memory, richly stored; was a very pleasant *tête-à-tête* companion; communicative of his knowledge, but jealous of other men's.

Miss Eve. Do you know any thing of John Corey?

Miss K. Corey, who was a dramatic writer as well as an actor, was born at Barnstaple, in Devonshire, and originally intended for the study of the law, for which purpose he was entered at New Inn. He wrote *The Generous Enemies*, or *the Ridiculous Lovers*, com. 1672; *A Cure for Jealousy*, com. 1705; *The Metamorphosis*, or *the Old Lover outwitted*, com. 1704. He died in 1721. As an actor, Corey had several imperfections. He was low of stature, and his voice none of the best; he was obliged to work against the stream and struggle

with difficulties, which prevented his being held in any high estimation as an actor, which is a profession that of all others requires the greatest number of perfections, and to arrive at excellence in which, a person ought not to be deficient in any one advantage that art or nature can bestow.

Miss Eve. In what respect was Garrick deficient?

Miss K. He was low of stature, and he could not sing.

Miss Eve. The actor has many difficulties to encounter; but the lot of the poet is still harder. Fitzgerald observes—

In every age, it is the poet's fate
To have his worth acknowledg'd when too late;

And who a happier lot can hope to find
Than Homer mendicant, and Milton blind?
'Through Greece the prince of poets begg'd
his bread,

And barren laurels crown'd our Milton's head.

Can you tell me the names of the dramatic writers that have adorned the English stage?

Miss K. For my amusement, I have made a list of them according to the alphabet, and I have also noted the reigns in which they wrote. Most of the names of the actors and actresses in the preceding list, with an account of them, is to be found in Oodley Cibber's *Memoirs*, Victor's and Davies' *History of the Stage*; Miss Bellamy's, Mrs. Baddeley's, and Mrs. Robinson's *Memoirs*; a book entitled *A Companion to the Playhouse*, which appeared in 1762; and many other publications.

Miss Eve. The recommendation of books which elucidate a subject, is always more useful than any work that an individual can produce. Will you shew me the list of the dramatic writers?

Miss K. Here are about 210 names. I have not copied them from any other list, but collected them from several sources.

Miss Eve. Will you give me some general particulars concerning some of these geniuses?

Miss K. Mention some of the names (at random), and I will endeavour to answer you.

Miss Eve. Edward Ward, to whom I observe you have put no date.

Miss K. He kept a public-house in Moorfields, and ought not to be in the list. If you observe, I have scratched him out, as I do not know that he was the author of any dramatic production. He was a man of low extraction, and almost destitute of education; but of strong natural parts, and possessed a very agreeable ptesantry of temper. He was a violent antagonist of the Whigs, and wrote *The London Spy*, *The Humours of a Coffeehouse*, and *The Reformation*, a burlesque poem.

Miss Eve. William Harrison.

Miss K. He also should hardly be admitted into the list, because his only play was never acted. He was uneducated, and by trade a patten-maker. He was the author of *The Pilgrims*, a pastoral tragedy, but probably wanted interest to get it on the stage, for it really has much merit. Like Ward, he was a man of excellent natural genius.

Miss Eve. I observe there is but one name that begins with Q, Francis Quarles. Was this the author of *The Emblems*?

Miss K. Yes. He was the son of James Quarles, Esq. clerk of the Board of Green Cloth, and purveyor to Queen Elizabeth. He was born in 1592, at Stewards, an ancient seat of his father's, near Rom-

ford, in Essex. He was educated at Peterhouse and Christ's College, Cambridge, had eighteen children by one wife, and died in 1644, aged 52; and was buried in the parish church of St. Vedast, Foster-lane. He wrote *The Virgin Widow*, com. and *The Loyal Convert*, for which he was prosecuted; also *Divine Emblems*, &c. One of his eighteen children, named John, inherited his father's genius and loyalty. He was born in 1624, and educated at Exeter College, Oxford; and died of the plague, in London, in 1665. He bore arms for Charles I. as early as 1642, at the age of eighteen.

Miss Eve. Did the physicians of this country acquire much skill in curing this plague?

Miss K. No; it was observed, that the disease was much more fatal to such as followed the prescriptions of physicians, than to those who through poverty could not procure their advice.

Miss Eve. I see you have Tom King, the comedian, in your list. Tell me some particulars of him.

Miss K. I was acquainted with Thomas King when he lived in Cross-street, Islington, and also at the place where he retired from the stage of life. He was the author of *Wit's Last Stake*.

Miss Eve. Are you sure he wrote that play?

Miss K. There might indeed be another Thomas King, but I always understood that he wrote this piece.

Miss Eve. Whether he did or not, he was a social man, and I shall hear some account of him with pleasure.

Miss K. I think I now see his coffin, and when the lid was turned

a little aside, him who had so often produced such bursts of laughter, lying with his eyes closed, so pale, so serious, so cold.

Miss Eve. What was the inscription on the coffin-plate?

Miss K. "Thos. King, Esq. died 10th of December, 1805, in his 76th year."

Miss Eve. Did you see him buried?

Miss K. Yes. The body was first taken into Covent-Garden church, where I stood close to Charles Incedon. A great number of theatrical performers attended the funeral as mourners. The coffin was then carried down some stairs into a vault in the church-yard, a few yards from Edwin's grave, nearer to Bedford-street. He died at his house in Store-street, Bedford-square, and had been above fifty years on the stage.

Miss Eve. How long had he retired from it?

Miss K. He retired from the stage on his benefit night, May 24, 1802. In that newspaper is some account of the circumstance.

Tuesday, May 25, 1802.

TOM KING'S FAREWELL.

The School for Scandal was last night performed at Drury-Lane, for the benefit of Mr. King, to a house overflowing in all parts. It was announced, that he would this night take his leave of the public, and it was a becoming attention to one who had afforded them so much entertainment, that they should appear in numbers, to receive his last acknowledgments. The play was very ably acted. Mrs. Jordan performed Lady Teazle with great ease and vivacity. Before the farce, Mr. King came

forward to speak his farewell address, a short poem, expressive of his gratitude to the public, observing, that the poet's fame lives after his death, but the actor's is buried with him in the grave. Mr. King was much affected, but he struggled to conceal his agitation; his feeling was much more discoverable in the low, faltering voice, than in tears, or a white handkerchief, or fainting, or theatrical effect. He was greeted with thunders of applause, particularly when he retired. One of the performers stood close behind him on the stage to prompt him, and Mrs. Jordan, in Lady Teazle's dress, helped him off. The performers have subscribed for a piece of plate to be presented to him as a mark of their esteem for one who has been so great an ornament to the profession, of which he has been a distinguished member in London 51 years.

Miss Eve. Perhaps William King never wrote a play or other dramatic work?

Miss K. I don't think he ever did. His most ingenious poem is, *The Art of Cookery*, in imitation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, with some Letters to Dr. Lester, occasioned principally by the title of a book published by the doctor, being the work of Apicius Cælius, concerning the soups and sauces of the ancients, with an extract of the greatest curiosities contained in that book. Among his letters is one on the dentist's scalp, or tooth-picks of the ancients; another contains an imitation of Horace, Ep. v. b. 1. being his invitation of Torquatus to supper; and a third contains remarks on Lord Grimston's play,

called *The Lawyer's Fortune, or Love in a Hollow Tree*.

Miss Eve. Will you give me a specimen of his poetry?

Miss K. Here are some lines by him, on the art of making puddings: I sing of food by British nurse design'd
To make the stripling brave and maiden kind:
Delay not, Muse, junia numbers to rehearse
The pleasures of our life and sinews of our
verse;

Let pudding's dish most wholesome be thy
theme,

And dip thy swelling plumes in fragrant cream.
—Sing, then, that dish so fitting to improve
A tender modesty and trembling love,
Swimming in butter of a golden hue,
Garnish'd with drops of rose's spicy dew.

Sometimes the frugal matron seems in haste,
Nor cares to heat her pudding into paste;
Yet milk in proper skillet she will place,
And gently spice it with a blade of mace;
Then set some careful damsel to look to't,
And still to stir away the bishop's foot:
For if burnt milk should to the bottom stick,
Like over-heated zeal, t'would make folks sick.
Into the milk her flour she gently throws,
As valets now would powder tender beaux:
The liquid forms in hasty mass unite,
Both equally delicious as they're white:
In shining dish the hasty mass is thrown,
And seems to want no graces but its own:
Yet still the housewife brings in fresh supplies,
To gratify the taste and please the eyes;
She on the surface lumps of butter lays,
Which, melting with the heat, its beams displays,
From whence it causes wonder to behold
A silver soil bedeck'd with streams of gold.

King also wrote *The Art of Love*, in imitation of Ovid *De Arte Amandi*, to which he prefixed an account of Ovid. In the latter part of his life (in 1711), he published *An Historical Account of the Heathen Gods and Heroes*, for the use of Westminster and other schools, and for the better and more easy understanding of the classics.

Miss Eve. Was he not generally called Dr. King?

Miss K. Yes. He was the son

of Ezekiel King, of London; was born in 1663, and was educated at Westminster School, under Dr. Busby, and at Christ Church, Oxford. He studied the civil law, and practised at Doctors' Commons with much reputation; but the natural gaiety of his temper and the love of company betrayed him into those pleasures which are incompatible with his profession. From the reputation of his abilities the Earl of Pembroke became his patron; and, on being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, pressed him to go over with him to that country. To this he consented, and there contracted an intimacy, which soon grew into friendship, with Judge Upton, a man of similar temper to his own, who delighted in seclusion and poetical amusement. He possessed a villa near Dublin, called Mountown, whither he and Dr. King used to retire, and where they spent most of their time, without any regard to their public offices; and thus, neglecting to pay court to the lord lieutenant, they fell under his displeasure. These two poetical companions, however, indulged no other thoughts than those of living and dying in their rural retreat. On this occasion Dr. King wrote a pastoral poem, entitled *Mully of Mountown*. Mully was the name of a red cow that supplied him with milk, and that he made the

chief subject of his poem, which the critics of those times would have imposed upon the world as a poetical allegory, though that was a species of writing to which the doctor was a total stranger.

Dr. King died in the Strand, facing Somerset-House, in 1712, aged about 49; and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, next to Dr. Knipe, one of the masters of Westminster School, who had assisted in his education, and to whom he had shortly before dedicated his *Heathen Gods*. A writer soon after his death thus describes his character:—He was a civilian exquisitely well read, a skilful judge, and among the learned an universal scholar, a critic and adept in all sciences and languages, and our English Ovid among the poets. In conversation he was grave and entertaining, without levity or spleen. As an author, his character may be summed up in the following lines:—

Read here in softest sounds the sweetest satire,
A pen dipt deep in gall, a heart good-nature.
An English Ovid, from his birth, he seems
Inspir'd alike with strong poetic dreams.
The Roman rants of Heroes, Gods, and Jove,
The Briton purely paints the arts of love.

It is said that he was made up of tenderness, pity, and compassion, and of so feminine a disposition, that tears would fall from his eyes on the slightest occasion.

JUNJUS.

A TOUR THROUGH DERBYSHIRE AND PART OF STAFFORDSHIRE.

(Concluded from p. 264.)

It is now high time for us to leave Alstonfield, and set out for Acton, for we have a fatiguing ad- venture before us. The road thence to the mine is intricate, and not easily traced by description; so

that it would be well for any person going thither to take a guide, at least for part of the way. We, however, found our way to the mine, which is situated at the bottom of a mountain, in a desolate part of Staffordshire. The grass on the sides, for a considerable way round the mine, is totally destroyed by the smoke arising from the copper-works, which resemble a village with the houses belonging to the workmen. About 500 hands are engaged in the various departments, of which number 140 are employed in the mining part alone. We had been recommended to a Mr. Mather, who is the principal overseer of the works. He gave us a very civil reception, and immediately procured a man to descend with us. Having equipped ourselves with the dress usually worn by the workmen, consisting of a ragged jacket and trousers, and an old torn, greasy hat, in which you may easily represent to yourself the strange figures we appeared, we mustered up all our courage, and then entered, each with a lighted candle, our guide having hung a bunch over his shoulders in reserve. The passage at which we entered, ran in a horizontal direction for 100 yards, was high enough to admit of our walking upright, and about four feet wide, which, as well as every branch and opening, has all been cut out of the solid rock; of this the whole mountain seems to be composed, to a depth that has not yet been fathomed. When we had reached the extremity of the first passage, we found the mouth of the pit where our descent began, which had a much more gloomy appear-

ance than if we had gone down immediately from the surface. The pit, or shaft, as it is called, is about four feet wide by three, in which ladders are fixed, consisting, upon an average, of sixteen steps, all made of iron for better security; at the end of every one a strong wooden stage is built, from which you step on the next, and so on; when having dived about fifty fathoms perpendicular by this means, we found ourselves in an immense cavern, the top of which we could not see with the light of our candles. There are several others that run in various directions, and have all been full of copper and lead ore, by which it appears, that the quantity found here must be immense. In one of those openings there is a very large engine for draining the mine of water, forcing it up from the bottom by pumps made of cast-iron pipes, of a foot diameter, and each ten feet long; they are fastened together with screws, and extend downwards 90 fathoms perpendicular. The construction of the vast machine which works the pumps, is simple, but effectual and very ingenious. A large stream of water is conveyed to the engine from the outside of the mountain, by a channel cut through the solid rock; this falls into a strong wooden reservoir, 18 feet square and three deep, which is suspended at the end of a huge beam, which works the pumps at its other extremity. The reservoir has three large valves at the bottom, which open upwards: a sluice is then lifted up by the machinery itself, and in less than half a minute the reservoir is filled, which, sinking with its own weight,

draws up the pumps at the other end of the beam : some pointed stones are fixed so underneath, that when the trough descends, they force open the valves, by which the water gushes out, and the vessel being emptied, is again lifted up by the other end, which preponderates. The whole is contrived to work itself, without the necessity of any attendance, except for necessary repairs. The noise which this monstrous engine makes in working, is indeed frightful : you hear it at a considerable distance, and much increased by the hollow echo ; but when close to it, the noise was such, that we could hardly hear one another, even with the loudest exertions. Before this engine was erected, the water was worked up by horses. They first, with much difficulty, let them down an upright shaft, and then conveyed them along a canal in boats, to their place of destination and confinement. The poor animals existed some years in this sequestered abode, had their stable below cut out of the rock, and, except being debarred the pleasure of now and then galloping about a pasture, had it tolerably easy, and fared well.

Having examined the engine and all its parts very attentively, we began to descend again, but down a hole remote from that by which we had come before. After some depth, we saw again some large rugged caverns. Their black and gloomy appearance is rendered still more so, by the idea of being so far from the surface of the earth. If any credit is to be given to ancient fable, one might suppose these the places where the

swarthy Cyclops forged the thunderbolts for Jove ; or where the fallen angels (as described by Milton) dug out the combustible materials of which they manufactured their gunpowder.—But we have not yet got to the bottom : if you have had enough of descending with us, pray stay here till we come up again, for I can assure you it is really dreadful. Well, down we went still many fathoms, and ended at last with the ladders, of which I counted forty-five ; and supposing them each 16 feet long, the whole amounts to 120 fathoms, which certainly is a tedious descent by almost perpendicular steps ; but, believe me, ten times more so to climb up again. From the spot where we stood at the bottom, there was another hole, sunk 60 feet ; but as there was no way of going down, except by a windlass, we did not chuse to try it. We did not stop long at the bottom, but soon began to climb. It is very necessary, that when several persons are ascending, one after another, they should keep at a civil distance : experience taught me this precaution ; for, by my following Mr. Heithausen too closely, I received two or three very disagreeable salutes on my nose and face with the heels of his dirty boots. It is not unusual for thirty or forty of the miners to go up and down close at the heels of each other ; but as they are so well accustomed to it, mistakes of this kind seldom happen. We were obliged to exert all our strength, climbing, sweating, and panting for breath. At last, however, with occasional pauses at the landing-places, we reached the top ; and,

after having been two hours and a half under ground, were rejoiced to see daylight again. We took each a cordial, and filled a bumper for our guide, who was a very civil fellow, and took much pains to shew us every thing curious. We found the air of this mine to be perfectly pure, even down to the bottom: this is effected by channels that are cut through the rock in such directions, that, whenever they chuse it, a current of air may be driven through with any degree of force: this is very conducive to the health of the workmen, who looked as well as those employed above ground.

The revenues of this mine to the Duke of Devonshire, are immense: some have asserted their amount to be £50,000 a year; but, after making a large deduction for the exaggeration of report, a very considerable income will remain. The copper ore is found in much larger quantities than the lead. Both are frequently met with mixed together; but this is a loss, because, in the process of smelting, the degree of heat requisite for the copper, totally destroys the lead mixed along with it. The miners work out the ore, as in other places, by the quantity. Each person bargains for a particular vein, for which the price differs according to its richness; sometimes two or three will join together at one, when it is remarkably full of ore.

Having with much difficulty cleaned our hands, which were thickly covered with mud and tallow, by means of sand and cold water, and thrown off our masquerade habiliments, we recollected each other's features once more,

and set off for Buxton. The whole face of the country thereabouts is excessively dreary, with little cultivation, except here and there in the vallies, and in general destitute of trees. We rode through Longnor, the only village for a considerable district; reached Buxton about seven in the evening, and put up at the White Hart, where the house was so full, that they were obliged to procure us beds at a private lodging-house, of which there are many in the town, and in busy seasons they turn to very good account. To-morrow morning we purpose visiting Pool's-hole, of which you have no doubt frequently heard. If we get out alive and well, you may expect a description of that, and whatever else deserves notice from Your's, &c.

* * * *

TINSEL, Sept. 15, 1788.

Dear Friend,

The receipt of this will, undoubtedly, remove any apprehensions for our safety, which some expressions at the close of my last, may, perhaps, have occasioned you.

I had entertained very mistaken notions of Pool's-hole, by supposing, that much difficulty and hazard attended those whose curiosity would lead them to the extremity, but, excepting some slight effects in our stomachs from the confined air, we came out as well as we went in. The situation of Buxton is by no means pleasant; on the contrary, it is as dreary and barren as can well be imagined. Turn your eyes which way you will, no other prospects present themselves, but barren mountains, which have not even singularity of form to recommend them; so that

if a traveller will amuse himself, he must confine himself to the place where the baths and public places afford some scenes of fashionable amusement. Buxton, with respect to situation, will not admit of a comparison with Matlock-Baths; but the improvements made there by the Duke of Devonshire, have attracted a much greater resort of company, particularly those of higher rank, who may have the most convenient and splendid accommodations. With this view, the Crescent has been erected, which consists of a superb row of houses; those at each end are hotels, the others are occupied by the nobility, who generally take the whole house by the year, and reside there when suitable. The Ball-Room is said to be the finest of the kind in England, that at Bath excepted. The lower stories are mostly made use of for shops, and have piazzas in front, as also a fine parade, where the company usually walk. At one end are the Baths, and a small, but neatly designed building, where the waters are drunk. At some distance behind the Crescent, are the stables, built also by the duke. No one would ever imagine, from the appearance of the building, that it was intended for such a purpose, on account of its grandeur. The outside is square, excepting that the corners are just taken off, but not enough to constitute the building an octagon, nor yet can it strictly be called quadrangular, so that I must leave it to abler geometricians to give it what name they think proper. The inside is circular, and forms a fine colonnade, where carriages may stand very conveniently: the spaces between

this and the outside of the building, are appropriated for the horses, and are fitted up with every requisite convenience. There are four entrances opposite to each other. These stables are not at all connected with the houses in the Crescent, and must be paid for separately, which, if it is in proportion to what has been laid out, must render a residence at Buxton very expensive. Those two are the most remarkable buildings in the place, nor are there any besides of much note. Having supped, we were escorted to our lodgings, at some distance from the inn, with which we had every reason to be dissatisfied, as all was furnished upon too economical a scale: however, as it is always prudent to make the best of a bad bargain, we did not let it disturb our night's rest. The next morning, after breakfast, we went to Pool's-hole, which is about a mile from the town. Immediately upon our approach, we were surrounded with a set beings, of whose appearance those who have seen the assembly of witches in Shakspeare's tragedy of *Macbeth*, when they are performing their incantations over the boiling caldron, will conceive a more distinct idea, than from any portrait I am able to draw. A number of these live in the vicinity of the cave, and principally procure their subsistence by acting as guides; and as the profits arising from this employment are equally divided among the whole group, there is seldom much contention about who are to be employed. Two of them were presently singled out to accompany us, and as we happened to mention the Devil's name just upon enter-

ing the cavern, one of them requested us, with much earnestness, not to name him upon going into such a hole as that. The entrance has nothing at all striking like that of Peak's-hole at Castletown. The passage for some yards is low and rugged, so that you must stoop considerably to prevent any injury to your back-bone. Just as you enter, your are shewn Pool's-cellar to the left hand, where he used to keep his beer and brandy. One of the old women complained grievously, that he had used them very ill in leaving it empty. By the bye, I should have informed you, that this same Pool was a highwayman, who infested the country, and, as tradition says, made the hole, that now goes by his name, his retreat and dwelling-place. There is a large flat stone that extends across a narrow part of the cave, whereon he used to lay his bread and cheese, and I suppose his roast beef also, if he had any. The path onward is very rugged and difficult, being full of loose rocks, over which you must climb, and pay a particular attention to every step.

The inside appearance of this cave differs materially from that at Castletown, for it consists chiefly of petrifications; the water that oozes through, and drops from the roof, having that property in a very great degree: the sides and top are almost in every part incrust-ed with a thick covering of such a substance, and a great variety of detached lumps are formed besides, in all manner of fantastic shapes and appearances, which fancy may easily represent as resembling something in nature. Amongst

many others of this kind here, you are shewn a saddle, lion, tortoise, and organ-pipes. Now I would by no means advise the traveller to expect very exact models in these, for if he does, he will be much disappointed: all that may be said is this, those fanciful productions may come nearer in resemblance to what they are called, than any thing else; and we are very well satisfied with the workmanship of nature in such instances, though the likeness be not very distinct. Whoever first gave the name of Organ-pipes to a number of lengthened petrifications that adhere to the side of one part of the cavern, might have found a much more suitable comparison; for I can assure you, that they bear a nearer resemblance to the thigh and leg-bones of a skeleton, hung up in a row against the wall of a surgery. We were shewn a hole in a stone, where a large drop of water falls incessantly from the roof, which has perforated it to a considerable depth. After much climbing, groping, and slipping, we reached at last as far as prudence allows one to penetrate, where stands the Queen of Scots pillar, so called by Mary Queen of Scots, when she visited the cave. We were then 560 yards from the entrance, and had we been as foolhardy as some adventurers, might have gone 100 yards further. But though I had often determined that nothing should hinder me from exploring the farthest extremity, should I ever visit the place, yet, on looking forward, my courage failed; indeed, I was well convinced, that the enterprize would be foolish, for there is nothing curious to be seen; and besides, the ca-

vern is there so excessively dirty, and the rocks over which you have to climb are large and slippery, without any places for the feet, so that you must sit and slide down: those that will submit to all this, merely to say that they have been at the end, are very welcome for me.

Therefore not judging it advisable to proceed, we turned about, and came back by a different route, passing under the rocks, where we had walked, through a very crooked and intricate passage. Here we saw the Woolpacks, which I thought the most curious petrifications in the cave: they resemble a heap of huge packs lying one upon the other, and compressed with their weight; and they are curiously indented on their surfaces by the continual flowing and dropping of the water. Those that are on the outside project a good way, and have a great number of points hanging underneath, like icicles, which increase continually, though by very slow degrees. We were then shewn the Dark Lanthorn, a lump of petrification about three feet high and two thick, resembling a lanthorn in shape, but quite solid. Upon coming out we were surrounded by a number of old women, who offered their merchandise for sale, consisting of the refuse of the petrification-shops, and which they impose upon the ignorant as valuable specimens: they also hinted, that whatever we gave our guides, was to be divided among eight poor women, which they no doubt supposed would excite our generosity and compassion. A man for holding one of our great-coats, and several children for doing nothing at all at

all, had also farther claims upon us. We visited the abode of a family just above the cave, who have made themselves a dwelling out of the entrance into an old limekiln, with the addition of two or three apartments more, that have been cut out of the hill, which consists of a soft soil. They seemed to be very poor, but looked cheerful and healthy. — The mother was at home with three fine boys, whose names were Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; the eldest was about seven years old, and all seemed to thrive exceedingly well. We left some small matter with them, which seemed to be very acceptable. We then returned to our inn, cleaned ourselves, and spent the forenoon in walking about the place: after dinner we set off, rode through Fairfield, a small village at a mile's distance, situated on a rising ground. From thence we steered our course for Hayfield, leaving Chapel-in-the-Frith to the left. We met a very curious cavalcade, consisting of four horses with their riders; on the first sat a man and woman on the bare back, on the second a woman upon a side-saddle, with a man behind her, cross-legged; the others rode in the usual manner, and were all very decently dressed.

As it was Sunday, and the weather remarkably fine, there were great numbers of children sitting by the road side, who looked remarkably healthy and clean. We reached Glossop about seven in the evening, where we had intended to lodge that night at our old quarters, but on approaching the house, found it crowded with drunken, riotous company, who were celebrating the wakes: this made us

resolve to proceed farther to Tinsel, which was three miles distant; and as both ourselves and horses were in pretty good spirits, the disappointment did not much disconcert us. We put up at the Bull Inn, a short distance from the village; and on enquiry before we alighted, if we could have lodgings, the landlord staggered out of the house and apologized for his being "a bit fresh" (as he called it): we told him we did not care how fresh he was, if he only took good care of us and our horses. On entering the house, we soon found reason to be well satisfied; for the people were very civil, and every thing neat, plain, and cleanly. We ordered supper, which was plentifully furnished, after which we smoked a comfortable pipe together, a luxury we were not indulged with at Buxton. As a proof of the simplicity of the people and their furniture, I will just mention, that upon our calling for a pair of snuffers, we were informed, that they were broke, but a very decent pair of scissars were laid upon the table in their place. The landlord himself was the bootjack; he took one of my legs between his, and with the other I thrust against his back: it was indeed a very laughable operation, for, as the boots were hard to be drawn off, and he had a sup in his head, I could not possibly force him in a straight line: however, at last we accomplished the business, and in lieu of my boots, had to encumber my feet with a pair of clumsy, heavy clogs. Curiosity led me to examine a collection of books that were on a

shelf; among them I found the *New Testament*, *Milton's Paradise Lost*, and Hervey's *Meditations*, by which I was induced to form a good opinion of some in the house. Goldsmith, in his poem of *The Deserted Village*, has given a charming description of the furniture of a country cottage, which, with a few trifling exceptions, will suit very well for our inn:—

The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock, that click'd behind the door;

The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures, plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;

The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,

With aspen boughs and flow'rs of fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Our beds were, like every thing besides, very clean, though I must own also, very hard. The learned of the faculty affirm, that such are by far the most wholesome; but I am certain, that if any of them are formed like me, principally of bones, they will not recommend them from experience: but physicians and divines, in our day, very frequently recommend one thing and practise another. We expect to reach home this evening; and though we traverse the same road over again, and, consequently, I shall not have any new description to give you, yet I intend to write once more, should my letter contain nothing but an assurance, that I have nothing to write about:

Your's, &c.

*. * * *

CONJECTURES RESPECTING THE METHOD OF DRAMATIC COMPOSITION PRACTISED BY SHAKSPEARE.

Vouchsafe to those who have not read the story,
That I may prompt them; and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and true course of things,
That cannot, in their huge and proper life,
Be here presented.

Henry V. act v.

THESE lines form part of the commencement of a speech which Shakspeare has given to a personage called the Chorus, for the purpose of enabling the spectators to fill up a chasm in the action, by imagining King Henry to have gone from France to England, made his triumphal entry into London, and returned to France, within the interim of the 4th and 5th acts. To this bold expedient our great dramatist has frequent recourse, particularly in those compositions which, in his day, went by the name of *Histories*; and were, in fact, little else than dramatic representations of a series of historical events, occurring at various and distant intervals, and in places often very remote from each other. In the passage above quoted, the poet supposes some of his auditors not to have read the chronicles from which he drew his story, and therefore begs permission to prompt them; apologizing to those who had read them, for the defects of the representation. Similar apologies are made by the chorus in many of Shakspeare's historical plays: whence we may infer, that, conscious as he was of the confusion likely to arise from this mode of preparing subjects for the stage, he adopted it in preference to that prescribed by the severer canons of dramatic criticism; which, enjoining a strict attention to the unities of time,

place, and action, would have required him to exclude a great number of personages from the scene, and to *relate*, in long and tedious dialogues, many important transactions which might else have been *exhibited*; thus narrowing that extensive scope for displaying the varieties of human character, so necessary and so delightful to his vigorous and excursive genius.

When we consider, that a very great proportion of his dramas are of this historical cast, we may almost be tempted to believe, that this easy species of composition was the first which he attempted; that such subjects, being of a nature congenial to the feelings of the people in his day, who either knew, or were eager to know, the course of great events which had then just terminated in England, were most grateful to his infant Muse; and that, evidently bent on representing as many impressive scenes as possible, he placed them in broken and irregular succession, something like a story in tapestry, for the fancy and the memory of the beholders to fill up. It is natural to suppose, that, with so strong an imagination as Shakspeare possessed, he must have given others credit for a very liberal share of that faculty.

But, in selecting subjects for his other dramas, his tragedies and his comedies, he also resorted to the

popular literature of the day, to the novels and legendary tales then current. Indeed, it is not easy to discover, that he ever *invented* a plot. In these compositions he evidently pursued the same practice to which he subjected himself in his Histories, selecting in succession the most striking incidents for representation, and substituting for the naked story a series of scenes exhibiting in action the various persons in it. His invention was truly creative, but it was exercised rather in the management than in the fiction of a story, and displayed itself chiefly in the characters, in the language appropriated to them, and in the various spirited dialogues through which, without immediate reference to the business of the play, they so naturally develop themselves.

After he had selected a story, he compared the persons to whom it related with the living models around him, portraying those who suited his purpose, investing them in the costume, and placing them in the condition, of the prototypes. His Falstaff, for instance, and the singular group of humourists in his train, were, upon this supposition, drawn from actual life; their conversation is (if a familiar expression be allowable) so entirely *off-hand*, so interspersed with sallies equally casual and unexpected, yet characteristic and natural, that we cannot read or hear it without believing a great part to be a faithful transcript of what had really taken place. The same observation will apply to the scene of the Carriers in Henry IV. a scene which forcibly strikes one as having in its original been witnessed by Shak-

spere in some of his annual journeys into Warwickshire. Unfortunately, so little is known of the private life of our great dramatist, that we may in vain seek to ascertain many of the cotemporary characters from which he drew, but we have one authenticated instance, so singularly apposite, that it may almost serve of itself to give validity to this reasoning. The Gloucestershire Justice, Master Robert Shallow, in the reign of Henry IV. is an avowed portrait of the Warwickshire magistrate, Sir Thomas Lucy, in the time of Elizabeth, to whom Shakspeare owed this compliment, in return for the coercive persuasion which eventually induced him to appear on the stage, and thus enriched the whole world with his inexhaustible talents.

So intent was he on copying from the world before him, that he neglected or disdained to observe the little consistencies of time or condition, and heedlessly ventured on those gross anachronisms which have so much shocked the critics of the regular school. Whether Trojans, Greeks, Romans, modern Italians, or Frenchmen, came before him; whether his scene lay at Athens or in London, in Navarre or in the Enchanted Isle, he filled it with characters compounded of English models, and often gave them the language and colloquial allusions prevalent in his own time, and in circles where he must have associated.

For materials to form his higher characters, which speak in a loftier and more philosophic strain, the poet drew from the noble stores of his own mind, and uttered the promptings of his own heart. When

we peruse his grand and serious scenes, we cannot but suppose him to have felt, by turns, every passion that agitates the human breast, or to have watched with a keen, a patient, and penetrating eye, and an almost omniscient faculty, the workings of those passions in others. As, however, we know, generally, that his personal aspirings were humble, his views moderate, his disposition habitually contented, and his temper gentle and playful, we must incline to the latter alternative: for who would be willing to believe, that he was successively, or rather optionally, actuated by ambition, patriotism, avarice, love, benevolence, misanthropy, fear, courage, melancholy, devotion, and madness? Rather let us conclude, that he tranquilly watched these passions in others, and carefully marked their origin, progress, and consequences, studying, like a steady and able painter, to display them in all their peculiar symptoms and

characteristics. Johnson calls him "the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life." This just praise he could never have deserved, but by profoundly contemplating nature; and by rendering his own mind the mirror in which the passions and the manners of mankind were instantaneously, and with truth, reflected. Must he not then have preserved that mirror clear and spotless? And, lastly, since there is a vein of strong sense and true philosophy throughout even the wildest of his compositions, we are bound to conclude, that his mind was the constant abode of reason, and that he ever regulated his life by a regard to one great principle, which he illustrated in his writings; the principle of retributive justice, by which the iniquitous are seen to suffer, and the just finally to prosper by the consequences of their own actions.

R. R.

DESCRIPTION OF VIENNA.

Extracted from Madame DE STAEL's new Work, DE L'ALLEMAGNE.

WE present to our readers the following extract of the long-expected work of Madame de Stael, who has been styled the most distinguished writer of the present day, comprehending the result of her observations on Germany, and on the character, manners, literature, philosophy, and religion of its inhabitants. The chapter which we have taken, almost at random, in preference to more brilliant passages that might have been selected, recommends itself by its brevity, as better suited to the limits to which we are confined in the closing number of a volume.

Vienna is situated in a plain in the midst of several picturesque hills. The Danube, which runs through and surrounds the city, divides into several branches, forming very pleasant islands; but the river itself loses much of its majesty in these circuits, and fails to produce the impression anticipated from its ancient celebrity. Vienna is a very small, old place, but surrounded by spacious suburbs: it is asserted, that the city within the fortifications is not more extensive than it was when Richard Cœur de Lion was imprisoned not far from its gates. The streets are narrow

as in Italy; the palaces remind you in some measure of those of Florence; in short, nothing there resembles the rest of Germany, except a few Gothic edifices, which carry back the imagination to the middle ages.

The first of these edifices is St. Stephen's church: its steeple surpasses in height all the other churches of Vienna, and majestically overlooks the good and peaceful city, witnessing the fugitive succession of its generations and its glories. It required two centuries, we are told, to finish this structure, begun in 1100; with which the whole history of Austria is in some degree connected. No edifice can be so completely national as a church; it is the only one in which all classes of the people assemble, the only one which revives, not merely the memory of public events, but personal feelings, the fondest affections of the heart, which the rulers and their subjects must bring alike within its hallowed walls. The temple of the Deity seems present, like himself, to the ages that are past.

The tomb of Prince Eugene is the only sepulchral memorial that has for a great length of time been erected in this church; there that great man awaits other heroes. As I was going up to it, I observed upon a piece of paper fastened to one of the pillars, a notice, requesting prayers for a young woman who was dangerously ill. The name of this young woman was not mentioned; it was the voice of the afflicted applying to unknown persons, not for relief, but for their prayers; and that by the side of the illustrious dead, who perhaps felt compassion

for the unfortunate living. It is a pious custom among the Catholics, which we ought to imitate, to leave the churches constantly open; there are so many moments when we feel the want of such an asylum, and never do we enter it without feeling an emotion which soothes the soul, and restores to it, as by a sacred ablution, its vigour and its purity.

There is no large city but has some edifice, some walk, some wonder of art or nature, with which the recollections of childhood are connected. The *Prater*, I should think, must have a charm of this kind for the inhabitants of Vienna; no where does there exist so near to a metropolis a spot combining in such perfection the rustic beauties of nature and the embellishments of art. A majestic forest extends to the banks of the Danube: herds of deer bound along in the distance; they return every morning, they betake themselves to flight every evening, when the resort of pedestrians disturbs their privacy. The sight exhibited at Paris only three days in the year, on the road to Long-Champ, is continually presented at Vienna during the summer season. This daily promenade at the same hour is an Italian custom. Such regularity would be impossible in a place where there is so great a diversity of amusements as at Paris; but, let what will happen, it would be a difficult matter to wean the inhabitants of Vienna from this practice. It cannot be denied, that it is a charming spectacle to survey the whole population of a city assembled under the shade of majestic trees, and on the turf

whose verdure is constantly refreshed by the Danube. Here the higher classes in carriages, and the common people on foot, throng every evening. In this grave country they treat pleasures like duties, and even enjoy the advantage of never being tired of them, however uniform they may be. They are as exact in their diversions as in business, and kill their time as methodically as they employ it in the most important pursuits.

If you enter one of those *ridottos* where there are balls for the citizens on festive occasions, you will see men and women gravely executing, opposite to one another, the steps of a minuet which they have imposed upon themselves for an amusement. The crowd often separates the couple engaged in the dance, but yet they continue as if they were dancing for the satisfaction of their consciences: each of them goes alone alternately from right to left, advances and recedes without caring for the other, who is figuring as scrupulously as his or her partner; now and then only a slight exclamation of pleasure escapes them both, and they again settle into all the gravity of their diversion.

It is in the *Prater* that you are particularly struck with the opulence and prosperity of the people of Vienna. This city has the character of consuming a greater quantity of provisions than any other of equal population; and this kind of superiority, somewhat vulgar to be sure, is not disputed. You see whole families of tradespeople and artisans setting out at five o'clock for the *Prater*, to take a snack not less substantial than the dinner of

another country; and the sums which they have to spend on these occasions are proofs of their industry and the mildness with which they are governed. In the evening, thousands of men return hand in hand with their wives and children; no disorder, no quarrel disturbs this multitude; scarcely a voice is heard, so mute is their pleasure. This silence, however, proceeds not from any dulness of disposition, but from a certain happy constitution, which absorbs the people of the south of Germany in sensations, as it does those of the north in ideas. The vegetative existence of the south of Germany has some analogy with the contemplative existence of the north; repose, indolence, and reflection belong equally to both.

Figure to yourself so numerous an assemblage of Parisians in one place; the air would resound with *bons mots*, jests, and disputes, and never could a Frenchman enjoy a pleasure into which self-love would not insinuate itself in one form or another.

The nobles go abroad with the most magnificent and tasteful equipages: all their amusement consists in meeting in an alley of the *Prater* those whom they have just left in the drawing-room: but the variety of objects prevents them from pursuing any idea; and most people take delight in thus banishing the troublesome reflections that intrude themselves. These nobles of Vienna, the most illustrious and the most wealthy of any in Europe, never abuse their superiority; they allow miserable hackney-coaches to stop their splendid equipages. The emperor and his brothers qui-

DESCRIPTION OF VIENNA.

ely take their places in the ranks, and wish to be considered in their amusements as private individuals; they never use their prerogatives except when they fulfil their public duties. Amid the multitude you frequently perceive Oriental, Hungarian, and Polish dresses, which awaken the imagination; and here and there harmonious music gives to this assemblage the air of a peaceful festival, at which each individual enjoys himself in his own way without concerning himself about his neighbour.

Amidst this throng you never meet a beggar; indeed there is not one to be seen in Vienna. The charitable institutions are managed with the greatest regularity and liberality; the bounty of individuals and the public is administered with strict justice; and the common people themselves having in general more industry and commercial intelligence than the rest of Germany, are in better circumstances. In Austria there are but very few instances of capital crimes; in short, in that country every thing attests a paternal, wise, and religious government. The foundations of the social edifice are solid and respectable; but there must be a superstructure and columns, before glory and genius can establish their temple there.

I was at Vienna, in 1808, when the Emperor Francis II. married his cousin, the daughter of the Archduke of Milan and the Archduchess Beatrix, the last princess of the house of Este, sung by Ariosto and Tasso. The Archduke Ferdinand and his noble consort, both stripped of their dominions by the cruel vicissitudes of war, were there;

and the young empress, bred in these calamitous times, combined in her person the double interest of greatness and misfortune. It was an union which inclination alone had effected, and which was influenced by no political consideration, though a more honourable alliance could not have been contracted. It was impossible to help being filled at once with sentiments of sympathy and respect for the family affections which brought down this match to our own level, and for the high ranks of the parties by which they were exalted so far above us. A young prince, the Archbishop of Waizen, pronounced the nuptial benediction over his sister and his sovereign: the mother of the empress, whose virtues and excellent understanding give her the most absolute influence over her children, became all at once the subject of her daughter, and walked behind her with a mixture of deference and dignity, which reminded the spectator at one and the same time of the rights of the crown and the rights of nature. The brothers of the emperor and empress, all of them in the civil or military service, although in different stations, alike devoted to the public weal, attended them to the altar; and the church was filled with grandees of the state, with the wives, mothers, and daughters of the representatives of the ancient Teutonic nobility. Nothing new had been made for the occasion; the very dresses of the females were hereditary; and the diamonds entailed in each family, consecrated the recollections of the past to the decoration of the young. The memory of ancient times was

revived in every circumstance, and all present enjoyed a magnificence which past ages had prepared, but which cost the people no new sacrifices.

The amusements which succeeded the nuptial ceremony, had little less of dignity than the ceremony itself. It is not thus that private individuals should give entertainments; but it is perhaps fitting, that whatever is done by kings, should bear the severe impress of their august destiny. Not far from this church, around which the guns and drums announced the renewed alliance of the houses of Este and Hapsburg, is the depository which, for two centuries past, has received the remains of the Emperors of Austria and their families. There it was, in the vault of the Capu-

chins, that Maria Theresa, for thirty years attended mass in sight of the sepulchre which she had prepared for herself by the side of her husband. That illustrious princess had suffered so severely in early youth, that the pious sense of the instability of life never forgot her, even amid all the grandeur of the world. Many are the instances of a serious and constant devotion among the sovereigns of the earth; but they death alone, his universal power gives them so much that mortals feel a shock. The difficulties of life place themselves between us and the tomb; the whole distance is open for kings to the very end of their career, and this renders its termination the more distinct to their view.

PLATE 39.—THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE edifice in which is deposited that grand collection of antiquities, books, and natural and artificial curiosities, justly denominated the British Museum, was erected, in the latter half of the 17th century, by Ralph first Duke of Montagu, who had been ambassador in France. From that country he borrowed the plan of this structure, as well as the artists by whom it was executed. Peter Puget was the architect employed in its erection, and the apartments were painted by Charles de la Fosse and James Rousseau.

The site of the building is inclosed by a high brick wall, which excludes the view on every side. The entrance in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, leads into a spacious

quadrangle, on the north side of which appears the main building, 216 feet in length and 57 in height to the top of the cornice; with ranges of buildings of less elevation, containing the apartments of the officers belonging to the institution on the east and west, and an Ionic colonnade on the south side.

Under the name of Montagu House this structure continued in the hands of the noble family from whom it received that appellation till the year 1753. About this time Sir Hans Sloane, who had spent a long life in the formation of a valuable collection of curiosities, directed, by his will, that this collection, which he declared to have cost him upwards of £50,000, should



MONTAGUE HOUSE - NOW THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

be offered to Parliament for the use of the public, on the condition that £20,000 should be paid to the proprietors of the Journal, and a house should be built for its reception. The proprietors, however, declined, and several other proposals were added to that of the proprietors. About the same time, two heiresses of the Montagu family tendered this spacious building for their reception. It was accordingly purchased for £5,000, which was paid in the way of lottery.

A beginning having been thus made of a public scientific repository, it was deemed expedient to increase its importance, by adding to it whatever might, from time to time, be within the reach of the legislature. In this manner it has been augmented with the Cotton library, the Harleian collection of manuscripts, Sir William Hamilton's invaluable collection of Greek vases, the Townley collection of antique marbles, and the manuscripts of the late Marquis of Lansdown. Among other benefactors, King George II. gave the whole of the important library of printed books and manuscripts which had been gradually collected by his predecessors from Henry VII. to William III. His present Majesty, equally desirous of promoting the object of this institution, gave to it a numerous collection of rare pamphlets published during the turbulent interval between 1640 and 1660. He has also contributed the two finest mummies in Europe, a collection of natural and artificial curiosities sent to him by Mr. Menzies from the north-west coast of America, many articles of

Egyptian antiquities acquired at Alexandria in 1802, and a collection of the Journal, and a house built for its reception. The proprietors, however, declined, and several other proposals were added to that of the proprietors. About the same time, two heiresses of the Montagu family tendered this spacious building for their reception. It was accordingly purchased for £5,000, which was paid in the way of lottery.

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This establishment is under the superintendence of forty-one trustees, who are chosen from the representatives of the nation, and the representatives of the Sloane, Cotton, and Harleian families, and are chosen by the former. The immediate care of the library is committed to a principal librarian, several deputy librarians, and their assistants, who have salaries, and other emoluments. At its institution, it was proposed that a competent portion of

the sum granted by Parliament for the support of the Museum, should be appropriated for the purchase of new books; but the salaries of the officers and other contingent expenses, which it was impossible to ascertain at first, have always greatly exceeded the allowance; so that the trustees are obliged to apply to Parliament for a yearly sum to defray the necessary charges, which has, with becoming liberality, been always allowed them.

The ground-floor, consisting of twelve rooms, contains the library of printed books; the manuscripts fill five rooms on the upper floor; the other apartments are occupied by the various collections of curiosities, natural and artificial, and a new building was a few years since erected for the reception of the Townley collection and other valuable specimens of ancient art. A view of the interior of this last suite of rooms, was given in a former volume of the *Repository*.

The Museum is open for public inspection, from ten till four o'clock, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday in every week, except in the Christmas, Easter, and Whitsun weeks, on Thanksgiving and Fast days, and during the months of August and September. Persons who wish to see the Museum, must apply between the hours of ten and two, in the anti-room, where

they will be required to inscribe their names and places of abode in a book kept for that purpose; upon which, they will be shown into the apartments as soon as the first rooms are sufficiently cleared for their reception.

The reading-room is kept open from ten till four every day in the week, except Saturday and Sunday, for one week at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and on Thanksgiving and Fast days. One of the librarians constantly attends during the above hours. Persons desirous of admission into this room, must transmit their applications in writing, specifying their names, rank, profession, and places of abode, accompanied with a recommendation from some person of known and approved character. These the principal librarian submits to the trustees, who, if they see no objection, will grant an admission for a term not exceeding six months; and every reader, at the expiration of his term, may apply to have it prolonged, without a fresh recommendation. No fees are allowed to be taken by any of the officers or attendants belonging to this institution. The polite attentions and gentlemanly behaviour of the librarians, in particular, are universally acknowledged by those who have occasion to resort to this national depository of literature.

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXXVII.

Our last paper closed with some observations upon the importance of the Islands of France and Bourbon; and we may now exclaim,

Thank God, the object is at last gained, although at a very late period! and whenever the Almighty Disposer of all human measures and

events shall grant us peace, let the then administration beware of ceding to any power, but especially to our natural enemies, any of our acquisitions in these seas, and also the Cape of Good Hope: possessed of these, no rival nation can ever endanger our dominions in India, our trade thither, or that to China.

We shall now leave these interesting colonies; and, although rather a retrograde movement, proceed next to the Commora Islands, a cluster consisting of five, viz. Commora (the principal), Mohilla, Angareja, Johanna, and Mayotta. These islands are situated on the north side of, and in what is called, the Channel of Madagascar. They are all extremely fertile, and well stocked with neat cattle, sheep, hogs, birds, and fowls of different kinds; they produce also sweet and sour oranges, citrons, bananas, honey, rice, sugar-canes, cocoa-nuts, &c. The bread used by the people of these islands is made from the cocoa-nut, either boiled or broiled, and then covered with honey; their drink is palm-wine, the juice of the sugar-cane (which they leave to ferment), and the milk of the cocoa-nut. The islands of Commora and Mohilla are seldom visited by the European shipping; not only on account of the inhospitable disposition of their inhabitants, but also from the want of harbours, or even safe anchorage on their coast. The people themselves are so barbarous and uncivilized, that Europeans have never ventured to make a long abode there: they are jealous of strangers in general, but have a

particular aversion to the natives of Europe: arising, it is said, from various cruelties practised by the Portuguese on their first landing here. The island of Angareja is inhabited by Moors, who traffic with different parts of the continent of Africa and several of the islands to the eastward, by bartering the fruits and other productions of their island, for calicos and other manufactures of cotton. Many of them speak and write the Arabic language with great facility, and some even understand Portuguese: this advantage they derive from their trade in the Straits of Mozambique, which they carry on in vessels of about 40 tons burthen. They build their houses of stone and lime made of oyster-shells; their windows are shaded by leaves of the palm-tree, which protects them, at the same time, both from the violence of the rain, and the excessive heat of the sun. The government is aristocratical, being vested in ten of the principal inhabitants.

The island of Johanna is that most frequently visited by, and therefore best known to, Europeans, who often touch here for refreshments on their voyage to Bombay and the coast of Malabar. This island is 30 miles in length, 15 in breadth, and about 80 in circumference. Although some parts of it are extremely mountainous, it is equally pleasant and fertile; its soil is naturally good, and its various waters render it abundant in all the necessaries of life.

MERCATOR & CO.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXXIII.

Qui sit Mæcenæ, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem,
 Seu Ratio dederit, seu Fors objecerit, illâ
 Contentus vivat?

Whence is it, sir, that none contented lives
 With the fair lot which prudent Reason gives,
 Or Chance presents?

Horat. l. i. sat. 1.

It is a mortifying part of my office to be such a continual witness of the discontents of mankind, or at least to be introduced to an acquaintance with them. I cannot, indeed, boast of being the confidant of others, because my correspondents address me under feigned names; and frequently, as I presume, with fabricated stories, in order to impress others with the moral of them. But, be that as it may, I can form a tolerable judgment of the general disposition of mankind, or rather of the prevailing temper of the times, from the variety of epistolary communications with which I am favoured: but, whatever may be the topic, by whom written, or from whatever place dated, some latent or avowed dissatisfaction suggests the application to me. I have now before me twenty-seven letters; and I must acknowledge, that, although some of them are enlivened with sprightliness, a vein of dissatisfaction runs through them all. I am not, however, speaking of that philosophic discontent which arises, as it were, out of our condition; and is attached to our nature; but the petty complainings about petty things, which arise from trifling minds, or disturb trifling occupations; which superior understanding would not feel, or at least would disdain to acknowledge.

I have here epistles from the

court and the city; from the country town and the country seat; from Whitechapel and Cadogan-place; from Richmond Hill and Hockley Hole; as well as from the water-drinking and sea-bathing places of every description: and each has its separate complaint of some inconvenience, that is, sustained from some folly that is offensive, some accident that has happened, or some untoward circumstance that is apprehended.

A lady, who addresses me under the signature of *Mentoria*, writes a very sensible essay on the disappointments of human life, which fills the whole of a sheet of post-paper, in a very small hand. I rather think that I have read these observations before, and that I could name the volume, some of whose pages have been very faithfully copied: but that is nothing to the purpose; they contain a well-drawn, improving picture of man's journey through the vale of time, and the many rugged parts he is likely to pass over; and I naturally had prepared my sympathy for the misfortune or cause of grief, whatever it might be, that would be communicated to me; when, behold! the climax of *Mentoria's* woes appeared to consist in her always being so sick at sea, that she could never enjoy any of the many delightful sailing parties at Weymouth, where she was passing the

summer. But this is not all : in a turn of expression rather outrageous for a lady of her name, she adds, that, on applying to a medical man to contrive something to prevent, if possible, this mortifying inconvenience, by strengthening her stomach, he gave her an opiate, as it may be supposed, with proper precautions. These, however, it appears, she did not follow ; for the vessel, which bore a party of pleasure, had scarce quitted the shore, when she, who was one of them, sunk into a sleep that continued during the whole voyage, of which she saw nothing, felt nothing, and enjoyed nothing : but the evil did not end here ; for, on her return, her situation required a very powerful application to disperse the narcotic effects of the medicine, which disqualified her for the ball that and the two following evenings.—Thus she adds another imprecatory article to her Litany :—" From sea-sickness and blundering apothecaries, good Lord, deliver us."

A gentleman, who signs himself *Jack Dash*, after he has described his person and accomplishments with much complacency of eulogium on both, is very much disappointed, that such figure and manners, as he displays, are not more particularly noticed. He writes from a public place, under the impressions of a severe mortification, that a lady should refuse him as a partner at a ball, and immediately engage in the dance with a little hump-backed, bow-legged man of title.

As I am not acquainted with the parties, and cannot make a sublimed comparison between the supposed

attractions of the one, and the unfavourable appearance of the other, as to draw any positive conclusions from the lady's taste on the occasion, I shall content myself with a few general observations, which I beg leave to recommend to Mr. Dash's particular attention ; and, if he can contrive to weave them into the tissue of his future life, he may hereafter be obliged to these petty vexations which seem to distress his present hour.

The endeavour to attract observation, is the infallible mark of a little mind, as the avoiding it is the sign of a great one. The man who makes public opinion the rule of his actions, and frames the order of his life to catch the attention of the multitude, will travel on the strait road to disappointment, to say no worse of it. But he who, while he does not court observation, does not fear to meet it, has the best prospect of attaining that respect and regard from others, which is among the most desirable possessions of life. We can only judge of the character of our virtues, whether they are real and intrinsic, when we act unobserved by others, and are uninfluenced by the glazing eyes of lookers-on. In such a situation, a man becomes capable of disengaging himself from the opinions of other men ; nor will he suffer any deference to the sense of others, to ensue him into a conduct against the dictates of his reason. If a good man could render himself invisible, he would act in the same manner as if the whole world had its eyes upon him. Certain it is, that secret kindnesses done to mankind are as beautiful as secret injuries are detestable.

To be invisibly good is as godlike, as to be invisibly ill is diabolical : and it happens to be in my power to name men of illustrious minds, who enjoy all the pleasures of good actions, except that of being commended for them. Whether this kind of observation will suit the disposition of Mr. Dash, now or at any other time, I know not ; but I can assure him, and he may depend upon the opinion, that, when he appears to pay less attention to himself, he will receive more from others ; and that, if he will trust to noble and benevolent actions for his happiness, he will never suffer the caprices of a coquettish miss, or the frivolous circumstances of a ball-room, to ruffle his temper.

I have another epistle, which is full of complaints ; but the principal of them, and which seems to have been the cause of the written application to me, I did not discover till I had completed the third page of a folio sheet of paper, on which his discontents are written. In short, he finds the times have changed, and good manners been totally banished, since he was a young man, a period to which he looks back, as it appears, with very painful sensations of regret. That, in the course of years, manners may change, fashions may vary, and old customs may be succeeded by new habits, is a matter of natural expectation ; thus it ever has been, and thus it will ever be : such is the mutability of human things. But Mr. *Longstay*, for that is the gentleman's name, rests his chief reproaches against the present times, on the want of politeness and urbanity, which, he says, so disgracefully distinguishes them.

Elegance of manners, he thinks, is banished from those circles where it used to be considered, in a great measure, as an exclusive qualification. Those courtesies, which are, in his opinion, the most pleasing decorations of social life, are, he says, no where to be found : nay, he complains, that even common civility is forgotten among the higher ranks, and decent respect no longer observed by the lower classes of society.

After this philippic against modern manners, I naturally expected to have a long catalogue of rudenesses, impertinences, gross expressions, abusive language, &c. &c. &c. ; when, lo and behold ! the whole of his complaint was involved in one expression, which, he says, is on every one's tongue, " that he is an old man." He cannot sit still at home, he cannot go abroad, he cannot move or stir, but he is greeted, in some way or other, by the opinion, that he is grown old. If any of his long-enjoyed acquaintance pay him a visit, they always salute him with the title of their old friend ; by others he is as often complimented with, " How well you look for a person of your age !" If he has company to dine at home, or if he dines abroad, there is always some officious person or other, who offers him an arm to help him down stairs, as if he were not able to get to the eating-room without their assistance. It was but the other day, that, as he was cutting up a goose, a young man of the party, after expressing his apprehension, that he had not strength to separate the joints of the bird, offered to save him the trouble. On this occasion,

it seems, he became so irritated, that he chastised the insolence, as he terms it, by replying, "I may not be able, sir, to contend with a living goose, but I know how to master a dead one." He hesitates whether he shall not discharge two of his servants, because he overheard one of them say to the other, "How well our old gentleman looks to-day!" when the other replied, "God bless him, may he live to be as old as Methuselah!" He also expresses a doubt whether he shall not erase the name of a young lady, who is his god-daughter, out of his will, to whom he had left a legacy of five thousand pounds, because, the other evening, in the playfulness of her respect for him, she expressed a wish that he was her grandfather. He cannot go out if the weather is a little chilly, but some one or other is persuading him to be blanketed up, with, "Consider, my dear sir, at your time of life, how necessary it is to take every precaution against catching cold!" and then it is ten to one but some impudent person adds, "Remember, you are not so young as you were twenty years ago." One of his tenants, a young man, having applied for a renewal of the lease of a farm which he occupied, for a further term of twenty-one years, received a favourable answer to the proposal; when the unfortunate farmer happening to say, that he had heard his grandfather often boast that he was one of his honour's playfellows when they were both boys, his honour was so offended, that he silently cut off fourteen years from the lease, without suffering a word to be said in reply. Such is the

wonderful grievance of Mr. Longstay's life, which seems, more or less, to disquiet him every day of it; as if it were possible, that any one, who had passed his grand climacteric, could be free from continual notifications that he is an old man.

Flirtilla is the daughter of a commercial man of considerable opulence, who resides at Hampstead; and complains, in terms not the most dutiful, of the niggardly spirit of her father in not keeping a carriage, the want of which convenient and important equipage obliges her, in her occasional passages between the country and the metropolis, to have recourse to a stage-coach. She gives an account of various mortifications which she has received from this humiliating circumstance; but I shall, for the present, content my readers with two or three of them.—This young lady seems to entertain the belief, that if her father approved of any proposal of marriage made to her, he would be very ready to accompany his consent with a handsome fortune: at the same time he furnishes her with the means of the most fashionable appearance in every thing that relates to her personal decoration; she is also permitted to take a reasonable share in public amusements, and, on certain occasions, is indulged with the comforts of a glass-coach: but still the necessity of having recourse to the vulgar vehicle already mentioned, continually interrupts her pleasure and disconcerts her prospects. For example, at a ball which she attended, during the last winter, at the London Tavern, when she appeared to be rather an at-

tractive figure among the belles of the assembly, she was asked to dance by one of the smartest young men in it, with ~~an~~ air of polite familiarity, which seemed to denote a former acquaintance, of which she, however, had not the least recollection. But after the first dance an eclairsissement took place, by his informing her, that he had already enjoyed the happiness of being once in her company in the Hampstead stage; then, he added, with much gallantry, that the pleasure was more transient than he could have wished, as he was taken up at the well-known public-house called Mother Red-Cap's, which was in such an advanced state of the hour's journey, as not to allow him more than twenty minutes for catching occasional glimpses of her.—She also mentions, that so late as last week, when she was passing along Fleet-street with her aunt, a lady about five and forty, she perceived herself to be very particularly regarded by an elegant young man in a curriole, with two outriders in handsome livery. Her way was along Chancery-lane, and there she saw the curriole continuing to follow. Her passage, however, lay through Staple's-Inn, where a carriage is not admissible; but the fascinated hero descended from his car, and followed her till she came into Holborn, at the very spot where the Hampstead stage takes up its stand, and into one of which she was obliged to ascend; when her admirer appeared instantly to turn on his heel, as if in disdain of the vulgar conveyance which she had entered.

I cannot enter into such a discussion of the subject as Miss Flir-

tilla seems to expect of me; but if she really has that confidence in my opinion which she professes, I recommend her to be persuaded, that the young spark giving up the pursuit of her in the manner he did, was from a conviction, that, by her entering into a stage-coach, she was a character that could not be persuaded to enter into his curriole.

I shall conclude this lucubration with a letter from an unfortunate lover, who is so disconsolate, that he threatens to hang himself. It is too long for me to insert; I shall, therefore, only give the beginning, the middle, and the end of it.

*Num tu, quæ tennit dives Achæmenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mydonius opes
Permutare velis crine Lycynniæ,
Plenas aut Arabum domos?*

Say, shall the wealth by kings possess,
Or the rich diadems they wear,
Or all the treasures of the East,
Purchase one lock of my Amanda's hair?

If you do not, my dear Mr. Spectator, give me some of your good counsel, so that I may extricate myself from my present alarming dilemma, I shall certainly hang myself. You will be so good as to recollect, that it is the month of November; and though by no means a gloomy one, I may, without your aid, become an example of the propensities of which Englishmen have been accused in this particular part of the year.

You must know, then, that I am seriously and violently in love, and the object of my passion is not only a most charming and accomplished woman, but in every respect suited to my situation and circumstances in life. My friends approve of the connection, and my

happiness rests upon the consummation of it. I had but one fault to find with my beloved fair, if it were a fault, and that was, what appeared to me, an overweening delicacy of conduct, and a certain kind of reserved behaviour, which is generally considered as altogether unnecessary between a couple of persons who are approaching, by mutual consent, towards the altar of Hymen. She constantly refused me the least of those innocent familiarities, which are the usual anticipations of the happiness that is expected to result from the final and indissoluble union of marriage.

* * * * *

Among other requests which I have often made to her and were refused, was, the humble entreaty that she would give me a lock of her hair to ornament a brooch, that I might wear it near my heart. But this was peremptorily denied, with a recommendation to be content, as in a short time all the hair on her head would be my own. One evening, however, I had taken more wine than usual in toasting her health, and, on my paying her my accustomed visit, I thought she looked more charming than ever, and that the arrangement of her tresses was managed with more than common taste and elegance. Thus inspired with love and with wine, I felt a sufficient degree of courage to attempt the rape of a lock; and having obtained a pair of scissors, and, under the pretext of turning over the leaves of a music-book, as she was seated at the piano-forte, having placed myself

behind her, with great caution seized a curl, and was on the moment of separating it for ever from the lovely head where it grew, when, perceiving my design, she gave herself a sudden jirk, which left not only the curl, but the whole wig to which it belonged, in my hand. For a wig it was that gave such a decoration to her features; and I was at once let into the secret, that, for one of her beauties at least, she was not indebted to nature, but the wig-shop. I was stupified with amazement, at seeing her at once transmogrified into a most decided crop; and she became so furious with rage and mortification at this unlucky exposure, that she ordered me to quit the house instantly, and never enter it again. The following morning my sentence was confirmed by a very calm assurance, that I should never be her husband.

Now do tell me, Mr. Spectator, I beseech you, what I am to do, to regain my charmer's favour; for, since I saw her in her native crop, I am more in love with her than ever. I am, with great truth, your constant, but unhappy reader,

TIMOTHY FAITHFUL.

This is a very difficult case to decide upon; but I would advise Mr. Faithful, in the first place, to cut off his own hair, and, after informing the lady of the sacrifice he had made towards appeasing her just resentment, to express his humble hope, that, either in a wig or as a crop, she would restore him to the honour and happiness of being her everlasting admirer.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. JAMES LOCKHART, the ingenious author of a Method of Approximating towards the Roots of Cubic Equations belonging to the Irreducible Case, has issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, *Tables*, whereby a very extensive approximation towards the root of the cubic equation $x^3 - bx = c$ may be derived when it belongs to the Irreducible Case; to be dedicated, by permission, to Francis Maseres, Esq. Cursitor Baron of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer. Of these *Tables*, consisting of about 9000 numbers of the first column, a specimen is given with the proposals of the author, with a pledge, that the greater part of the work shall give a much more extensive approximation. In an Appendix it will be shewn, that a very considerable approximation towards the roots of equations of all dimensions may easily be obtained, exemplified by specimens of tables giving the roots of equations of the fifth and seventh orders. Subscribers' names will be received till 1st January, 1815, at Ackermann's Repository of Arts, where a printed prospectus, as well as the author's former work, may be procured.

Messrs. Boydell and Co. have announced for publication, Part I. of a Series of Biblical Prints, under the title of *Illustrations of the Holy Bible*; to be completed in a set of about one hundred copper-plate engravings, calculated to ornament all quarto and octave editions of the Bible, and published without the text. The designs for this work are all original, and executed by a very ingenious artist,

Mr. Isaac Taylor, jun. with strict attention to historical and religious propriety, and will be suitably engraved by Mr. Isaac Taylor, sen. A portion of descriptive letter-press, containing a clear and brief exposition of each subject, will be delivered with the several parts, in order that purchasers who prefer having the set of prints in a separate volume, to accompany their Bible, may the more easily understand the passages exemplified by the artists. This useful publication will form about ten parts, each containing ten prints.

The same publishers have also just brought out the First Part of a new work, executed at St. Petersburg, called *The Gallery of engraved Portraits of Generals, Officers, &c.* who, by their valour, military talents, and patriotism, have contributed to the success of the Russian arms during the war commenced in 1812. Each part of this work is to contain five portraits, with memoirs in the Russian and French languages, printed in royal quarto. The portraits will be engraved by Vendramini, from drawings purposely taken from the life by M. St. Aubin, and will continue to be published with as much expedition as circumstances will permit. The first number contains portraits of the Emperor Alexander, the Grand Duke Constantine, Prince Bagration, the Hetman Platoff, and Major-General Koulneff.

A humorous poem, in four books, entitled *Chalceographimania*, with numerous explanatory notes, exhibiting the various infatuations now the rage, with a copious index

of the names of persons whose foibles are noticed in the work, designed as a companion to Mr. Dibdin's celebrated *Bibliomania*, will appear early in December, in one large volume 8vo.

In a few days will be published, in one elegantly printed volume, a new work, entitled *Time's Telescope* for the year 1814; containing, 1. A complete Guide to the Almanack. 2. Astronomical Occurrences in every Month, with a popular View of the Solar System. 3. The Naturalist's Diary, explaining the various Appearances in the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms; and Meteorological Remarks. A general Introduction will be prefixed, illustrative of astronomical and other terms usually occurring in almanacks. The work will be embellished with twelve interesting wood-cuts by Mr. Clennell, descriptive of the different months.

An Introduction to the Study of Bibliography, by Mr. Thomas Hartwell Horne, will be published early in the ensuing year. It will comprise a general view of the different subjects connected with Bibliography, as well as some account of the most celebrated public libraries, ancient and modern, and also a notice of the principal works on the knowledge of books. Numerous engravings will be given, illustrative of early printing, together with fac-similes of the books of images, and the monograms or marks used by the first printers, &c.

Mr. Taylor, of Ongar, will publish, in the course of the ensuing month, a small volume, entitled *Maternal Solicitude for a Daughter's best Interests*.

Mr. Semple is about to publish,
No. LX. Vol. X.

Observations made on a Tour, during the Summer, from Hamburg, through Berlin, Gortitz, and Breslau, to Silberberg, and thence to Gottenburg, passing through the Headquarters of the Allied Armies.

The Rev. Harvey Marriott, Rector of Claverton, and author of a Course of Practical Sermons for Families, will publish, in the ensuing month, *An Easy and Practical Explanation of the Church Catechism*, intended chiefly for the use of Sunday and other parochial schools, and dedicated, by permission, to the Rev. Dr. Bell.

The Rev. J. Robertson, to whose enterprising spirit and address the British and Spanish nations were chiefly indebted for the liberation of the gallant Romana and his faithful followers from their confinement in Denmark, and their restoration to the service of their country, a few days since held a public Lecture at Freemasons' Tavern, illustrative of certain methods proposed by him for conveying instruction to the Blind, and the Deaf and Dumb. Many attempts have been made to render characters palpable, for the use of the former, and not without success. Long before the Revolution, a method was published at Paris, which consisted in rendering the type tangible on one side of the paper. Mr. Robertson's invention has for its object to render both pages palpable without confusion. His observations on that species of hearing which he calls *vibration*, if not altogether new, have not, as far as we know, been practically applied to the education of the Deaf and Dumb. These subjects are certainly of sufficient import-

ance to recommend themselves, as well as the benevolent lecturer, to the public attention.

Mr. James Minasi, of Foley-place, historical painter to his Sicilian Majesty and H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, and historical engraver to the former, is engaged on a portrait of Lord Wellington, copied by permission from a painting in the possession of his illustrious brother, Marquis Wellesley, which is acknowledged to be the best likeness extant. The engraving will be executed in a style of elegance suitable to the merits of the exalted original.

The admirers of the late lamented General Moreau will be gratified to learn, that a beautiful portrait of him, engraved by Freshel, from a miniature painting by Isabey, in the possession of Madame Moreau, is just published by Mr. Girtin, of Oxford-street. To the public in general such a memorial of a character possessing perhaps stronger claims to honourable distinction, than any which the French revolution has rendered conspicuous, cannot fail to prove highly acceptable.

Outlines of a plan have been circulated, for keeping the price of flour, at all times, within a due proportion to the price of wheat, allowing a fair and handsome profit to the manufacturer. The plan is, to erect public mills, to be worked by steam, similar to the late Albion Mills, which will not be liable to become useless at the period most wanted (as is the case with all water corn-mills, a drought generally occurring after fine harvest weather); and to establish these mills, by public subscription, on some convenient spot on the banks

of the Thames, for which purpose several eligible situations have been already offered: it is also intended, that at these mills individuals shall have the privilege of sending their own wheat to be ground. To carry this plan into execution, it is proposed to apply to Parliament for leave to raise the sum of £100,000 in small transferable shares (£25 or, perhaps, £10 each, to be determined by the committee); and for the incorporation of the subscribers, to enable them to erect mills capable of grinding about one thousand sacks per week, to be worked by water, wind, or steam, and by the latter only when there shall be a deficiency of either of the other powers. It is also proposed, that the undertaking be managed by a committee of twenty-one directors, holding shares to the amount of £1000 each; but that the shares, in the first instance, shall be distributed in parcels of £10,000 among ten individuals, to be again distributed by them among various applicants, in order that a preference may be given to bakers and other consumers of flour: but in case there shall not be applicants for the whole amount of capital, it is not intended that the said ten individuals shall be liable to calls beyond £1000: that these ten individuals shall be the first committee of management, with power to choose eleven others from among subscribers holding shares to the amount of £1000 each: that a deposit of five per cent. shall be paid at the time of subscribing, and the remainder by calls as may be wanted, never exceeding at one time ten per cent. It is presumed, however, that nothing like the

whole capital will be requisite to establish mills on a very extensive scale.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Concerto du Camera, for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for two Violins, Flute, Viola, and Violoncello, No. 2, composed, and dedicated to Miss Bishop, by P. A. Corri. Pr. 7s. 6d.

If we are not overbiassed by a particular bent of taste (from which even the reviewer is not exempt), the concerto before us is one of those rare productions of musical first-rate talent, which will be in request as long as the art maintains its present high state of cultivation. It is a charming composition from beginning to end. The allegro in three flats, sets out with an interesting subject, in which the *tutti* part does not, as is too often the case, perform the menial office of a porter, merely, as it were, to open the door to the *solo*. Both are masterly devised. Of the solos, we can scarcely select any one portion without tacitly doing injustice to the others. The passages, however (*p. 5*), are of a superior stamp; and the *tutti*'s, in the same page, with their fine bass imitations, above our praise. Equally beautiful is the minor solo, *p. 6*, as far as the transition to *A b*; and the *tutti* again, in *F major*, which succeeds, commands all the praise we can bestow. Indeed, all the rest is one uninterrupted treat of rich and luxuriant musical ideas.

The slow movement is an excellent minuet, exhibiting a continued flow of graceful melody, whether under the guidance of the orchestra, or of the piano-forte in-

dividually; and the last part, with the obligato flute support, is exceedingly sweet.

The waltz theme of the rondo is elegant; and the outset of the solo, *p. 13*, full of brilliant precision. Page 14, we observe the fanciful accompaniment to the shake. In the *minore*, *p. 15*, the subject is classically represented in a plain-tive cast; and the modulations reared upon it are as bold and scientific as those in *p. 17* are playful and novel.

To the advanced student, this concerto of Mr. Corri's will prove a rich source of improvement and delight.

A second Duet, for the Harp and Piano-Forte, or two Piano-Fortes, composed, and dedicated to his Friend, Ph. Meyer, jun. by Sam. Webbe, jun. Pr. 5s.

An introductory adagio, in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, an allegro, and a theme with variations; all in *F major*, and all very good. Short as the adagio may be, there are feeling and science in it. The character of the allegro is that of determined vigour and of striking harmonic combination. Both instruments are unceasingly thrown in reciprocal action, and by that means the meritorious modulations in the second part, interspersed with some bold touches, are exhibited to peculiar advantage. The subject for the variations, is, "Cease your funning," a favourite of Mr. W.'s. In the first variation, which belongs to the piano-forte, we observe, among other calls for unqualified encomium, the delicate employment of the chromatic scale. The second, for the harp, preserves the melody uninjured amidst a rich flow of ele-

gant passages. The third and fourth, the joint property of both instruments, are equally and unexceptionably good, especially the able bass evolutions of the latter. Two accomplished performers are required throughout.

Le Troubadour, a Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad lib.), composed, and dedicated to the Hon. Miss Douglas, of Douglas, by T. Latour. Pr. 4s.

Four movements: a *mäestoso* and *allegro* in D major, a romance in G major, and a rondo in D major; all of which are more or less entitled to our commendation. The first conveys a feeling of rural innocence expressed with delicacy and taste. The subject, however, of the *allegro*, especially with its drumming bass, has too much the air of a common country dance, and to us appears rhythmically incorrect in the structure of the eighth bar, where the cadence is protracted, and deviates from the metre adopted in the fourth bar. The modulations, *p. 5*, with two additional sharps, and, above all, the clever transition to the original key (at the bottom), demand our favourable notice. The romance possesses graceful simplicity of melody, such as a theme for variation should exhibit: the four variations themselves are respectable, and form very proper matter for digital practice. The rondo, whose whimsical subject resembles that of the *allegro*, offers no peculiar scope for remark, except its minor portion, which is rather originally conceived, and ably treated in point of harmony. The print, paper, and title are of a superior kind.

May-Day, a Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, ad libitum; composed, and dedicated to Miss Grace Purkis, by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 4s.

As this is the first composition from the above-named author, that has engaged our critical attention, we feel pleasure in complimenting him on so favourable a *début* in the *Repository*. In the three movements in C, before us (an *andante*, an *allegro moderato*, *alla marcia*, and an *allegretto scherzando*), we have ample tokens of Mr. R.'s good taste and correct ear. The *andante* is graceful, and contains some very pretty crossed-hand passages. The second movement comes up to the title by its spirited precision; the episode in F (*p. 5*), is well placed; and a neat cadence connects this with the next and last movement, founded on the well-known dance, "*Momfrina*." Here the author's own ideas are naturally modelled out of the subject, and succeed each other in well connected order. We are particularly satisfied with *p. 9*; the successive transitions from G major to G minor, to E b, &c. are workmanlike and proper; the shake, *p. 10*, is neatly supported; the left hand takes up the subject very ably; and the winding up, amidst the sustained C's of the bass, imparts a richness of effect to the conclusion.

Three Waltzes, with Introductions for the Harp or Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Cuthbert, by F. Lanza. Second Set. Pr. 3s. 6d.

These waltzes appear less calculated for the "light, fantastic toe."

than for the light fingers of amateurs, especially on the harp, for which instrument they seem pre-fetably composed. Both the introductions and the waltzes themselves are entitled to rank among our good compositions. Of the former, we decidedly give the preference to No. I. both on account of its fine melody, and of the science with which it is framed. The waltz which follows it, is equally good, above all, its interesting trio; nor do we lose sight of the able manner in which the left hand occasionally maintains the melody. The second waltz is rendered attractive by its very neat subject; an original entrance into the key of D claims attention, and the trio again is of a select cast. The notes in general are rather high. Of the third waltz, we are justified in speaking with equal, if not higher approbation. It is elegant throughout, and its effect not a little enhanced by the portions assigned to crossed hands.

La Chasse, et Rondo Militaire, avec Accompagnement de Violon ou Flute et Basse, ad libitum, composés, et dédiés a Mademoiselle Jeans, par J. Mugnié. Pr. 5s.

The first of the two above-mentioned movements completely makes good its title: it maintains the character and effect of a hunting piece from beginning to end; and although the intent of the music is indicated in but one instance (*cri de chiens, p. 2*), we were enabled to trace the progressive stages of the chase, and to be in at the death without any difficulty or doubts as to the author's meaning. This successful deduction of the intended effects of a musical com-

position, while it affords mental amusement, shews that the picture is drawn from nature. So much for the truth of the portrait: as to its execution, it is such as the acknowledged taste and skill of Mr. M. might warrant us to expect. Without entering into a minute detail, we will only point out the portion, pp. 4 and 5, where, after gradually modelling himself a fresh motivo, the author carries the same idea with the greatest neatness of transition through E b, B b, G minor and major, A b, &c. constantly reproducing itself in fresh, yet similar shapes. We think that part very able and meritorious.

The military rondo distinguishes itself at the outset, by a very spirited and agreeable subject. The whole of page 10 excites superior interest, by the delicate manner in which its several select periods are treated; a *minore*, in a marked and wild style, intervenes, p. 12; a striking succession of descending fourths, ending by means of an extreme sixth, in the cord of G major, rivets our attention, p. 13, &c.; and the next page conducts the movement to a close with great vigour and brilliancy.

A Grand Sonata for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Violin, composed by D. Steibelt. Pr. 2s.

O si sic omnes! was our wishful ejaculation, after we had feasted on this superlatively beautiful composition. If, indeed, all the pieces that pass critical muster before us, were similar to this sonata, our task would be as easy as pleasing to our feelings. For here our only difficulty is, to find expressions sufficiently suicable to our admiration,

and to select from a mass of excellence, what might be deemed the most excellent. The sonata sets out with an adagio in G major; which, however, soon abandons that key, and proceeds in three flats, with abundance of accidental ones, to its final pause on A b; from whence, by means of D, 4, 6b, and D7, it prepares for the allegro in G minor. This allegretto commences again with nearly the same subject as the adagio; but of its protean process through all the mysteries of higher harmony, of its windings, its abstruse combinations, its melodious episodes, its imitations, counterpoints, original modulations, controversial dialogue with the violin, and a hundred other essentials in the compositorial art, successively brought forth in its structure, we cannot attempt even a cursory sketch. The allegro is succeeded by a rondo, likewise in G minor, the merit of which no description of ours could sufficiently elucidate. The subject is one of the most original we have ever seen; it is afterwards charmingly recast into a major mood, *p.* 26, where the elegant melodiousness of the ideas acts in beautiful relief against the wild character of the minor part preceding. The violin is not only absolutely essential, but, on account of its high ascent, requires a delicate player. In surveying the general character of this sonata, we think it deviates considerably from the usual style of Steibelt's compositions. It appears to us more chromatic and elaborate, and, in that respect, seems to partake strikingly of the manner of Beethoven.

Les petits-Bijour, consisting of favorite Airs, Dances, and Rondos for the Piano-Forte, composed by the most celebrated Professors. Nos. XII. XIII. and XIV. Pr. 2s. each.

The first (No. XII.) of the above-named numbers, of Messrs. Goulding and Co.'s periodical publication, proceeds from the pen of a Mr. Kiallmark, and contains a set of variations on the theme of Mr. Braham's duet, "Rest, weary Traveller." The variations are in the common routine style of that species of composition, as free from any peculiar blame, as they appear to us undistinguished by any striking merit. While their neutral simplicity may afford satisfaction to the unfastidious amateur, their texture is not likely to give offence to the nicer judge.

No. XIII. entitled *La Colombe perdue*, by a Mr. Rosolli, after a brief introductory movement, presents us with an andantino (A maj. $\frac{3}{4}$), in which we notice a good singing melody of tasteful expression, an appropriate bass support, a very respectable portion in A minor and C major, some opportune employment of crossed hands, &c. all which gives to this composition the character of meritorious propriety.

No. XIV. is a rondo engrafted by Mr. Holder upon the Irish air of *Evelyn's Bower*. The author modulates rather early (*p.* 1), but as he does it creditably, we are satisfied. The idea (*p.* 3) of representing the first period of the subject in A minor, and the succeeding one all at once in C major, has our approbation. The motive is subsequently treated under a va-

riety of forms and keys, and the re-entry into the original key is brought about satisfactorily. The left hand is plainly set, and its frequent repetition of the thirds in the treble, is rather to be regretted than commended.

"*And has she then failed in her Truth?*" a Rondo, sung by Mr. Sinclair, in *Selima and Azor*, composed by H. R. Bishop. Pr. 1s. 6d.

In spite of some serious grammatical flaws, we were highly pleased with this rondo. To notice a few:—In the symphony, the wish to deviate from common-place prelude, has led to awkward harmonies: bar 4 $\begin{smallmatrix} 5 \\ F \\ 3 \end{smallmatrix} \begin{smallmatrix} 5 \\ F \\ 3 \end{smallmatrix}$ ought to have been $\begin{smallmatrix} 5 \\ F \\ 3 \end{smallmatrix} \begin{smallmatrix} 6 \\ F \\ 3 \end{smallmatrix}$, in order to lead to $\begin{smallmatrix} 6 \\ E \\ 4 \end{smallmatrix}$;

and in bar 6 we should have preferred the following eight quavers for the bass:—F sharp, A, D, F^s, F^s, G, A, B. Again, in the 2d part ("Ah! Selima!" p. 3), the wish to substitute an ascent by scale, in the bass, to the ordinary G, C, G, C, has led to objectionable harmonic progression: the harmony of the three first bars would have better stood as follows (preserving the melody):—

$$\begin{array}{ccccccc} 7 & 7 & 6 & & 5 & 6 & 6 \\ 3n, 3 & 3 & 3 & & 3 & 3 & 3s \end{array}$$

G Gs. A A, Bn. &c.

And p. 3, l. 2, b. 2, we should have preferred the following accompaniment for the right hand:—

A c B d
C C D D

The high opinion which we have, on many former occasions, professed to entertain of Mr. B.'s talents, will exempt us from the imputation of any inimical motives in thus pointing out what we conceive would render this elegant little

rondo more perfect in point of harmony. We have seldom seen so much variety of pleasing and contrasting ideas condensed in so small a compass, as is the case in this song. The subject is very graceful; the burden, "No, no, I shall never see her more," uncommonly sweet and apposite; and the two short lines in the last and minor part, are so replete with scientific and original windings of harmony at every step, as to call for our warmest commendations.

The Regent's Park, a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed by M. Holst. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Evidently intended for beginners, to whom we can recommend it as a pleasing trifle, plain in bass, and easy in treble; yet representing a well connected succession of melodious ideas, sufficiently diversified to keep alive the pupil's attention and favour.

An Anthem in Score, with an Adaptation for the Piano-Forte, composed by W. H. Cutler, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Organist of St. Helen's. Op. 10. Pr. 15s.

This anthem, as its title proclaims, was Mr. Cutler's probatory exercise for the Bachelor's degree; and its publication enables us to judge of the graduate's claim to that honorary distinction. After well weighing the aggregate merit of the arduous undertaking of the candidate, we are free to say, had we been one of the judges, we could not in conscience have given a dissenting vote. The work is not without some common-place ideas, or indeed without some objectionable portions; but the good preponderates in a great degree; and every part of it evinces diligence

and attentive study of the productions of classic models. In the introduction we observe some able bass passages. The tenor solo, "O praise the Lord," exhibits throughout much taste and chasteness of melody; it is, more than any other part, modelled upon the modern style of sacred music; the last line, p. 8, has our decided approbation. In the chorus (A 5), p. 12, we observe some meritorious responses and repercussions. The bass solo, "Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice," &c. possesses no particular character of pre-emi-

nence; but in the duet for two trebles (p. 44), we meet with a smooth progression of good melody, well adapted to the text in general. In the trio, "Let them who joyful hymns compose," we observe several skilful contrivances of the parts, especially towards the latter portion. But the fugue in the last chorus is what the author may, with the greatest confidence, adduce in justification of the academical honour conferred upon him; it does him great credit, and we only wish every musical graduate could produce the like of *his own* make.

ON THE COMFORT OF HOUSES.

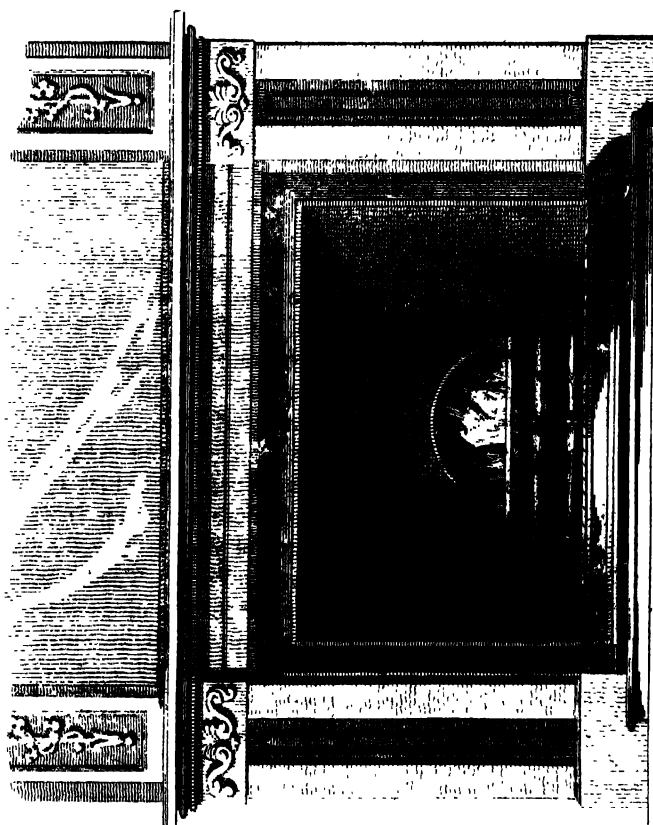
PLATE 38.—THE PATENT SMOKE-CONDUCTOR.

IN pursuance of the intimation which we gave in our Number for June last, we return to the consideration of this important subject.

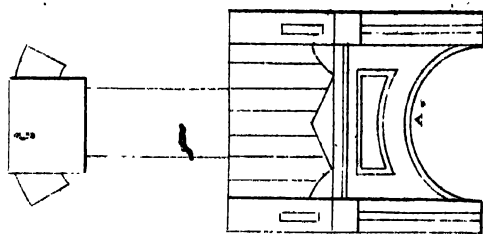
The season is now approaching when it may be truly said, that an Englishman best enjoys the fire-side; but, unfortunately, a smoky chimney is one of the greatest plagues of human life. The remedy for this evil has engaged the thoughts of Dr. Franklin and some of the most eminent philosophers; and every invention and improvement tending to that end, must be deemed worthy of attention.

We have been favoured with the drawing of the annexed plate and description of the Patent Smoke-Conductor, by Mr. Gregson, of Charles-street, Grosvenor-square, who, from the experience of its superior and scientific advantages above all other contrivances, first patronised and introduced it in London. The center of

the plate shews the conductor in its place, at the back, above the fire-grate; the smoke passing behind the movable door, keeps the front perfectly clean: and here we may remark, the great difference that exists in our best apartments, and those fitted up from the designs of Messrs. Percier and Fontaine in Paris. The backs of those fire-places are of excellent workmanship, exhibiting various subjects, either of modern history, heathen mythology, or other ornaments to suit the apartments; while the backs of our fire-places above the grate, present nothing but dirt and soot. In Paris indeed they burn much wood; here we burn coal: these conductors, however, appear as if we should in some degree equal Paris as well for elegance as for comfort. The front next the room is made to suit the grate it stands on; the part in the chimney is in general of sheet



PROFILE.



FRONT.

PATENT MONGOLIFIER SMOKE CONDUCTOR.
for the Remedy of Smoky Chimnies.

J. Gregson. del.

iron, according to the sketch of the front and profile view. The door A slides in a groove with a spring, and is moved by two handles, to increase or diminish the draft; the soffit of the chimney is inclosed by a fixed or movable register, to fit the place. These conductors are made to any size, shape, or style, according to their situation from the kitchen to the state saloon. They are founded on the Mongolian principles, which have been so well defined, in actual experiments, at the Royal Institution. The pipe up the chimney being a good conductor of heat, soon gets warm, which heat being again discharged, rarefies the air contained in the pipe and mouth of the chimney, and keeps a current of air constantly ascending, without increasing the consumption of the fuel: for it is generally allowed, that the same heat is produced in a room by these conductors with one third less fuel

than in the common way; because the soffit of the chimnies being open, carries up that radiant heat from the fire that should have been applied to warming the room.

Upon these principles they are recommended for infirmaries, public institutions, and crowded places, and are the very reverse to the common method of curing smoky chimnies by contracting the fire-place; for in proportion as the fire-place is contracted, the consumption of coals will be increased, the contraction causing the current of cold air to pass immediately through the bars. Nevertheless, neither Mr. Gregson nor the patentee, Mr. Fisher, consider them infallible. The horizontal parallax of the different chimnies, their perpendicular altitude, their hydrostatical pressure, and relative situations, require to be so well considered, that there are still some cases which may be deemed incurable.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

(Concluded from p. 270.)

As soon as the thunder of applause excited by this part of Mr. Metaphor's speech, had subsided, the orator again resumed his harangue:—The gentleman in the leather breeches has, with much weight of argument, attempted a defence of Popish customs, and drawn an inference from the ignorance of the vulgar; but I think vulgar opinions might as well be produced to countenance envy, hatred, and uncharitableness. My position, sir, is, that Popery is inconsistent with liberty. If, then, I am asked, whether I will countenance the very

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dawnings of Papal authority,—I answer in the affirmative, and say, No. There are many persons who betray their weakness, by tolerating pancakes, fritters, and hot cross-buns, and find a degree of sensual gratification in the observance of feast-days; but remember, these are only to bait the hook with, and, believe me, when the fish is caught, he will be broiled for his credulity. The tradesman who hangs out the sign of the blue boar, may as well be supposed to sell blue boars, as the Pope to deal in niceties, because the cheating festivals of holy

church afford them.—No! Popery is like a five-barred gate, it must be entirely overleaped. It is like a blacksmith, *which* softens and subdues by fire—it is like a birch-broom; and sweeps down all before it—it is like a comet, from its fiery appendages—it is like an old maid, for rigour—and like a coal-pit, for depth and darkness—(*A clap*).—But I am asked, whether throwing at cocks is an encouragement to these desperate tenets? I think it is: but great as the consequence of this may be, I think there are others of a more *Beelzebubian* hue.—What think ye, gentlemen, of geese on a Michaelmas-day? does not this custom shew the cloven-foot of Popery in its most flagrant shape? But what do you think of Christmas-boxes, April fools, minced pies, Valentines, and new-year's gifts? are not these a hair of the same dog? Believe me, we are too far gone in Popery already, to pretend to argue a case of conscience. If any doubt my position, let them look at that detested drove of outlandish ruffians, exceeding all the plagues of Egypt, called fiddlers. I blush at the name—I blush for you—I blush for my country—that a fiddler, the very offscouring of mankind, the very offal and garbage of human nature, should not only be borne with, but courted and caressed—that such a rascal, I say, should pocket thousands, and loiter in his carriage for rubbing horse-hair and cat-gut together; while Englishmen are shot at for ten-pence a day, and English artists starve for want of countenance—(*Shouting and clapping*). I hate a fiddler; my blood rises at a fiddler; I can't bear a fiddler: then there's

your Catalani, and your Ferrari, and Angiolini, and Venua, and the devil knows who, with their capering and shivering their outlandish trotters, and their throats like a cat-call. Why, are not *these scoundrels* our disgrace? Are we not degenerated Jack Puddings, and these the gridiron upon our backs? I say, that England is now no better than a *Bartlemy fair*! and when I see a gaiking madam like a pig being nose-jewelled, and hear a fellow howling like the wind through a key-hole, I am ready to exclaim, with the indignation of the Greek satyrist, *Ut sunt dixorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum*.—Lilly's *Latin Grammar*—(*A clap*). My next detestation is, a *parley voos*. I do abhor a *parley voos*, who runs away with all the custom of an Englishman. But your fine gentry can't be content with a play, or Sadler's Wells, or *Ashley's*. They must have Operas and Pantheons forsooth, and go jiggeting with the fellows to masquerades, and make work for the Commons. I say, that these things are downright Popery, and sooner than my wife should go and see these *inis* at the *burlettas*, I would send her to a Jews' synagogue to hear high mass—(*A prodigious clap*). These are my sentiments, Mr. President, on this important question, and I hope to find the sense of this society favourable to my opinion—(*A long and repeated clap*).

Here ensued a pause of some minutes, when a Quaker, being persecuted to pull off his hat, appealed thus to the chair:—

Friend President,

I do much consider myself aggrieved, inasmuch as I cannot

be permitted to wear, without let or hindrance, the cover which sheltereth me in the outer man. I do thereupon, albeit thou dost not, in thine own person, trouble me, apply unto thee, in thy worldly vocation, that "thou wouldest not suffer the wicked to exalt their horn" against me. Furthermore, it behoveth me not to exercise judgment on my offending brother, else should I thresh for him his earthly tabernacle: but, peradventure, at thy reproof, he will repent him of his misdeeds, and then I have gained a brother.

The solemnity with which this short exhortation was delivered, provoked a general laugh; but order was soon re-established, upon Mr. Serjeant Grimgribber rising, and expressing himself to the following purport:—

Mr. *President*,

The stat. 32d Eliz. 23d and 29th of Geo. II. 14th chap. will certainly warrant a great part of the learned gentleman's argument; but I rise to contend, that, in point of law, the conclusion drawn on the question is not relevant upon the present ground. The Pope is certainly tenant for life of the freehold; and any trespass, nuisance, abatement, interruption, or intrusion, would amount to *ouster* and dispossession.

Now, unless some evidence is produced of actual mis-easance on the part of defendant, no construction or intendment shall be sufficient to criminate him. Throwing at cocks may possibly have some affinity to Popery, but without an overt act of any intended entry on the part of the Pope, no presump-

tion can legally be admitted. I remember last summer, upon the circuit, an old woman of ninety was indicted for being a witch, averring, that she could fly. But, in point of law, my brother Jolterhead and Mr. Justice Alibi were clearly of my opinion, that she must be acquitted, because the indictment did not set forth, how far she could fly. Again, the Pope, having settled all his concerns in this country, and having suffered a prior investigation of his right, would certainly plead *autre-faits* acquit, or, more properly, demur to the jurisdiction. The question is tripartite, between the Cock, Pope, and Pretender: but I am of opinion, that the two last are *dehors* the matter in *esse*. Now suppose a case, A knocks down B in arresting C, who is D's grandmother's brother-in-law's second wife's son by a former husband. C makes distresses upon A's land for rent-arrear, who replevies. F dies, leaving D tenant in tail male-special. A brings an action against C, to recover certain lands in the manor of L; and B brings an ejectment—(*A cry of Question! question!*)

But, sir, as to the question, a cock being only a chattel personal, does not bear any appendancy to the freehold; still, trespass, trover, and conversion or detence would lie for *deprivation* or *amotion*, and even an indictment might be preferred, not tending to affect life or member: but if any matter of a criminal nature were to be begun against the Pope for the dissemination of his religion, there must certainly be a jury. Now let *de meditate*, in the usual form, be *de ter-*

• *tiā parte* of Cocks, Popes, and Pretenders, which would be *inconvenient*, and, as Sir Edward Coke rightly determines, "the law will rather suffer a wrong than an inconvenience." Now, there being no evidence of the *quo animo* the throwing is committed, a failure in this averment would be fatal to the cause.

Suppose an action for breaking my head with a *stick*, do you imagine any evidence of a *blow* with a *cane* would be admitted!—God forbid! for if these licentious extensions of reason were suffered, we should soon have a man bring an action, stating a tossing in a *blanket* in his declaration, and give a *Wilton carpet* in evidence. We will, however, for once, suffer the law to look into the spirit and good sense of things; and, taken in this view, I am absolutely on the negative side of the question. How can the throwing at cocks be capable of introducing the evils apprehended, when the statutes give us ample remedy against the cause, and *sublatā causā tollitur effectus*? The Vagrant Act clearly comprehends all dissolute and disorderly assemblings, of which throwing at cocks is surely one, and the Riot Act could be read no where with so much propriety. I do not apprehend that it quite falls under the idea of "stage-plays and interludes," forbidden in the statute of James; but 20th Geo. II. against music, *dancing*, and such like, positively includes it: upon this ground, therefore, I shall rest the issue, and hope this illegal rule may be set aside, and the former opinion quashed.

Thus saying, fatigued with the exertion of mental and bodily action, the learned serjeant concluded; and was scarcely seated, when Sam Simple rose and delivered the following luminous oration:—

Mr. President,

I an't no scollard like the gemman in the great wig, but I thinks as how I have a right to talk as much as him, for I paid sixpence to come in as well as him; but I shouldn't have said nothing neither in this here affair, but methinks I knows about shying at cocks as much as him. I remember what monstrous good fun we had last Shrove-Tuesday in our lane. My heart! what fun it was! why we shy'd down all the cocks in the neighbourhood.

There was Bobby Pestle the potecary, my uncle Snuffle, and Pillage the exciseman, and honest little Capias the baily. How we did laugh!—And so Pillage, he gets tipsy, and he begun jawing, and said as how I was a little sniv'ling rascal, and so I said he was a rascal if he come to that. So he hit me a punch o'the muns, and so I gin him another, and if it hadn't been for Ned Softly, my heart! how I would ha' warmed him!—that I would.

I do love shying at cocks, that I do, because it is sitch fun. And what business has the Pope with my cocks?—I'll shy at 'em for all him—that I will. Sure I'm an Englishman, I don't care for the Pope nor an't afeard on him, though Parson Pummcleushion says as how he's as bad as the Devil. My heart! what a wicked man he must be! I wonder now as they don't have him before the Parlyment and hang him!

I would I know, that I would. Well, I likes liberty now and a mob to my heart! Dear me what fun it was last summer when we broke all the windows because Lord Wellington beat the French! how I did laugh! But I dares for to say there is never no mobs in France! Lord! what fellers they must be to be afeard! Well! give me liberty!—But perhaps this nasty Pope won't let us draw King and Queen o' Twelfth night, or roll down Greenwich Hill of an Easter-Monday, nor none o'them kind of things soon! Hang him! I wish I had him here—I'd warm him, that I would—for I likes a little pleasure o'that there sort, because it is sitch fun. But I thought, Mr. President, as how the Pretender was dead; what, is there a new one?—Well I don't care; I'm reckon'd a bit of a dab at shying, and I won't leave off for all him, that I won't. And so, Mr. President, I've said my say, and I shan't take no more notice.

Several long and equally interesting speeches succeeded, and the victory seemed long doubtful, when Dick Frantic thus continued the debate:—

Mr. President,

It was far from my intention to have troubled this society with any remarks of mine, being wholly unprepared; but I cannot suffer this argument to draw towards a conclusion without offering my voice against our corrupt and traitorous administration, to shew their evil tendency to ruin their country and bring in both the Pope and Pretender. I can hardly keep my temper while I think on the present state of our affairs. Look at our taxes and the decline of trade, and

tell me, sir, whether we ought to bear them. I know the venal Tories of the day, the hirelings of place and pension are ready to mince the matter, and stoutly assert, that we are not yet undone, and that we have exerted ourselves to the utmost—but I deny it. “It is a lie, a wicked lie, a damned lie.”—You may talk to me about taking Humbug and Lipsik, and playing at loggerheads with a dozen petty privateers, but I don't care *that* (*snapping his fingers*) for all your successes.

My questions are these:—Is the Congress to be hanged at Newgate to-morrow? No.—Is Boney party at the Tower in irons? No.—Is the whole French fleet at the bottom of the sea? No—no—no—to the end of the chapter—(*A clap*).

Will administration then pretend to tell me we have kept up all “the pride, and pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,” as Voltaire says, when America is still where it was, and France has still a powerful fleet. But we are told about Lousy Hannah, and two or three of the neighbouring islands—grant that they are taken, how can we bring our sugars home from thence in safety while the Americans are scouring the seas in every direction, and the French fleet is lying secure in Brest harbour? What then is the French policy?—What?—Why to retake all these islands, turn us all into negroes, and plant sugar to sweeten their d—d lanthorn jaws with. Oh! curse 'em!—they know what they're about—they know on which side their bread is buttered—they have been sworn at Highgate every man John of them; and I had rather go to the devil for a year

than have Boney set his d—d hoof upon Great Britain.

Now I'll warrant me, ministers will tell us they have been deficient in their intelligence—but whose fault's that? Why I wouldn't give a rush for a minister that does not know a thing merely because he is not told it.—Then what has our fleet been about? Why did we not crush a handful of American cock-boats in the shell? Ask your administration. Why have we suffered such repeated disgrace in the capture of our finest frigates? Ask your admirals. I am neither Whig nor Tory—I am neither partial nor impartial—I am no party-man, but I am convinced that this ministry is like a thief in a cellar, eating up the bowels of the state. Why can't this ministry conquer France, like the Black Prince? Because they are corrupt. Why don't they hang President Maddison? Because they are corrupt. Why can't they crush those American upstarts? Because they are corrupt. So we may be as certain of ruin as of death and old clothes, and are all undone as a man would undo an oyster.

What signifies our standing thus shilly-shally? I am for doing things at once; hatchet and halter, block and gibbet for my money. Have they miscarried? hang 'em up!—Have their heads been faulty? chop 'em off! That's your plan, and when once these resolutions have been carried into effect, we shall have peace with the whole world.

Now, Mr. President, had I been consulted at first, before I would have given those Yankee scoundrels their liberty, and put as it were a knife into their hands to cut our throats with, I would have

squared their Ps and Qs after another fashion. The moment the rebellion broke out, here comes I with my ships and my soldiers, snap up the ringleaders, clap 'em into a cart like a disagreeing jury, bring 'em over, try 'em at the Old Bailey, and tuck 'em up! What would Mounseer have said? Would he have taken their parts, think ye? Not a bit on't!—he'd have made his bow and hopped off, believe me!—and then instead of these taxes, and bankruptcies, and invasions, we should have kept our money in our pockets and our heads on our shoulders. But ministry, sir, have played their cards in a very different style, and now we depend on our militia to save our throats.—Temple-Bar longs for their heads; let us not withhold them! No! let us sacrifice these traitors to our just revenge, atone for the blood and treasure they have expended, and glory in the re-establishment of our liberties and laws.

But, sir, my grandmother, who had great talents for poetry, has couched these sentiments in more elegant terms in an ode, which, though written above thirty years ago, is so applicable to the present occasion, that, with your permission, I shall have the honour of reciting it—(*Hear! hear! hear!*)

ODE.

O the Devil, the Devil!

O the Devil, the D—!

Such a new year as this

Would a blind man gladly see.

CHORUS.

Here we are dead at a stop,

And there we sink deeper and deeper,

Little Ge—rgy's as sound as a top,

And his primate an excellent sleeper.

Fol lol, &c.

* Lord North,

O that matters are right !
 O that subjects are weighty !
 Who wouldn't covet to live
 In seventeen hundred and eighty ?

CHOR.

Parliaments squabble and gabble,
 Ministers wonder and stare,
 Fleets they go backward and forwards,
 And troubles remain as they were.
 Fol lol, &c.

Oh ! my Jemmy, my Jemmy !
 Oh ! my Jemmy, my deary !
 Such a First Lord as this
 Is neither far nor neary.

CHOR.

Here's an inferior fleet,
 With an admiral wrapt up in flannel ;
 Here we get knock'd on the head,
 And there they come into the Channel.
 Fol lol, &c.

Oh ! how bloody and stout
 Fights our commander in chief !
 Oh ! what solid remains
 Of the spirit of English roast beef !

CHOR.

Here G — makes snuffers and buttons,
 Since kings must have something to do ;

And here we play the hand-organ,
 And gallop from Windsor to Kew,
 Fol lol, &c.

O what a golden age !
 O how buxom and funny !
 This is the way for a land
 To be flowing with milk and honey.

CHOR.

Here we're demolish'd, abolish'd,
 And not in a way to get right —
 Huzza, boys, the kingdom's a-fire,
 Let's all run away by the light !
 Fol lol, &c.

After the clapping which succeeded the recitation of this nervous and original composition had ceased, the president proceeded to take the sense, or rather, *nonsense*, of the company on the subject before them ; after which, he announced, as the question for discussion on the following Thursday :

" Whether is it best to shave your head with a brick-bat or a glass bottle ? "

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

Our last Retrospect reported Bonaparte at Dresden. One short month has witnessed a sad change in his fortunes ! — Himself once more a fugitive at Paris ; his armies oncemore slaughtered, taken, or dispersed ; his generals killed, drowned, captured, or flying ; *all* his late allies his enemies ; Germany emancipated from his yoke, the coalesced forces on the Rhine ; and his own frontiers threatened with immediate invasion !

These are the first fruits of the giant conflict at Leipsig (18th Oct.) that battle of battles (in the literal sense of the word), in which several distinct grand armies, headed by emperors, kings, and princes, moved like so many minor divisions upon a common centre, drove

in their devoted, yet powerful enemy, and with his blood sealed the independence of Europe.

Those of our readers that have perused the details of these important events in the daily journals, will give us credit, when we assert the impossibility of condensing within the limits usually allotted to our Report, a narrative of the multifarious and momentous occurrences from which the history of Europe has to date a new era, and which are at this moment not even known with sufficient clearness. With this appeal for any omission or imperfection, we shall endeavour to do our best.

Our last report left the grand army under Prince Schwarzenberg in the mountains which divide Bo-

hemia from Saxony, Gen. Blucher's army in the vicinity of Bautzen, the Prussian corps of Generals Tauenzien and Bulow more northward along the Elster, and the Crown Prince of Sweden, with an army of Swedes and Russians, partly between Zerbst and Ross-lau, and his advanced guard already on the left bank of the Elbe, maintaining the points of Dessau and Acken, which latter town had been rendered defensible by fortifications.

Ney, who had been chased across the Elbe in consequence of the battle of Dennewitz, was next employed by Bonaparte in opposing the Crown Prince's operations, and sent with about 25,000 men against Dessau, to drive the Swedish advanced guard across the Elbe. This he accomplished so far as to gain possession of Dessau and of the banks of the Elbe as far down as its conflux with the Saale; but Acken, on the other side of the last-mentioned river, remained in possession of the Crown Prince's troops.

Some time before, the Swedish Prince Royal had detached the enterprising partisan, Gen. Czernicheff, with 3000 cavalry, to make a diversion on the side of Cassel. Without entering into a detail of the proofs of judgment and activity displayed both in the arduous march upon that city, and in several brilliant combats that general had to sustain in this expedition, and under the walls of the city (which the mock-King Jerome left only two hours before Czernicheff's appearance), we shall briefly state, that the French General Alix was, after a severe contest, obliged to surren-

der the capital (30th Sept.), on condition of his being allowed to follow his fugitive master, who, by way of puff, created General Alix Count of Freudenthal. — Czernicheff's arrival was hailed by the inhabitants of the city, and 1500 Hessian troops joined his standard. After a few days stay, Czernicheff, finding that great masses of troops were hastening in waggons, from even Mentz, against his little band, evacuated the town, taking with him numerous trophies of conquered cannon, and abundance of booty from the public chests of the usurper's administrations.

Another cotemporary and equally brilliant exploit introduces to us our old friend, the brave Hetman Platoff. On the 28th Sept. he fell in, near Altenburg, with the *élite* of the French cavalry, 8000 in number, under General Lefebvre, routed them completely, took prisoners 1500 men, 40 officers, and 5 pieces of cannon.

Thus affairs remained until the end of September; Bonaparte himself still tarried at Dresden, but the greatest part of his army had, in the latter days of that month, abandoned the Saxon capital, and moved by its right towards Rochlitz; while Angereau, with a reserve of about 15,000 men, had arrived from Wurtzburg at Coburg. In the mean time the Russian army of reserve had also moved by forced marches into Bohemia, and its arrival with the grand army was the signal for an admirably combined, universal movement of all the several allied armies into Saxony.

The grand army, under Prince Schwarzenberg, 180,000 strong,

broke up on the 1st of October, descended from the Bohemian mountains into Saxony, and, moving by its left, established itself in the line from Freyberg to Chemnitz. Blücher, likewise, broke up with his army on the 1st October, and, marching by Herzberg, arrived on the 3d at Elster, on the right bank of the Elbe (a few miles above Wittenberg), crossed the river the same day, with some opposition, and forthwith attacked a French corps which, under General Bertrand, had entrenched itself on an isthmus between Wartenburg and Bledin. The camp was stormed, not without severe loss to the corps of General D'York. But the loss of the French amounted to a complete overthrow and rout. Besides a great number of killed and wounded, it consisted of 1000 prisoners, 16 cannon, and 70 tumbrils. Two thousand French, cut off from the rest, effected their escape across the Elbe to Wittenberg, which was then vigorously besieged by General Thümen (the conqueror of Spandau), and had been in flames daily since the 30th Sept. owing to the effect of Congreve's rockets, directed by a British detachment under Captain Bogue.

The Crown Prince no sooner learnt the success of these admirable operations of General Blücher, than he determined to pass his whole army over the Elbe at Acken, a point on the left which Ney, then still at Dessau, had omitted to secure. On the 4th, the passage at that place was to have been effected, and had already commenced, when it was learnt, that Blücher's approach had induced Ney to evacuate Dessau the same morning;

another bridge was therefore immediately thrown over at Rossau, opposite Dessau, by which, and that at Acken, the whole army of the Crown Prince crossed on the same day, and on the 5th effected its complete junction with General Blücher, forming a combined force of 130,000 men, which, to the end of this Report, will be found acting conjointly. Ney retired upon Düben in the first instance.

In spite of these portentously threatening movements of his enemies, Bonaparte, by infatuation or fatality, still loitered at Dresden with the old Saxon king. His stay at Dresden, like that at Moscow, has cost him his army, and has reduced his military pretensions to the rank of a second rate, or rather a bad general. It was only on the 7th October, when the hostile screen around him was nearly closed, that he could tear himself from the fascinating influence of the Saxon capital. While an army of upwards of 50,000 men, stationed about Rochlitz, observed the movements of Prince Schwarzenberg, Bonaparte proceeded down the Mulda, with a view, perhaps, of attacking the combined forces of the Crown Prince and of Blücher; but, on his arrival at Düben (10th Oct.), these two coalesced armies, instead of being on the spot where he expected to find them, had already, according to a bold plan conceived by the Crown Prince himself, moved between him and France. With a view to come quite in the rear of Bonaparte, the Swedish Prince and Blücher, on the 10th and 11th, had crossed to the left bank of the Saale, and extended themselves from Bernburg

to Halle, and even to Merseburg. Confident in the wisdom of their councils and in their strength, they had ventured upon this plan, although they were fully aware, that thereby they left all their bridges to the mercy of the enemy; that they opened him a free passage to the right bank of the Elbe; and that, if Bonaparte should dare to hazard the stroke, he might even march upon Berlin.

Their expectations were partly realized: Napoleon began to manœuvre on both sides down the Elbe, and passed a considerable force, under Regnier, to the right bank, which forced Thümen to abandon the siege of Wittenberg, to fall back, in the first instance, upon Tauenzien at Zerbst, and afterwards with the latter towards Potsdam, to cover the Prussian capital. Regnier, making a sweep along the right bank of the Elbe from Wittenberg to Rosslau, took *à revers* and destroyed the allied bridges, and returned by the way of Dessau. The garrison of Magdeburg, too, detached strongly towards Bernburg, to assist these demonstrations; but all in vain: the Crown Prince and Blücher remained firm behind the Saale, watching the motions of Bonaparte, and awaiting the arrival upon the latter river of the left of the grand Bohemian army. When Bonaparte found that all his complicated manœuvres were disregarded, that the Bohemian army was steadily pursuing its advance towards Leipzig, extending its left towards the Saale, and that towards the west he was completely intercepted, he finally determined to concentrate all his army (at least

180,000 men) at and near Leipzig, there to await the shock, and to fight for his existence.

In this, he had no time to lose; for, on the 12th October, the Bohemian army extended from Altenburg to Zeitz, and even Pegau. But no sooner had Bonaparte retraced his steps upon Leipzig, than Blücher and the Crown Prince began to move; they recrossed the Saale on the 13th, and advanced cautiously towards Leipzig.

Thus, on the 15th of October, at night, the great hero of the age found himself nearly hermetically sealed up in his position at Leipzig. We say nearly, for we are not sure whether about one tenth part of the circle around him, in the direction of Poland and Russia, was not left unclosed. Nine tenths were certainly occupied as follows:—The corps of Prince Liechtenstein, of Tielman, of Glinay, and of Platoff, extended from Weissenfels, on the Saale, to the Elster; the corps of General Meerfeldt, between the Elster and Pleisse; between the Pleisse and Partha were several Russian and Prussian corps, under Genls. Wittgenstein, Kleist, Klenau, &c.; and the army of General Bennigsen, which had also been brought forward to Colditz, was pushing on Grimma and Wurtzen. On the north, the line of the Crown Prince and of Blücher, stretched from Halle to Merseburg and Gross-Kugel.

Of the great events which we have now to trace, we possess as yet no precise details, or even any very clear general accounts. Five Gothenburg mails being due, the only materials before us are, two hasty dispatches from Sir Charles

Stewart, of the 17th and 19th of October, and several very ludicrous French bulletins.

The 16th of October was the day fixed upon, by the allies, for a simultaneous onset upon all the French positions north and south of Leipzig; Blucher on the former, and the grand army on the latter side. The result of the veteran's attack may be anticipated, for with Blucher attack and victory are allowed to be synonymous. He found a strong French army, commanded by Ney, and consisting of three corps, under Marmont, Bertrand, and Regnier, in an excellent position, between Lindenthal, Rade-feld, and Freyroda; attacked, himself, the enemy's right, with General Langeron's corps, supported by that of General St. Priest; whilst the brave General D'York assailed the left, and the Russian guards and advanced guard pressed on the main road to Leipzig. The contest was obstinate and murderous, and lasted from noon till night. It cost the allies from 6 to 7000 men put *hors de combat*, among whom were a great number of officers of rank; but it was crowned with a most glorious victory, compelling the French to pass the Parthia, with the loss of 12,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, of forty pieces of cannon, one eagle, and many caissons.

If the simultaneous contest on the south of Leipzig had been equally successful, the deliverance of Germany would not only date two days earlier, but, in all probability, the hero of the age would, instead of St. Cloud, now repose from his labours in Spandau. Of this infinitely more murderous bat-

tle, we possess as yet no satisfactory account. It appears that Bonaparte (as on the 27th August, before Dresden), did not wait for the attack of the allies, but advanced himself against them, and especially against their center at Liebert-Wolkowitz (about six miles due south of Leipzig). Seconded by the whole of his cavalry, under Murat, he succeeded in forcing the center of the grand army, and would no doubt have made good use of this advantage, had not the Austrian reserves been brought up opportunely. Their cuirassiers charged in column, with the most consummate skill and the most desperate bravery. Nothing could withstand them; the battle was retrieved, General Latour Maubourg lost his leg, and, according to Sir Charles Stewart's imperfect account, at the close of the evening, both armies remained nearly on the ground on which the contest commenced.

This may have been the case, generally speaking; but we are inclined to believe, that, by this drawn battle, Bonaparte gained the practicability of his personal escape on the 19th. Probably the left wing of the grand army, which extended across the main road from Leipzig to Weissenfels (by which all he saved did escape two days after), was considerably weakened or thrown back on the 16th. But to return to our narrative. The 17th was a day of portentous calm: old Blucher, with his brave Prussians, was under arms at two o'clock in the morning, ready to set to again; but as part of the Crown Prince's army was yet behind, and as General Bennigsen was under-

stood to be unable to arrive in his position at Grimma before the 17th, the renewal of the general and decisive grand struggle was, by all parties, deferred till the next day.

Bonaparte, who could well anticipate the fury of this second attack, and who must now already have despaired of extricating himself and his army, without the loss of a great proportion of it, thought it high time to open himself a vent, by which he might at least escape with the remainder, in case he should be worsted the next day. Accordingly, on the 18th, in the morning at three o'clock, he detached General Bertrand towards Weissenfels, to open the road to Erfurth; and, from subsequent events, we are inclined to credit the assertion in the French papers, which states the full success of Bertrand's expedition, and his being in possession of Weissenfels at noon.

This judicious and most necessary precaution taken, Bonaparte, at sun-rise on the 18th, arrayed his devoted armies around Leipzig, to resist the tremendous onset of the allies on every side of the city. The Crown Prince having now moved up his army, and taken 30,000 men from that of General Blücher (who was to maintain his position in front of Leipzig, and use his utmost endeavours to gain the place), attacked the enemy at Taucha, on the Partha. He effected the passage of the latter river with little opposition; but afterwards encountered serious resistance at the village of Paunsdorf, where, however, the British rocket brigade was brought into such effective play as to paralyze

a solid square of infantry, which, after one fire, delivered itself up as if panic-struck. Captain Rague, the commander of the rocket brigade, here met the death of a hero. As soon as the discomfiture of the enemy rendered the patriotic resolution practicable, a large force of Hessians and Saxons went over to the Crown Prince, with 22 guns. The latter were immediately directed against the French, and the brave Germans themselves led against their oppressors. Gen. Blücher, in the mean time, having crossed the Partha lower down, forced his way close to Leipzig, notwithstanding the desperate and for some time effectual stand which was made against General Langeron at the village of Schönfeld.

Thus, on the north and north-east of Leipzig, the armies of the Crown Prince and of Blücher had gained a complete victory at the close of day. Bloody, however, as their laurels were, the simultaneous battles on the south side, were still more desperate and murderous, although not less decisive. The most determined resistance was made by the enemy at Probstheyda, Stelleritz, and Connwitz; but the different columns of the grand army bearing unremittingly on these points, finally carried every thing before them; General Bennigsen having been joined by General Bülow from Dresden, taking the villages upon the right bank of the Reutshöhe, and Gen. Giulay manœuvring with 25,000 Austrians upon the left bank of the Elster, assisted by the corps of General Thielmann and of Prince Lichtenstein. The result of the victory on this side, was, that the

enemy lost above 40,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, together with 65 pieces of artillery; and during this battle, too, 17 battalions of German infantry, with all their generals and staff, came over in a body.

All the victorious armies bivouacued on the ground their valour had wrested from the enemy. In the night, Bonaparte directed the remains of his army to commence a retreat upon Weissenfels; which was continued till the morning, when Leipzig was attacked and carried, after a short resistance, by the armies of General Blücher, of the Prince Royal, of General Bennigsen, and of Prince Schwarzenberg. Marmont and Macdonald commanded within, and, together with Angereau and Victor, narrowly escaped with a small escort.

The Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the Crown Prince of Sweden, at the head of their respective troops, triumphantly entered the town at different points, and met in the great square, amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants—a scene worthy the pencil of a great artist.

The trophies and immediate fruits of these victories of the 18th of October, are thus enumerated by Sir Charles Stewart:—"The collective loss, on the part of the enemy, of above 100 pieces of cannon, 60,000 men, an immense number of prisoners, the desertion of the whole of the Saxon army, also of the Bavarian and Wirtemberg troops, consisting of artillery, cavalry, and infantry; many generals, among whom are, Regnier, Vallery, Bruno, Bertrand, and Lauriston.

The magazines, artillery, and stores of Leipzig, with the King of Saxony, all his court, the garrison, and rear-guard of the French army; all the enemy's wounded (the number of which exceeds 30,000); the narrow escape of Bonaparte, who fled from Leipzig at nine o'clock, the allies entering at eleven; the complete *deroute* of the French army, who are endeavouring to escape in all directions, and who are still surrounded in all directions, are the next objects of exultation."

This enumeration, given in the moment of the event itself, may contain some trifling errors; but the balance of future emendation will probably appear in our favour. Bertrand, we find, made good his escape; but Prince Poniatowsky, created a marshal the day before, was drowned in endeavouring to avoid the bayonets of the conquerors.

The French accounts of these disasters are truly diverting. Although Bonaparte has the impudence to tell his dejected adherents in France, that he gained a great victory on the 18th, yet his very own tale belies him.—"He would have pursued this victory on the 19th, and renewed the contest, but for want of cannon-balls."—We think he had quite enough of them.—"He would have brought his army entire to Mentz, but for the stupidity of a poor corporal, who blew up a bridge by a few minutes too soon; by which *contretemps*, his whole rear-guard remained behind, and the French victorious army arrived at Erfunth as a beaten army should have arrived:" and a few more of the like

Napoleomades, which, thank Heaven and his own folly, all the world are at present up to.

That the losses of what remained of the French army subsequently to the date of Sir Charles Stewart's last dispatch (19th Oct.), and even on that day, must have been immense, is almost a matter of course. But the want of any advices of a later date, from either British agents or the allies themselves, leaves us totally in ignorance of the extent of them. French accounts, however, of very fresh dates, add the following few isolated facts to the history of this devoted army.

It is officially known, that Bavaria (as we confidently surmised in our last Retrospect) joined the allied powers, or the *Continental System*, as a British statesman happily termed the grand coalition, by a treaty concluded between the Bavarian General Wrede and the Austrian General Prince Reuss, on the 8th October; and that, in consequence of that treaty, the Austrian and Bavarian armies immediately coalesced under the supreme command of the Bavarian general, and instantly broke up by forced marches from Braunau to the theatre of war. The energetic patriotism which has burst forth throughout Germany, must have marvellously speeded the steps of this army; for, in the latter days of October, we find part of it at least, as by magic, transported to the vicinity of Francfort (a distance of upwards of 300 miles), with the noble and daring resolution of interposing itself right across the line of Bonaparte's retreat to Mentz. The French bulletins, a miserable

source, which, for want of any other information, we are compelled to resort to, give an account of a great battle which took place on the river Kintzig, near Hanau, the 30th October. Ten thousand of the Austro-Bavarians and from 4 to 500 of the *grande nation*, put *hors de combat*, is quite a matter of course: it is also equally credible, that "the emperor did not wish to pursue the enemy in his retreat, the army being fatigued; and his majesty, far from attaching any importance to it, could only have seen with regret the destruction of 4 or 5000 Bavarians, which would have been the result of that pursuit:" so that, according to the succeeding bulletin, this spared army had the ingratitude to cross the Kintzig again the next day, and to attack General Bertrand's corps; in which ungenerous act it is natural to suppose, that it must have met the punishment due to its oblivion of the favour of the preceding day, and to have been driven, *l'épée dans les reins*, across the river with a further diminution of 3000 men. In the battle of the 30th, General Wrede is stated to have received a mortal wound. We shall know more about these matters by our next Report; but we are quite content for the present with the intelligence Bonaparte gives us of the arrival of himself at Mentz on the 2d November, and of his remaining troops, which he rates at 100,000 (out of 350,000 at least which he had on the Saale exactly six months before) on the two or three following days. It is no less satisfactory to learn from him, that, on the 7th Nov. he had signed:

with a stroke of his omnipotent pen, the reorganization of the army, and had nominated to all the *vacant* situations; that the artillery was reorganizing; that the cavalry was reorganizing; in short, that all was reorganizing. A Leipzig reorganization nine months after the Moscow reorganization! All the strong places on the Rhine were arming; Macdonald was sent to Cologne, to organize an army on the lower Rhine; Victor to Strasburg, to organize another on the upper Rhine; and Marmont remained at Mentz, to organize an army of the middle Rhine; while Kellermann had been ordered to Metz, to organize an army of reserve in the interior of France. Except at Hochheim (two miles from Mentz), where Bertrand, with 40,000 (?) men, is stated to occupy an entrenched position, no French are left on the right bank of the Rhine; and Bonaparte himself, after seeing the wrecks of his second army safe over the bridge, left Mentz on the 8th Nov. and arrived at Paris on the day following. That councils of finance, of state, and of other denominations, have unremittingly been held since his return, we need not be surprised at, for if ever he needed good councils it is at this period.

On the lower Elbe we have to record no event of great moment, except, perhaps, the capture of Bremen (15th Oct.) by General Tettenborn. The French commandant, Colonel Thuillier, being killed the day before, his successor thought proper to capitulate for a safe evacuation, not to serve during one year. This conquest may be transient, but, as Davoust has

become insulated through the battle of Leipzig, we hardly think he will be silly enough to shut himself up in a city like Hamburg; and therefore confidently hope, that all the northern sea-coast and rivers of Germany, will immediately be abandoned by the French, and the direct communication with England be restored.

In regard to the operations on the side of Italy, the length of the preceding narrative, as well as the still existing want of authentic and precise information, compels us to great brevity. The French papers (our only source) mention several affairs that have taken place in the course of October, in all which the troops of Beauharnois are stated to have been victorious in a military point of view; but, geographically speaking, it is confessed, that all these victories have been followed with successive retreats, first to the Isonzo, then to the Tagliamento, and next to the Piave. On the 30th October, Eugene's head-quarters are said to have been at Bassano. That the Austrian army under Gen. Hiller is consequently in possession of a great part of the ancient Venetian territory, may be assumed as a fact; and it is equally probable, that Trieste has returned to its old sovereign. A fresh conscription of 15,000 Italians has been decreed; but supposing the call to be effectual, the addition even of that force will not retrieve Bonaparte's affairs in Italy, especially now that, by the defection of Bavaria, another Austrian force has been enabled to come down from the Tyrol direct upon Verona, in the rear of Eugene's position.

Although the extent of our narrative almost forbids our indulging in any but matter of fact statements, yet we cannot repress some of the most obvious reflections which present themselves on the survey of the great events we have just recited. The fairest prospects at length exist of Europe returning to the happiness which it enjoyed before the hydra of Gallic anarchy and ambition began to rear its destructive head. As far as the glorious work of universal emancipation has proceeded even now, we are justified in looking to a comparative state of ease and a preponderance of the good cause for *some* years to come. But it would be vain to hope for a radical cure, until a thorough excision of the envenomed canker be effected. This excision, we have more than once maintained, and now are not shy in repeating, consists in nothing short of the head or the abdication of the monster, to whom the world owes all its woes. "*Feri tyrannum*" ought to be the motto of the valorous champions of European freedom in their prosecution of this holy war. That the tyrant, in the contemplation of the intended destruction of his usurped crown, will make stupendous and speedy efforts to avert the doom which threatens him, his character and recent experience warrant us to expect. But even supposing the spell with which he holds the sway over the lives of the French people, undiminished, the more numerous veteran warriors of the allied countries, and more so the spirit which animates both the leaders and the men, leave no doubt as to the final result. The want of financial resources, more-

over, will, now that the war is to be transferred within his frontiers, paralyze his exertions; while, on the part of the allies, not only the means of many countries are called forth in competition with the exhausted resources of one; but Great Britain, the ægis, the sheet-anchor of European freedom, lends her powerful aid to all. With inward pride may hereafter the British historian tell posterity, that there was a period when his country had three armies of her own carrying on war in distant regions (France, Canada, Hanover), at the same time that she subsidized all Europe against France: for at this moment British subsidiary aid is flowing to Sicily, to Portugal, to Spain, to Sweden, to Prussia, to Russia, and to Austria. Besides the treaties by which our pecuniary assistance is afforded to the latter three powers, and which will be noticed below, these powers have entered among themselves into treaties of amity and defensive alliance (9th Sept.), by which they reciprocally guarantee each other's dominions, and pledge themselves to succour each other with 60,000 men, to be furnished by each, in case, even after a peace, any one of the parties be attacked.

SPANISH PENINSULA.

The only intelligence of moment from Lord Wellington's army, is, the fall of the fortress of Pampluna. The garrison, to what amount we are as yet uninformed, surrendered themselves as prisoners of war on the 31st October, to Don Carlos Espana, whose conduct during the arduous blockade is highly extolled by his lordship. This bloodless and important acquisition of the

last remaining key of the western frontier, compensates, in some measure, for the heavy expence of lives at which we previously purchased the possession of St. Sebastian. Thus, with the exception of a small tenure in Catalonia, has British valour purged the soil of its ally from the perfidious grasp of French usurpation; and cleared itself the way for serious operations on French ground, which, probably, have commenced ere now; since it is confidently stated, that our army broke up towards the Adour on the 8th November.

On the 14th September the triennial sittings of the General and Extraordinary Cortes closed constitutionally, and will be succeeded by the assembly of the Ordinary Cortes, whose deputies were already engaged in verifying their powers. In the mean time, a deputation from the dissolved Extraordinary Cortes remain in function until the Ordinary Cortes shall commence their legislative labours. The seat of the legislature and of the government has provisionally been transferred to the Isla de Leon, owing to strong symptoms of the yellow fever which have appeared at Cadiz; and now, that Pampluna has fallen, is expected to be finally removed to the capital. At Gibraltar, we lament to say, that dreadful malady has made and is making great ravages, the daily deaths averaging between 30 and 35 by the last accounts. At Malta the plague is reported to be rapidly declining.

UNITED STATES.

The occurrences of our petty Transatlantic warfare that we have to notice, would be insignificant,

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even without being contrasted with the gigantic conflicts in Germany. The naval news is unfavourable.

On the 5th Sept. the United States brig Enterprize captured his Majesty's brig Boxer, after a well contested action, in which both commanders lost their lives.

Another British vessel of war, the Dominica schooner, has been taken by the American privateer Decatur. Our loss consisted of 41 wounded and 18 killed, among the latter all the Dominica's officers.

On the 8th Sept. another action of several hours was fought on Lake Ontario, between the British fleet under Sir James Yeo, and the American squadron under Commodore Chauncey. It was a drawn battle, in which the loss on either side proved trifling; and the American commodore having the wind in his favour, was enabled to withdraw from the contest unmolested.

The most decisive, and at the same time the most unfortunate naval combat, was fought the 10th Sept. on Lake Erie, between a small British squadron of six vessels (which had been wholly manned and equipped by the Canadians), and an American squadron of nine ships, under Commodore Perry. The result was, the surrender of our whole fleet, after a spirited and murderous resistance. Of this lake, therefore, the Americans, for the present, are absolute masters.

In regard to land operations, we find, on the western extremity, an unsuccessful attempt of the British Colonel Proctor against Sandusky Fort, on the 2d Aug. The spirited resistance of the American garrison

was not only rendered the enterprise abortive, but caused us a severe loss of valuable soldiers and of many of our Indian warriors.

On the arrival of the commander in chief, Sir George Prevost, at the upper frontiers of Canada, a general reconnoissance on Fort George was determined upon, and executed the 29th Aug. with a view to draw the American force from its entrenchments into a general action. Our troops forced their way into the very village below the fort: but the enemy, too prudent to venture out of the shelter of his fortifications, did not accept the challenge; and Sir George withdrew his men into their position without casualty, but with the gain of about 70 prisoners. Since this demonstration, unofficial advices affirm, that the American army has evacuated Fort George, and been embarked for an American port on the lake.

DOMESTIC AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The early opening of the sittings of the British legislature, could not have chanced to be fixed for a more auspicious day than the 4th of November. The glorious tidings of the battles of Leipzig, had fortunately arrived on the preceding day. The whole metropolis seemed, in an instant, electrified and intoxicated by news of such incalculable future promise; and every inhabitant vied with the other in manifesting his feelings by contributing to the blaze of light which illuminated the town for two successive nights (5th and 6th Nov.). The Prince Regent's masterly speech on the opening of Parliament, was framed with such

consummate wisdom and propriety, that it exacted the unanimous approbation of all parties and of the whole nation. It is an important document, worthy the perusal of every Briton. The measures which have already been submitted to Parliament, for the more effectual prosecution of the war, however uncommon in their magnitude, have not met with a dissentient voice. Such is the general confidence, warranted by experience and result, in the wisdom of the steps of the executive, that, for once, opposition seems lulled into patriotic acquiescence.

The most important topics now under the consideration of the British senate, are, an extensive volunteering from the militia into the line, from which an increase of 30,000 men to our regular force is anticipated. By means of this recruit, an immediate effort against some quarter of the usurper's empire is intended to be made.

The subsidiary treaties with Russia and Prussia have also been laid before Parliament.

That with Russia (Reichenbach, 15th June, 1813), among other matters, provides for 100,000 disposable troops being employed in the prosecution of the war, under a British subsidy of $1\frac{1}{2}$ million sterling for the year 1813; and for the maintenance by England of the Russian fleet now with us. Another treaty, with Prussia, stipulates her force at 80,000 disposable men, under a subsidy of $\frac{2}{3}$ million sterling: and a third treaty, also, with Russia, takes into British pay and keep the Russo-German legion. A like subsidiary treaty with Austria, grants, up to March next,





an aid of one million, together with 100,000 muskets and a large quantity of military stores. All these treaties requiring a renewal at their respective expiration, the statement submitted to the legislature of the whole of the subsidies granted, or in contemplation, is as follows:—

For Spain	£2,000,000
For Portugal	2,000,000
For Sicily	400,000
For Russia and Prussia	2,500,000
For future application	2,500,000
For Austria	1,000,000

£10,400,000

To meet so increased an expenditure, a further loan of 22 millions has been contracted for by the Chancellor of the Exchequer: and in order that the want of precious metals throughout Europe, might not be an impediment to the fulfilment of our pecuniary engagements with the several foreign powers, a convention has been entered into (London, 30th Sept.) between Russia, and Prussia, and England; which provides for the creation of a federative paper cur-

rency, or bills of credit, to the amount of five millions, under the guarantee of all the powers. These bills of credit will solely be appropriated to the expence of the Continental war, their redemption will be made good by England one month after the signature of a general peace, and the holders will be allowed to fund them at 6 per cent. interest.

Two French (or rather Dutch) frigates, which had been daring enough to venture to sea, have ended their cruise in a British port. They were both captured off Ushant, the Weser on the 20th Oct. by the Rippon, 74, and the Scylla and Royalist sloops; and the Trave, on the 23d Oct. by the Andromache frigate; nearly at the same time that the German rivers themselves whose names the hostile vessels bore, were wrested from the possession of the enemy.

On the 1st Nov. the First Lord of the Treasury laid the first stone of the new London Custom-House, to be erected at Billingsgate.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 40.—PROMENADE OR CARRIAGE COSTUME.

THIS dress, when divested of the spencer, or jacket, exhibits the EVENING OR OPERA COSTUME, PLATE 41.

In order to render these commodious habiliments the more clearly understood by our readers, we shall commence with a description of the Evening or Opera Costume; which consists of a round robe of morone or crimson-coloured Merino, kerseymere, or queen's cloth,

ornamented round the bottom and up the front with a fancy gold embroidered border. The bodice is composed of satin, or velvet, of the same colour, trimmed round the bosom and sleeves with gold braid and narrow swastika; the front of the bodice richly ornamented with gold and pearl buttons. A gold band and pearl or diamond clasp confine the bottom of the waist, with a gold frog pendant on each side, inclining towards the back of the skirt. The skirt

is laced behind with gold cord. Hair disposed in dishevelled curls, falling on the left side, and decorated with clusters of variegated autumnal flowers. Necklace, composed of a treble row of pearl, white cornelian, or the satin bead, confined in front with a diamond clasp. Ear-rings and bracelets to correspond. Slippers, of crimson velvet, ornamented with gold fringe and rosettes, though we recommend those of white satin in preference. White kid gloves, below the elbow. Fan, of richly frosted silver crape.

The great convenience and novel attraction of this dress, consist in its admitting of a spencer of the same material as the robe (as seen in our promenade figure), which is richly ornamented, *à la militaire*, with gold braid and netted buttons, forming a sort of epaulette on the shoulders. The spencer is embroidered up the seams of the back, on the shoulders, and cuffs, to correspond with the bot-

tom of the robe. This spencer, when worn over the evening dress, affords at once both comfort and utility; and, with the addition of a straw or velvet hat, ornamented with feathers, and half-boots or Roman shoes, constitutes a most attractive and appropriate Carriage or Promenade Costume. The convenience as well as becoming properties of this seasonable habilliment, will be duly appreciated by such ladies as are in the habit of attending the theatres or private evening parties, affording a compact and comfortable protection from a damp and cold atmosphere, and which may be easily relinquished on entering the drawing-room. It were needless to observe, that this dress admits of being constructed in any colour, and of many suitable trimmings. It is the sole invention of Mr. Barry, tailor and habit-maker, 55, New Bond-street, where it is exhibited, and where orders are received.

HINTS TO FEMALES ON THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH. TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE health of the ladies being with our sex a matter of such tender concern, that, even in our gayest and most thoughtless moments, we never forget to express our most fervent wishes for its preservation, your fair readers will, I trust, receive with candour and attention a little advice on the subject, which, considering the present damp and gloomy weather, they must at least allow to be most *seasonable*.

In the summer months, when the ladies, like the flowers which resemble them, derive additional bloom from the genial influence of the air, it would be deemed superfluous to give them a sedate lecture on the danger of taking cold; but at this critical time, when a cold, if taken, frequently remains an obstinate and troublesome guest throughout the winter, and is not seldom attended with a formidable train of catarrhs, sore-throats, tooth-aches, hoarsenesses,

inflammations, and even consumptions, little entreaty need be used to obtain a patient hearing to a few hints on the means of guarding against these dreadful visitations.

One of the most obvious precautions against the pernicious effects of damp and cold weather, is, to pay proper attention to warm clothing: and here it must be confessed, that, of late years, through the laudable adoption of woollen pelisses and mantles by the ladies, the anxious cares of the faculty have been considerably lightened, and an increased portion of leisure has been afforded to the apothecaries: still the most essential point has been too much neglected, I mean that of *keeping the feet warm and dry*—a precaution which has been inculcated in various ways by eminent physicians in ancient and modern times.

It is, however, impossible to attain this desirable end, unless due attention be paid to the materials of which the covering for the feet is composed. Boots and shoes made of jeans, velvets, and similar light stuffs, may be very proper for the summer months; but, from their open and flimsy texture, they are most unfit for this season of the year: on the contrary, they are apt to absorb and retain the wet and moisture, and hence they often impair the health most seriously. In this essential part of dress, the men have greatly the advantage, since their boots will effectually resist the wet after an exposure of many hours; and notwithstanding leather boots have of late become very fashionable among the ladies, yet, owing to the very thin sort of kid skin of which they are made, and

which is proper only as a covering for the hands, little benefit has been experienced. The Spanish leather, independent of its neat and elegant appearance, is, from its more compact substance, close grain, and the oil used in its preparation, infinitely better adapted to repel the moisture and keep out the wet; and if a sufficiently thick sole were added, there is no doubt that the most beneficial consequences would attend the use of them. Indeed, if the ladies in accommodating their costume to the change of the weather, would make this essential article the first object of their attention, if in the winter they would substitute Spanish leather boots for those of a material fit only for warm weather, they might defy the rigours of the severe season, and preserve the bloom of their health through its entire duration: whereas, by neglecting this precaution, however secure they may imagine themselves by being well shawled and enveloped in furred pelisses, still, through the insufficient covering of the feet, they are unconsciously imbibing a chill, which must speedily undermine their health and lay the foundation of the most fatal complaints. Let me therefore recommend them, by way of trial, to make this change in their dress; to which indeed there can be no reasonable objection: for admitting elegance, and not comfort and health, to be the first consideration, there is no doubt, that in a boot or shoe of leather the foot and ankle may be effectually displayed; and that this captivating part of the female form will best preserve its symmetry and neatness when it is so decorated; while

the general health, and consequently the general beauty of the whole person, is insured by the protection from cold and damp which this substantial covering for the feet affords.

Your fair readers will, I trust, take these hints into their most serious consideration: if any thing further were needed to enforce the general argument, I might add, that, by adopting the change I have recommended, they might be freed

from the confinement and seclusion to which they are often doomed during the winter months, much to the injury of their health and spirits, and they might frequently and fearlessly enjoy that exercise in the open air, which revives the freshness of the complexion, and imparts new animation to the whole frame.—Your's respectfully,

A PEDESTRIAN.

MEDICAL REPORT.

An account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of October to the 15th of November.

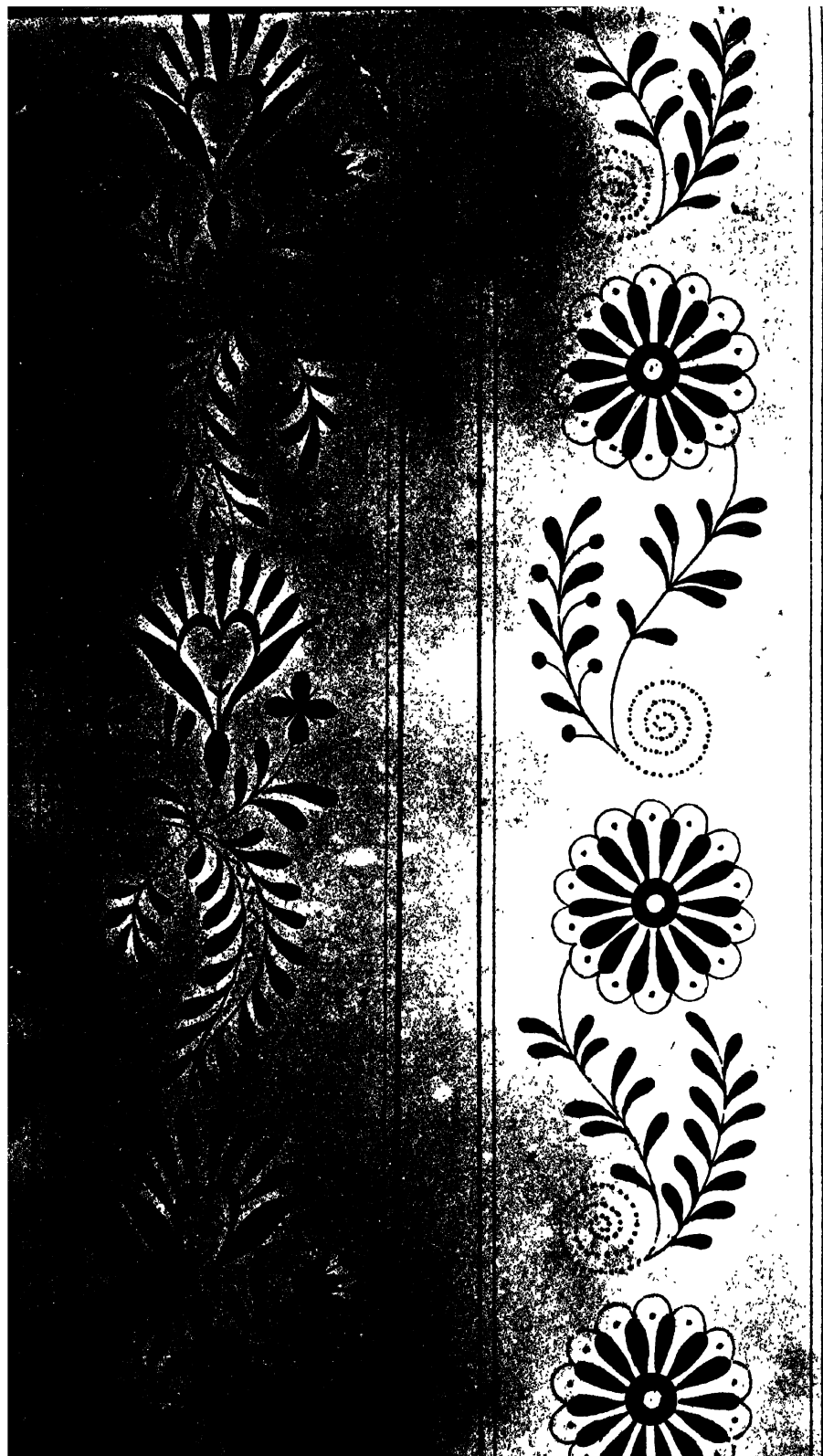
Acute Diseases.—Catarrhal fever, 10....Typhus fever, 4....Acute rheumatism, 6....Peripneumony, 2....Acute diseases of infants, 5.Hooping cough, 3.

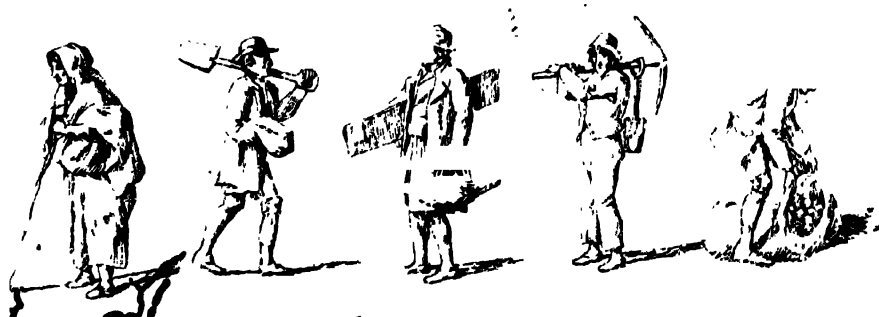
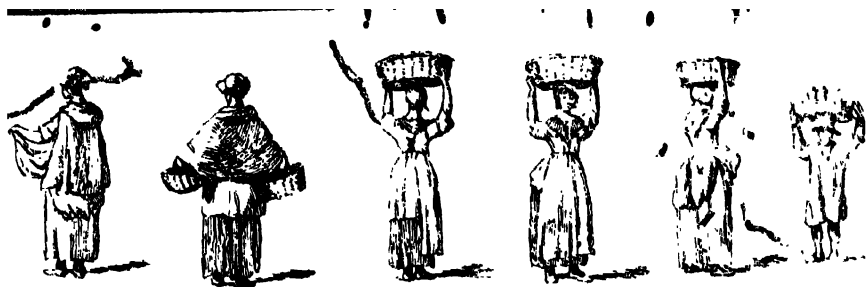
Chronic Diseases.—Cough and dyspnoea, 25....Consumption, 5....Scrofula, 2....Asthenia, 6....Dyspepsia, 4....Bilious vomiting, 2....Colic, 2....Jaundice, 2....Gastrodynia, 5....Dysphagia, 1....Pleurodyne, 3....Marasmus, 2....Head-ach and vertigo, 3....Hæmorrhoids, 1....Worms, 3....Chronic rheumatism, 6....Hypochondriasis, 1....Hysteria, 1....Cutaneous eruptions, 1....Female complaints, 2.

The prevailing diseases of the month have been, fevers, colds, coughs, and rheumatism. These depend greatly on the state of the weather. Many individuals do not think of resuming their flannel waistcoats and under-stockings, till warned by a cold; and some even attempt to get through the winter without. But this is a bad plan: we do not, from the nature of our circumstances, live sufficiently hardy to brave the changes of weather incident at this season. Under a man is almost constantly in the open air, using exercise, he should take great precaution to adapt his clothing to the climate in which he lives.

Besides these complaints, another class, now together influenced by the weather,

constantly claims my notice: it comprehends those disorders generally termed nervous. They are denoted by such various symptoms, that it is often difficult to assign to them any name; neither can they well be defined, for they know no bounds. As the mind and disposition of the patient differ from those of other people, so do his nervous symptoms. The causes, too, are very opposite: when these are physical, the complaints in general may be eradicated by medicine; but when they are moral, there is greater difficulty. It is continually remarked, that nervous affections are now more frequent than ever: this remark was made by a very eminent physician a century ago; and if population continues to increase and luxury to spread, we may expect it will be repeated a century hence. Nervous affections are the consequences of luxury and high civilization, or they are merely symptoms of some deep-seated disorganization: hence it is very important to ascertain their real cause. In this latter case, we must disregard the symptoms, and treat the original disorder as if they did not exist: remove the cause, the effect will presently cease. This is often observed in diseases of the liver. A patient is treated for months successively for some trifling nervous feelings, whilst a serious disease is slowly forming in that important organ.







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